North Hastings Review

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2 O'CLOCK

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Entire Contents of the home of the late Mrs. McDonald

C. M. WALLBRIDGE, Clerk

E. C. TUFTS, Auctioneer

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE MADOC GOLD EXCITEMENT.

(By E.B. Fraleck)

While the Richardson mine was closed down by litigation the country was flooded with prospectors, likewise a goodly number of assayists "blew in". Fabulous sums were asked for a few acres of barren rock and farmers owning a rock ledge imagined themselves millionaires. Samples of country rock were brought to the assayer to test for gold and the neophite was generally sent away with a small button of gold for which he paid his $5.00 and felt rich. Holes were opened at different places, some of which were "salted" and sold at handsome figures to the newcomers.

Some Montreal people beat old man Phillips out of the lot on the east side of the Hastings Road opposite Eldorado and built a 20-stamp mill costing thousands and equipped with "Wycoff Riflers" invented by Geo. D. Wycoff of New York. The rock proved out to make very poor lime, but no gold.

Some few miles to the east of this, at what was named the "Bay State Mine", which was opened up, a mill was built by some Belleville people. This mill was built under the supervision of an old scamp named Ottway, who professed to have a sure process for extracting gold which he had invented and worked with success in Australia. This proved a failure and old Ottway, who had mulcted the Belleville people, disappeared between two days.

In the township of Elzivir northwest of Bridgewater the Barry mine was opened up, a mill built and equipped by Captain Wallace and others of Port Hope. After procuring some gold this proved a failure and was abandoned. The Hon. Billa Flint built a five-stamp mill at Bridgewater, but no results.

One of the Caldwells lumberman of Arnprior, built a mill on the Moira river near Malone. At this time Capt. William Frue of Silver Islet had not yet invented his Vanner, from the stamp plates there was a trough with riffles and blankets charged with quicksilver to catch the gold. Considerable gold was taken from the Feigle mine by different ones but the work was finally abandoned.

Alex. Brown of Belleville built a ten-stamp mill at Bannockburn. The mine at first promised well but as the shaft went down the rock ceased to pay. A syndicate of Belleville men built a ten-stamp mill near Wolf Lake called the Craig mine. At first the mine showed a fair prospect and they were offered some $20,000, but one member of the syndicate wanted $20,000 for his one-sixth share. After spending several thousand dollars and going down about a hundred feet the gold petered out to fifty cents a ton.

In the spring of 1867 C. J. Gatling, called the Oil King of Bothwell brother of the inventor of the celebrated "Gatling Gun", opened up a mine on the Moira River four miles east of the Village of Marmora. The ore though carrying a good percentage of gold was found to be "Mispickle" and very refractory. They could not work it with eny success by any then known process. The work was closed down. After some years a Mr. Rothwell, of the New York Mining and Engineering Journal and some other New York people undertook to work this ore by the clorination process. After spending several hundred thousand dollars they found it would not pay. Some years after a Mr. Sulman of London, England, worked out a process called the cyanogen process for extracting refractory ore. It was found by tests that this process would extract gold from the mispickle. A company of English capitalists was formed, and the property bought. They sent out a Mr. Swunney as manager to spend their money which he proceeded to do right royally. Farms for miles around and in every direction, good farm lands without the least prospect of mineral of any kind, were optioned at a dollar an acre and upwards for which Mr. Swinney no doubt was to have a rake off. The mill and works at the mine would not do, so he proceeded to build a mill at the cost of probably $100,000 at the railway station some three miles away from the mine to which all ore had to be transported by teams. Swinney was dismissed and Peter Kirkgard, mine manager, was put in his place. The mine was worked for some time and eventually shut down. Gatling had reserved five acres adjoining the other property which he sold to a Belleville syndicate. Mr. W. A. Hungerford interested some Cleveland, Ohio people to purchase the five acres. The old mill from Bannockburn was purchased and moved down and put in commission. Mr. Hungerford worked the mine with considerable success but there was no means to get the gold and arsenic out of the tailings. Mr. Britton, one of the syndicate, bought out the others and it was proposed to enlarge the plant and instal the cyanogen process. Shortly after this Mr. Britton died and his family refused to furnish any more money. Eventually this property with other mines fell into the hands of J. M. O'Brien, the Cobalt millionaire.

Mines have been opened and worked at Cordova, nine miles northwest of the village of Marmora. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended, but like all others proved a failure.

That gold does exist somewhere in North Hastings is the opinion of many, some of whom are experts. It seems that there must be somewhere a "mother lode" from which all these showings came and which if found might turn out to be another Hollinger. Minerals of almost every kind in large quantities are found in the northern part of our country, but capital to exploit them is wanting, only a few such as mundic, talc, fluorspar, etc., have afforded good results. Our governments have neglected to have made a proper survey of the minerals of this county for the past fifty years. The United States government expend six million dollars annually in exploring for minerals and oil and the result is that that is the greatest mining country in the world today. This county contained the finest forests in the province. The governments have sold all our pine, hemlock, cedar and pulpwood, and the present government is selling our hardwood, thus the successive governments have stripped us of our heritage, and, what have they given in return? Forest fires will do the rest, and the next generation will not find a tree large enough to hang a deer on from Madoc to the Madawaska except upon private property.

Queensboro

Mr. and Mrs. K. Nicol and Betty are guests of Mrs. C. B. Hamm for Easter.

Mrs. Currie, Tweed, is spending Easter week with S. L. Holmes.

Mr. E. Tokely, Toronto, is home

Mrs. Lawder is spending Easter week in Toronto where she will attend the sessions of the Ontario Teachers' Association.

Mr. and Mrs. Howe and Miss Alice of Peterboro, are staying with Mrs. Keene and other friends for Easter.

Mr. Joseph McCaw, Sudbury, is spending Easter with his family.

Mr. L. Huggins, Arizona, left for Bloomfield on Monday after visiting relatives in Queensboro.

Mr. E. J. Sexsmith M.P. came from Ottawa for the Easter vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert McCaw and little girl are moving into the village.

Mrs. John Brown, Sulphide, is spending Easter with Qheensboro friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cole from Michigan spent a few days in town last week.

Mrs. John Moore, Rimington spent Friday with Mrs. Post.

Miss Margaret Rollins, Cooper is spending the Easter holidays with her aunt Mrs. J. Gray.

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Markham's Ruse

He Learned That He Was Not Married For His Money.

By ELINOR MARSH

Warner Markham, a young American, rich, was very much afraid that, if he married, the girl he chose would place a much higher value on his money than on himself. He went abroad thinking that he might meet some girl with whom he might have a real affair of the heart. To conceal his wealth he traveled in second or third class railway carriages, stayed at pensions (boarding houses) instead of hotels and otherwise curtailed his expenses.

In Florence, where art is the principal attraction, he was one morning looking at the pictures in the Uffizi gallery when he came upon a young girl copying a picture by Titian. The sun, shining in at a window, glinted a head of wavy hair the exact shade of that belonging to a girl represented in the painting she copied. Of the real girl and the painted one Markham greatly preferred the former. Indeed, his heart went out to her with one of those sudden, unaccountable impulses that are common in young persons.

Standing behind her, he pretended to be examining her work, but his eyes were fixed on her. A friend passed her, and she spoke a few words of salutation in the English tongue without the British accent. Markham judged that she was an American, and Americans abroad need no introduction. Our country seems very far from them, a distant land sunken far below the western horizon, from which they are cut off and from which they hear very little. This makes them all akin. Markham, who was a fine judge of pictures, did not hesitate to express his approval of the way the copyist was doing her work and call her attention to some differences between her copy and the original. She looked up at him, saw admiration in his eyes and turned hers back upon her work with a fluttering of the heart that she had never felt before. Markham told her that he was an American, and she admitted being from the same land. After chatting awhile he passed on.

She was Madeline Trevor. Having some artistic ability and the necessity of making her own living, she had used a little money left her in a legacy to study art in Florence. Her funds had been used up, and she was now endeavoring to keep body and soul together by copying masterpieces for such Americans as would give her an order. Markham made up a story about himself to fit his being in Florence. He had come abroad on a venture to find pictures of great artists to sell to wealthy Americans at home on commission. He had been disappointed in not finding such pictures for sale, and those that were to be had were not acceptable in the American market. He let drop a hint that he was near the end of his rope and had not money enough to take him home.

He was looking at Miss Trevor when he said this and saw by her expression that he had touched a sympathetic chord. So he followed it up with a show of resolution to conquer adversity which excited admiration. Sympathy and admiration are two effective weapons with which to attack a woman's heart, as Markham very well knew, and by the time the first interview ended he congratulated himself that he had made a beginning.

The next morning Markham passed through the gallery again, and when he stopped to have a look at Miss Trevor's work she received him with a smile. Again he gave her some points as to her copy and let drop the information that he had had a very poor breakfast. There was no untruth in this, for no one on the European continent takes anything but rolls and coffee at breakfast, and it would be impossible for him to call any coffee to be procured there good. Indeed, it is all bad. But the girl conceived the idea that Markham was hungry on account of his poverty, and this excited pity. Markham added to the fact of the poor breakfast that even if he came to eat sawdust he would not flinch.

His confidence drew forth confidence from Miss Trevor, and she, too, at times confessed to hunger. This very nearly spelled Markham's game, for it was all he could do to keep from inviting her to dine at the best hotel in Florence. He restrained himself for the time being, but the next day joined her, radiant. Claiming to have made a commission of 100 francs ($20) on the sale of a picture to an Englishman, with true bohemian weakness he filled Miss Trevor with viands so expensive that they used up all his pretended commission. For this he received a lecture from her on his shortsightedness and his generosity; but, since that generosity was expended on her, it only bound her closer to him.

Markham began his lovemaking by a fit of despondency. When asked the cause he intimated that he had met with a change of heart. He no longer looked upon his poverty with unconcern. It was not long before Miss Trevor wrung from him the cause of this change. He was in love, and in love with her.

This set her to thinking. She had done very wrong to permit him to become so chummy with her. Poverty added to poverty makes misery. A marriage between them would be suicidal. Markham lugubriously admitted the fact. He told her that he loved her and was only prevented from asking her to be his wife by the misery that such a union would bring upon her.

Markham noticed that there was no statement from Miss Trevor on this matter to match his own. She did not say, "Would that I had a fortune—how happy we could be together!" He wondered, if she had a fortune, whether she would throw herself away on a poverty stricken man with bohemian instincts. He feared not. He had given her to suppose that he was only prevented from being a spendthrift by not having any money to spend. Would her love for him should she become wealthy triumph over common sense?

While Markham appreciated common sense, he set more store upon Miss Trevor's love for him. He wished that she might suddenly get a windfall—a few hundred thousand dollars—that he might learn whether she loved him well enough to permit him to make ducks and drakes with it. This set him to thinking how he could give her the fortune without her knowing that it came from him.

One day Markham went to Miss Trevor very much agitated. He said that he had discovered an original Murillo. It had been taken from a part of a house that had been bricked up for several hundred years and was now being torn down. The surface was covered with dirt, and if there were a name in the corner it did not appear. When Miss Trevor asked him how he knew the picture was a Murillo he said that he relied entirely on his knowledge of the great artist's other works, this painting bearing the same individual characteristics.

Markham told her that what troubled him was that the work could be bought for a song and he hadn't enough money to buy a cigar, which in Italy may be had for a fraction of a cent. He begged Miss Trevor to try to raise 30 francs, the price asked by the finder of the picture. She happened to have the money, having just been paid 50 francs for copying a painting, and offered to lend it to her lover. But Markham would not listen to such a proposal. If she took a risk on his opinion she should reap the benefit in case he was right. She gave him the money to invest for her, and he brought the picture to her studio.

All depended on whether when the accumulated dirt was removed from the corner the magic name would appear which, like a Midas touch, would turn the picture into gold. Markham had brought with him cleaning materials and, setting the picture on an easel, began to rub. The first letter that appeared was an "I," then an "l," then another "l" and an "o." Then, working the other way, he exposed the word "Murillo."

Miss Trevor was too much excited to take an unbiased look at the picture, and if she had done so it would have availed nothing, for it was all, except the name, covered with dust. Markham took it away, promising to let her see it when it had been cleaned, but before the dirt had been taken off he reported to her that the painting had been snapped up by an American pork packer for 400,000 lire.

So it was that the impoverished American copyist was suddenly enriched by $80,000, an amount which invested at 5 per cent would yield $4,000 a year. To one who could not always afford an Italian breakfast of coffee and rolls this was wealth indeed. Markham expected—at least hoped—that the possessor would throw her arms around his neck and say, "Now we can be happy together." Instead she asked:

"When shall I get the money?"

"I am to go to the bank tomorrow, where the purchaser will draw on Chicago. The draft will be cashed by the bank, and I will receive a certificate of deposit in your name."

Markham wondered if she would offer to divide. She said no more. He was curious to know if anything more to his satisfaction would be said on payment of the money.

The next day he brought her a certificate of deposit for 400,000 lire. She looked at it, feasted her eyes on it, and a pleasant smile came over her lips.

"Don't you think," she said, "that I ought to give you some of this for finding the picture—and—doing it all?"

"Not a cent. You risked your money and are entitled to the profit."

"I suppose now"— she began and paused.

"Now what?"

"If you feel the same"—

"I do."

"There's no objection to"—

Markham was about to embrace her when she motioned him to desist.

"I'm afraid you'll spend the money and we'll be in poverty again. You must expect to leave it in my keeping."

"I promise."

"Your promise isn't enough. You must sign a paper waiving all a husband's rights to his wife's money."

This was a backset to Markham's happiness, but he consented. She produced a contract which she had had prepared by her attorney. He signed it, and they were married.

Markham had hired the picture painted for 30 francs, had put the artist's name on it himself and smeared it with dirt. He was the wealthy packer who had bought it.

When Mrs. Markham discovered that she had married a multimillionaire she felt a bit troubled about having required her fiance to resign all rights to her fortune, but not for long.

"I don't think you treated me fairly, dear," she said to him.

"In what respect?"

"Why, if I had known how rich you are I would have required a settlement."

YARNS OF YESTERDAY.

When Sir Herbert Tree Went On the Music Hall Stage.

On one occasion Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree was induced to play a sketch at a well-known London music hall, and went there one afternoon to rehearse, accompanied by Lady Tree.

As he wandered about the unfamiliar stage, feeling very bored and looking like a fish out of water, a couple of "knockabout" comedians who had [illegible]ished their turn approached him.

"Well met, Sir 'Erb!" exclaimed the first one, slapping him heartily on the back. "Glad to welcome you 'ere!"

"Oh, delighted!" murmured Tree vaguely.

"This is my mate, 'Arry," continued the other.

"Pleased to meet you," declared the second comedian, delivering an equally vigorous slap to Tree's shoulder. "Welcome to the 'alls. Is the missus showing with you?"

With a magnificent gesture Tree signified to his wife. "Maud," he said, "allow me to introduce [illegible] friends. [illegible] Tree [illegible] two Smacks!"

Another good story, told by Mr. Reginald Auberon in "The Nineteen Hundreds" concerns Sir Charles Wyndham.

When Sir Charles was once playing in David Garrick, he used to go to the Garrick Club in the afternoon and take his seat immediately underneath a portrait of the original David Garrick that hung in the smoking-room.

One day a member, seeing him in his customary chair, stared hard at the canvas above his head.

"Upon my word," he said, "it's really extraordinary. I think you grow more like Garrick every afternoon."

"Very good of you to say so," returned Wyndham, hugely pleased.

"Yes," was the reply, "and less like him every evening."

Here is a characteristic anecdote about Andrew Carnegie.

The dour old Scotsman once received a letter stating that an old schoolfellow of his had fallen on evil days; that although about sixty years had passed since they were boys together, it was possible that he still remembered him, and that doubtless he would be glad to subscribe to a fund that was being raised for his benefit, and so on, and so on, in the approved style of such epistles.

But Carnegie wasn't having any. "I remember yon fellow you mention," he wrote back. "I ken him fine. We were at school together. I detested him then, and I detest him now, and I won't give him a bawbee."

Still at War!

Not long ago the authorities of the Isle of Man protested against being called upon to make certain contributions to the Exchequer on the ground that the island had not been included in the Peace Treaty amongst those who were no longer at war with Germany and Austria! Technically, therefore, the Isle of Man is still at war.

There have been one or two previous omissions of towns and small countries from peace treaties that ended great wars.

Berwick-on-Tweed is an independent borough which comes under neither England nor Scotland. In Acts of Parliament it is mentioned separately. By some mischance its name was omitted from the parties to the treaty which ended the Crimean War. Hence, technically, Berwick has been at war with Russia for three-quarters of a century.

There is in Italy a tiny republic called San Marino. It came in with the rest of Italy in the war with Austria in 1848, but by mistake was left out of the treaty. During the recent conflict the republic resumed hostilities; she had no need to declare war.

Chocolate Boxes.

Even those persons of encyclopaedic knowledge occasionally to be met with would probably be puzzled if they were asked when chocolate sweets were first put into fancy decorated boxes. The much-regretted death of Mr. George Cadbury is a reminder of the fact, recalled now by few only, that it was the Bournville firm, in days prior to the building of that pioneer garden city, which first made the innovation. To the late Mr. Richard Cadbury, brother of the gentleman who has just passed away, is due the original idea, which he put into effect as far back as 1866. Mr. Richard Cadbury was an amateur artist of much taste, and from his studies were derived the pictures that appear on many of the earliest boxes to be thus adorned. He liked painting pretty children amid pleasant surroundings, and he also loved Swiss landscapes and mountain flowers, and these are the influences that prevail in these earliest decorations. Many of these first boxes and their color prints have been preserved by the firm, and have on occasions been shown at exhibitions.

Hughes and Native Cigars.

The suggestion that British smokers should be introduced to Australian tobacco reminds me of a story about Mr. Hughes, the present Australian Premier. He was once engaged in an argument with the late Sir George Reid, who said that he thought it unfair that the customs duties should punish smokers for their better taste in preferring foreign cigars to those made of home-grown tobacco.

Mr. Hughes was up in arms at once, "I have an Australian cigar in my pocket now," he said.

"Exactly!" retorted Sir George. "If it had been a Havana you would have smoked it long ago!"

Trotzky.

Trotzky, the Bolshevist leader, is the son of a Jewish chemist, his real name being Leiba Bronstein.

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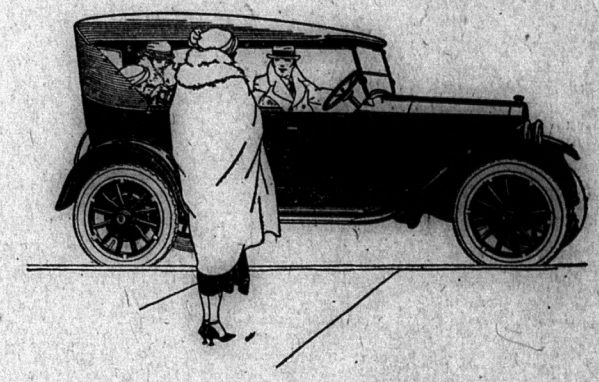

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BACK TO ICE AGE

Date of Human Being's Appearance in America.

Probability Is That He Crossed From Asia When the Continents Were Connected.

Leaving aside for the present the tooth of the Nebraska "ape-man," no trace of human beings other than homo sapiens has ever been found in America. A million years ago the "promises of men" lived in Africa, in Malaysia, in Asia itself, and even in Europe. We see dim remains of a whole troop of extinct humans behind the horizon of the present, the short upstanding Java Pithecanthropus, a man in body but an ape in head; the African ape man, tall, erect and dark skinned, but with no forehead; the heavy-jawed Heidelberg man, a creature whose children had mouths as big as those of large adults of today; the dog-faced Piltdowns, and squat, stoop-shouldered Neanderthals, who bobbed along on the outside of their feet, peering with timid, furtive eyes from beneath their shaggy brows.

None of these men ever saw America. Our continent was devoid of human habitation until the middle of the Ice age. Man came into America only yesterday, in a geological sense. He appeared here 50,000 or 60,000 years ago at most. And the surprising fact still remains that he was the American Indian, everywhere from Patagonia to Alaska when he did come.

There are different kinds of Indians. Some have round heads, some have long heads; there are Indians with wide cheeks and there are Indians with narrow faces. Yet the more the evidence is studied, the stronger is the conviction borne in upon the minds of science that Indians are derived from one common parent family.

Where did they come from? A glance at the shores of Asia opposite us reveals Mongols. A bridge, with Asia in the past there certainly was; civilizations on both sides are much the same, but now the people are different. Culturally the northeastern Indians are more related to European white men of the Ice age than to the rest of America. The land bridge of Atalantis may have been above water when the first tribes of Indians reached America.

The answer to this riddle lies in Asia. Indians are Asiatic, but in most of their former homes they have been submerged by the yellow men whom we call Mongols. Historians will record that the 40,000 years centering about the Twentieth century A. D. saw the rise of two rival races of men, who totally eclipsed and outdistanced all other races, the white Aryan and the yellow Mongol.

We know how our race has grown. The strides of the Mongols are even greater. They are now spreading with much rapidity; they have either crowded out or absorbed the native peoples over most of eastern Asia. They are even in America as Eskimos. Mongol blood is thirsty; it drinks up the blood of other races with whom it intermarries, leaving only slant eyes, flat faces and high heads.

The Eskimos are much later comers to our shores than the Indians. They arrived here only a few score centuries ago. They are still coming. The whole ocean littoral from Greenland to British Columbia knows them.

Men of unmistakable Indian cast have been found in out-of-the-way valleys of Siberia, in Formosa, in the Philippines, and even in Sumatra. There was a time when eastern Asia was inhabited by the prototype of American Indians.

Mongols came down from the highlands of Tibet, and have all but eradicated their breed. They would have followed them to America but for the rapid sinking of Bering strait, which separated the two continents and made the migration wait for the invention of means of navigation.—Chicago Tribune.

YESTERDAY'S ANECDOTES.

Yarns Are Drawn From Interesting Book of Memoirs.

Baron James De Rothschild of a former generation was once asked for his support in a certain business matter. The baron did not fancy the idea and said so rather abruptly.

"Anyhow," said the man who approached him, "I hope you won't eat me up!"

"My dear sir," was the reply, "my religion forbids me."

On another occasion the baron, meeting a foppish young Frenchman who had just come from Tahiti, inquired if anything had struck him in the island.

"Nothing particular," said the Frenchman, "except that the women are very pretty and friendly, besides which I noticed a total absence of pigs and Jews."

"Let us both go there at once, my dear fellow," promptly replied the baron, "we shall make our fortunes."

The above are related by Mr. Ralph Nevill in "Yesterday and Today." Writing of newly rich Mr. Nevill declares that the second generation often loses all trace of its origin, and is apt to consider itself superior to the founder of the family.

An instance of this was the host who, when giving a great party, upon being asked: "Is your father here?" replied: "Well, no; hang it all, you know one must draw the line somewhere!"

Here are more of Mr. Nevill's stories:—

The second Sir Robert Peel, whose fondness for gambling would break out now and again, once went to see a parachute descent at the Alexandra Palace. Walking up to the scene of the operations, a three-card-trick man at the roadside chanced to catch his eye.

"The old swindle," said he; nevertheless he stopped and listened to the man's patter. In the end he started betting just for fun and finished up by losing every penny he had in his pocket.

"Do you know," said he, "that you are a swindler, a thief, and a vagabond? Upon my word, as a magistrate, I do not know that I am doing my duty by not giving you in charge," after which Sir Robert strode away in high dudgeon.

A well-known man was in such reduced circumstances financially that one season he had to hunt on a carriage horse.

"How ever do you get him to go over the jumps?" asked a friend.

"The simplest thing in the world," was the reply. "Whenever I come to a fence I catch my saddle a sounding crack and shout out 'Home.' Thinking it's the carriage door which has shut, the gallant animal jumps the obstacle like a bird."

A rich Anglicized financier having purchased a country estate, some neighbors who came to pay a call found, in place of the new squire, his brother, a man endowed with a considerable sense of humor. Being naturally unaware that their host was not the owner of the house, they at once began to apologize for not having called before.

"Pray don't apologize," was the reply. "I see you are taking me for my brother, the Englishman. As a matter of fact I'm only the —— German!"

The mother of a very wealthy American girl recently hesitated for some time whether her daughter should marry a rather dissipated foreign grandee or an impecunious but quiet British peer. Owing to unsatisfactory reports concerning the foreign grandee, choice ultimately fell upon the British peer.

The American lady then telegraphed: "Grandee off; send the Lord."

A host who wished to have the reputation of giving excellent dinners, but who yet wished to economize, adopted various devices to keep the food bill down.

For example, gorgeous fruit was always in the center of the table, but when the time came for dessert it was handed round with lightning rapidity and in a manner which made people reluctant to disturb the beauty of the dish. The truth was that the fruit was usually hired for the night.

Maori War Cries.

The meaning of Maori war-cries worn by New Zealand regiments on badges is as follows:

Second Wellington-West Coast Mounted Rifles—Ake ake, kia kaha. Be strong forevermore! Ever, ever, be strong!

Third Auckland Mounted Rifles—Te Kaahu Mataare. The watchful hawk.

Eleventh North Auckland Mounted Rifles—Kia Tupato! Be on your guard!

Sixth Hauraki Regiment—Whaka tangata—kia kaha! Play the game—be strong!

Eighth Southland Regiment — Kia Mate Toa! Die hard, warrior!

Thirteenth North Canterbury Westland Regiment—Kia pono tonu! Be ever faithful!

Fourteenth South Otago Regiment—Kia kaha ake! Be strong evermore!

Ninth Hawke's Bay Regiment—Kia toa! Be bold! Or, be brave!

General motto, but really a welfare courtesy—Kia Ora! Let there be health! Or, good luck!—Yom L. Mills in Adventure Magazine.

Levy Was Misunderstood.

The Parliamentary candidate who was defeated by the blind M.P., Mr. Martin, in East Aberdeenshire, Scotland, is telling a good story of his failure. He is Sir Henry Cowan, and he was leaving Buchan after the declaration of the poll. As he was getting into his car with Lady Cowan two men passed, and one of them asked: "Wha's the lady wi' Sir Henry?"

The other replied: "She maun be the capital leddy we heard sae muckle aboot in the election speeches!"

Were Sorry.

Dramatic Actor: "Did you see how the audience cried last night when I played the death scene?"

His Rival: "Yes. They knew you weren't really dead."

ESSEN.

Here Is a City That Has Thrived on War.

If Essen is taken over by the French there will be feelings of satisfaction in not a few breasts in allied countries, in view of the relation of that city to the war, as the chief scene of munitions making for the past generation or more. It is a great steel city, thriving on war itself, and epitomizing the very spirit of war making and militarism. When Essen flourished it was a sign that the war lords in one country or another had a big campaign ahead. The measure of its relation to such conflicts may be seen in the growth of its population, which, after several centuries' existence, was but 10,000 in 1854, had risen to 118,000 in 1900, and to 439,000 in 1920.

Coming down the Rhine in one of the palatial steamers of the Netherlands Steamship Co. the sloping banks of the river remind a Canadian of the shores of the St. Lawrence. Dotted all over the landscape are villages and small hamlets, with their church spires silhouetted against the azure sky. The meadows seen from the boat are rectangular patches of an astounding green color set off with white fences. The villages appear with such regularity that the whole scene looks like a pantomime setting in bright colors, waiting for some beneficent ceremony.

The scene changes are the boat approaches Essen. Residential suburbs built on the hills overlooking the Rhine are the first sign of the great industrial center, which, in appearance, resembles, probably more than any other locality in Europe, some of the big American factory cities, for instance, Pittsburg. Over the city itself hangs a dense cloud of smoke. At night flames shoot up through the chimneys of the huge blast furnaces. The roar of the town is audible on the river. Street cars clang and come right to the river's edge. Trailers of the trams are loaded with workmen coming and going to ever-changing shifts of work. Far up the hills in the distance are the residences of the Krupps, the Herders, the Bokers and the other industrial magnates. In the distance there is the incessant boom of big guns as expert workmen and army engineers test the products from the factories.

In the city itself there is a cosmopolitan population as in a large American town — Italian and Austrian laborers, boarding houses and American bars. The outbreak of a new war in Europe was always the signal for a new boom in Essen. In 1904 a representative of the Friedrich Herder Co. was seeking building materials and bricklayers in Holland and Belgium. Asked by a Hollander whether an extensive building program was anticipated in Essen, he answered in the affirmative:

"We need more houses and more workers, for the firm of Herder has received an order for twelve million bayonets, and they are to be sharpened on both sides."

Six months later the Russo-Japanese war broke out.

Prince Needs a Successor.

Japan had a crisis recently. It was not a cabinet affair, for cabinets are not of so much importance in that most monarchistic of all countries. The health of the Prince Regent was in peril. If he had died his younger brother, Prince Yasuhito Atsu-No-Miya would have been the favored of Heaven and of Nippon.

When one has for king or regent a descendant of the sun god, why should one worry about such earthly things as ministries and Diets? The royal family matters in Nippon. And so, when the Prince Regent, who had visited England and had also entertained the Prince of Wales, fell ill with measles, then indeed there was consternation. But it was suddenly remembered that there was a second son of the king, namely the Prince Yasuhito, still with his regiment and a slender, spectacled youth, but none the less a son of the sun and worthy of worship and reverence.

Tourist Printers.

Brooklyn Joe is known all over the United States as the last of the tourist printers. Brooklyn Joe was working in New York when the first linotype machine was manufactured. For thirty years Brooklyn Joe has traveled from coast to coast, seeing thousands of these typesetting machines. Long years ago scarcely a week passed that some tourist printer didn't come along who wanted to throw in a case of type, set up a column or two for a dollar, a feed and a bed, and then drifted onward. Most of them are gone now. There was the immortal J. N., Red Doolin, Thin Space Jones, so named because he was so thin, and Fussy Raynolds.

Seeing Our Breath.

As a matter of fact, we don't see "our breath" on a cold day. What we do see is the water vapor with which it is charged and which has become condensed in contact with the cold air. All that happens is this. We breathe in, use a certain amount of air, and expel the rest, charged with moisture picked up from the inside of our bodies.

When the air is warm it can absorb or "hold" the moisture in our breath, but when the air is appreciably colder it condenses this moisture into tiny globules which we see as vapor or mist, exactly as steam from a kettle is condensed on the colder outside air.

An Old Saying.

The expression "a pretty kettle of fish" was originally a "kiddle" of fish, the kiddle being a very old word for a sort of wicker trap weir temporarily laid down in a river to catch anything that might be passing.

The result would naturally be a very mixed bag, and so a "pretty kiddle of fish" came to be used as a term for a general mix-up or muddle.

WOMEN'S WAYS.

Eminent English Novelist Attempts an Explanation.

"All human being are strange, but all can be understood if we will put ourselves in their place," says Mr. W. L. George in the Royal Magazine.

"If women sometimes understand men better than men do women, it is because they make this effort, while most men are too lazy to ask themselves what they would feel if they were in the woman's position. They just shrug their shoulders, say, 'So like a woman!' and leave it at that. It is no wonder, then, that they should fail to see what is passing in the woman's mind.

"When we come to women's attitude to clothes we strike a vital part of their nature. A popular society woman once said to me: 'That woman is badly dressed. She has red hair and wears green. But it is an obvious green. To be well dressed a woman must wear an unobviously obvious color.' Complicated, but all women understand; and perhaps I do a little, too.

"The same woman suggested to me: 'Clothes classify women. Good underclothes show that she aspires to affection; boots and shoes that she desires respect.' Of the one whose clothes are good throughout she said nothing; she must have aspired to paradise. This lady was rather unkind to women, and it was she who made me think: 'Only those women who are not quite women can admire beauty in their own sex.' Indeed, two pretty women must be rivals; if they didn't struggle for us a little (very quietly) life would become very dull.

"It is, however, when we come to love that the investigation of woman becomes most interesting, because love provides an excitement that cannot be drawn even from a new hat. In many forms I have found myself saying: 'Love is woman's one adventure.' I mean that while men have career, money, or art to pursue, woman concentrates all her energies about the capture of the little god. But the little god is a very dangerous domestic pet.

"It was a man who suggested to me that: 'Love though blind is unfortunately not dumb, and uses speech to conceal the truth.' Women complain equally of his silver tongue, while they can never close their ears when he chooses to sing. I am thinking now of a middle-aged woman, long past the gentle passion, whose chief delight was to make marriages. It is her case I have in mind when I say: 'Romance is woman's compensation for the dulness of life.'

"This naturally does not apply to all women; it does not entirely apply to the energetic girls who are to-day making their own career. These are as liable to fall in love as the old-fashioned women, but when they do it is not always a success. I am thinking of one who, rather late, married a successful engineer, and gave up her own work, a prosperous typewriting office. She is very unhappy, and I sum her up by saying: 'Only a great love can compensate a woman for the loss of a freedom which she has enjoyed.'"

Fireflies.

The statement that the light of fireflies and other phosphorescent insects is produced without any sensible degree of heat has often been repeated, without any information as to the quantity of heat that would be required to produce a similar amount of light by artificial methods. This information is supplied by Prof. MacIntosh. He says that a temperature approaching 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit would be necessary to make a light equivalent to that emitted by an ordinary firefly. The enormous waste of energy in all industrial methods of producing light is a matter of common knowledge, and the example of the firefly remains unimitated by man. The very simplicity of the mechanism employed by nature in phosphorescent insects is baffling.

Effect of Water Shed.

A curious result of a study of the Blue Ridge mountain region in North Carolina and Virginia is the showing that the Atlantic is slowly gaining some of the waters that have hitherto flowed toward the Mississippi. This arises from the fact that the Blue Ridge, instead of being a crest with strong slopes on each side, is an escarpment separating a mountainous upland on the southeast, and the high-level headwaters of the streams that flow toward the Mississippi are continually losing length by the retreat of the escarpment, through the retrogressive erosion of the low-level headwaters of the Atlantic-seeking streams. From a practical point of view, of course, the change is very slow.

Star Near Earth.

The star Alpha Centauri, one of the nearest to the earth, consists, as the telescope shows, of two suns, one of which is five or six times brighter than the other. But observations by Roberts at the Cape of Good Hope Observatory led to the conclusion that the two components of Alpha Centauri, much as they differ in brightness, are really twice as heavy as our sun. It seems to follow from these facts that one of those twin suns is losing its light and in the course of ages may become only a gigantic opaque planet, while its companion will continue to blaze with solar splendor.

Didn't Need Nerve Tonic.

"You are in a very bad condition," said a physician to a weak-looking patient. "Just take this prescription to the chemist. It will cost you a dollar." "Thanks," said the patient, "but you might lend me the money." The doctor, in amazement, took back the paper, and made out a fresh prescription. "Take this one," he said. "It will cost you a quarter; the other prescription was for your nerves."

THE MEANING OF MEMEL

MORE COMPLICATIONS ARISE IN EASTERN EUROPE.

Lithuanians Started Action to Seize City Just at the Time When France Was Busy Entering the Rich Valley of the Ruhr—Complications Are Increasing as Result of National Ambitions.

After having waited four years for their only outlet to the Baltic, the Lithuanians have started to take by force what they believe is their rightful heritage. The city of Memel and its strip of territory along the Niemen river are actually under the jurisdiction of the Council of Ambassadors, which succeeded the Supreme Council of Premiers, and not under the League of Nations, as has been averred. The title of sovereignty was transferred to the allied and associated powers from Germany, as that to eastern Galicia was transferred from Austria. The Council of Ambassadors now has before it the task of deciding what the future regime at Memel shall be, and a decision has been regarded as imminent for some time. The actual administration of the district has been in the hands of the French, and it is worth noting that the Lithuanian move coincided with the French occupation of Essen.

The problem at Memel is in many respects similar to that of Danzig. There the Poles demanded an outlet to the sea, promised them in Mr. Wilson's fourteen points. But as the city was inhabited by a German majority, the Paris Peace Conference resorted to its favorite expedient of "internationalizing" the city and giving the Poles free use of the harbor. Concerning an outlet to the sea for Lithuanian nothing had been stipulated in the fourteen points; the independence of the country itself was an afterthought. But by Article 99 of the Treaty of Versailles Germany was forced to give up Memel and the land north of the Niemen to the victorious powers, who were to decide its fate later. The territory is about 2,800 square kilometers and the population about 140,000. The majority it is Lithuanian, though in the city itself, as at Danzig, the German element is the largest. Thanks partly to having been under German instead of Russian rule, the population of Memel and its territory is more advanced in culture than that of the remainder of Lithuania.

Originally the western powers may have thought that Lithuania might ultimately consent to become a part of the reconstituted Poland, as it had been a more or less autonomous member of the old kingdom, but the Lithuanians insisted on independence and gained their cause, taking almost for granted that they would be given Memel as their port. On account of the mixed population it was difficult to draw a definite ethnographic border between Poland and Lithuania, and on October 9, 1920, the Polish general, Zeligowski seized by force the Vilna district, which by the Russo-Lithuanian Treaty of July 12, 1920, had been given to the latter country. Vilna morever, is the old capital of Lithuania. Since that time the Poles and the Lithuanians have practically been at war. Until Poland restored Vilna, the Lithuanians declare they will have no friendly relations with her.

In the government of Memel the Poles also claim a share on the ground that it is the natural outlet for part of their commerce. In this demand they probably have the tacit support of France, their ally, who desires as strong a Poland as possible. The Germans of Memel are also represented as favoring an international regime for the city with a view to ultimate reversion to Germany. But if the Poles get established both at Vilna and at Memel, the time of a reincorporation of the remainder of Lithuania with Poland may be hastened, something the present French regime would perhaps be pleased to see happen. At least this would seem to explain why the Lithuanians chose to march on Memel the very day the French were busy entering the Ruhr.

Forestry Pigeons.

The United States forestry service has been experimenting with carrier pigeons. Recently, in an Idaho forest, a carrier pigeon was taken by a packhorse over mountains, kept at its destination overnight and released the next day. It was subsequently found that it took the pigeon exactly thirty minutes to cover the eighteen miles to its home coop. In another recent test the pigeon was sent to headquarters with a message asking for fire-fighting assistance. Soon after, however, it was found that the fire was under control. Word was sent by a second bird that the requested assistance would not be required, and it reached the central camp just in time to prevent the assisting expedition from starting.

Large Forfeits.

Paying up cost unsuccessful candidates at the recent British election something like $35,000. England has a law which requires a man who puts himself forward for Parliament before he has enough popular esteem to get one-eighth of the votes cast in his district or forfeit the sum which amounts to approximately $700 in our money. More than fifty candidates suffered the forfeiture in the November election. — The Nation's Business.

Saving Them for His Son.

"Alfred," said Mrs. Williams, "I don't believe you smoked one of those cigars I gave you on your birthday." "No, my dear," he replied. "I have resolved to keep them until young Reginald wants to learn to smoke."

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OBLIGING

Tramp—Your dog just bit a piece of flesh out of my leg, maum.

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EGG MARKETS

Toronto

Specials	35
Extras	34.4
Farmers' market	45.5
Belleville	23 to 30
Madoc	23

Hangman's Lot Is Hard One.

A fresh-complexioned, middle-aged man of medium build, who is seen occasionally on the steps of Rochdale railway station carrying a small satchel, might be a country doctor going to lend his co-operation to the stork. Instead his mission is the opposite. He is John Ellis, England's official hangman, and his appearance means that the next morning some unfortunate will die on the scaffold.

The Ilford case brought the number of executions with which Ellis has been connected up to a round 120. Having been a hangman since 1901, he has personally carried out sixty executions, while he has acted as assistant at as many more. He it was who hanged Dr. Crippen, Sir Roger Casement, Sutton, the poisoner, and Smith, the murderer of "the brides in the bath."

Ellis rarely goes abroad except on official business. Few persons ever speak to him. He is ostracized completely so far as social intercourse goes. He applied for the job of hangman on the spur of the moment. The remuneration is not large, and hangmen like other people in the United Kingdom have been hit by high prices.

Ellis receives $12.50 for each execution and another $12.50 for "good conduct," which means that he must not, as in former days, stay at a public house on the day of execution, and earn a commission for attracting custom. In Scotland he receives double money for all executions. In both countries he receives the rope with which he carried out the law's stern decree. There are no other perquisites to the position.

Bairnsfather on Hungry Heroes.

The inimitable Captain Bruce Bairnsfather, who recently made his first appearance as a single turn on the music-hall stage in Old Bill and Me, tells an amusing story concerning a certain battalion abroad which was in a half-famished condition owing to non-delivery of the rations.

So, in order to revive their drooping spirits, one of the officers organized an impromptu concert.

Informed of the capabilities of one of the men, the officer sought him out and requested his assistance.

"Sorry, I couldn't, sir," was the unexpected reply.

"Why, you do play something, don't you?"

"I did, sir."

"Well, what's your instrument?"

"The bones, but — I've eaten them!"

The First Wallpaper.

It is said that Kensington Palace was the first building in England decorated with wallpaper—a form of decoration which, in the opinion of speakers at the recent conference of Master Painters, will shortly become obsolete. William Pyne, the historian of Kensington Palace, relates that Kent, the architect employed by George I. to redecorate the palace, made a startling departure by papering "the King's great drawing-room." The effect was much admired, and "the new art of paper-hangings, being both cheap and elegant, was generally adopted in preference to the old-style velvet flock hangings."

Job Printing promptly done at The Review office.

HAS A WINNING SMILE.

Ottawa's Chief Magistrate Is Young and Always Busy.

Two years alderman, two years controller, and now for the third time mayor, is the enviable record of Frank Plant, who at the polls a few weeks ago, was returned by acclamation to the post of chief magistrate of the City of Ottawa. And this at the age of 39 years.

When Frank Plant first entered politics he was 33 years old. Ottawa from the first took to him and since his early days he has always and everywhere been a prime favorite. This has been amply demonstrated. Twice he headed the polls as alderman; again he headed the polls as controller. Last year he rolled up the greatest plurality of any man who has occupied the post of mayor in the City of Ottawa, the total vote in 1922 being 15,862, of which he captured 10,923 votes. This year he had no opposition, both newspapers of the city heartily endorsing him.

How does it happen that the citizens of the capital should repose such confidence in this "youngster?" He is, indeed, one, if not the youngest, of Canada's mayors.

The answer lies in the personality of the man. He brings to his work a logical and sane mind, and he dares to utter what he thinks. Added to that is sincerity of purpose, earnestness, and integrity. And above all, a smile that is positively disarming. It insists on expressing itself at the slightest provocation. Most people in Ottawa are acquainted with that fact as indeed with the mayor himself, and not a few simply call him "Frank." Yet withal, he is dignified, makes a good speech, and has the added and desirable quality of knowing when to quit.

He is a busy man. Ottawa has the most vexing and vital problem of the street railway up before it, yet he has the confidence of the people in that as in all other questions.

The mayor still finds time to attend to other matters apart from his official duties. He is chairman of the Police Commission, director of the Central Canada Exhibition, and this year the nominating committee of the Kiwanis Club selected him unanimously as president for the ensuing year.

The mayor finds time also to take an interest in sports. In this he is a keen enthusiast. He is president of the Ottawa Amateur Hockey League, president of the Ottawa Amateur Athletic Federation and vice-president of the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association. He is a member of the Ottawa Hunt and Motor Club, the Ancient Order of Foresters, the St. George's Society, Chaudiere Lodge, A. F. and A. M., and numerous other organizations.

Nature's Froggy Freaks.

When nature designed the frog she made him specially for swimming. But some frogs took a dislike to water and adopted a land life.

The tree-frog lives almost entirely amongst lofty branches. "Want to be a bird, do you?" said Nature. "Very well, we'll see what we can do." The result is a weird creature with a small body and long skinny legs armed with bird-like claws.

The barking frog possesses enormous air pouches which he inflates when he is annoyed. Suddenly he opens his mouth and yaps like an angry dog.

The nurse-toad was given a decoration which looks exactly like a pair of red bathing drawers, perhaps to remind him that his proper place is in the water.

Surinam toads are covered with deep pits, whose use was not discovered for some time. Each one is a nursery. The male takes the eggs as they are laid and deposits them one by one in the pits on his wife's back. Here they hatch out and actually go through the tadpole stage, obtaining the moisture that otherwise they would lack.

Tabooed Words.

Writing of tabooed words in "The Golden Bough," Sir J. G. Frazer says: "The Indians of Chiloe keep their names secret, and do not like to have them uttered aloud; for they say that there are fairies or imps on the mainland or neighboring islands who, if they knew folks' names, would do them an injury; but so long as they do not know the names these mischievous sprites are powerless. The Araucanians will hardly ever tell a stranger their names, because they fear that he would thereby acquire some supernatural power over themselves. Asked his name by a stranger who is ignorant of their superstition, an Araucanian will answer: "I have none." When an Ojibway is asked his name he will look at some bystander and ask him to answer.

Be Genial Over Cannon.

The Mayor of Boston is trying to interfere with a time-hallowed witticism when he asks Canada to return the small brass cannon, captured at Bunker Hill and now displayed in the Citadel at Quebec. On an average of ten times a day during the tourist season a Canadian "Tommy" points out this venerable piece to visiting Americans, who never fail to respond to the story of its capture with the retort, "Yes, you've got the gun, but we've got the hill!" Next to learning how to do the about-face snappily the hardest job before a Dominion recruit is to learn how to invariably respond to this ancient bit of humor with a genial laugh.

Deer Seventy Years Ago.

Peter Cook of Milverton, Ont., is a hale and hearty pioneer who was 85 years of age in June last. During the 1922 hunting season he accompanied a hunting party on a three weeks' trip along the banks of the French river, and shot a deer. He shot his first deer seventy years ago near Shakespeare, in Perth County, and has only missed one year since, that he did not go hunting.

Of the 25,000,000 more women than men in Europe, Russia has the greatest surplus.

PLOW UP CLOSE

Champion Brand "AMERICAN" Fence on American Galvanized Steel Posts take the least possible fence room—you get the most out of every ten-acre field.

Putting up Champion Brand "AMERICAN" Fence is not an expense—it is a wise investment—plow up close for your purse's sake and your increased production will soon take care of fence construction costs.

—SOLD BY—

E. A. NORMAN - Millbridge, Ont.

ELDORADO

(Intended for last week)

"See", Eldorado has woke up. Spring is here. March winds are cold and blustering.

Sorry to report that Mr. Thos. Fox is confined to his bed with blood poison in his foot. We hope he will soon be around again.

Mr. S. R. Jones of Peterboro is visiting his son, Mr. D. E. Jones this week.

Mrs. A. C. Hie has returned to her home in Bobcaygeon after spending a week visiting at her sister's Mrs. Dr. Lamb of Eldorado.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Gawley and Lela of Delora spent a few days last week, at her father's Mr. J. Fitzgerald.

Mr. Will and Dave Hunter are on the sick list.

Mr. Leslie Herbertson and mother were the Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Shaw.

Service here was well attended on Sunday afternoon.

James Holmes has returned home after spending the week end with his brother, at Anson.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Bronson and little Helen of Bannockburn, were the Sunday guests of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Sandford.

Mr. John Wannamaker has bought a farm near Hazzard's Corners and is busy moving these days. Sorry to lose them from our town.

COOPER

Our regular church service took place on Sunday afternoon Rev. J. M. Whyte, Pastor.

The Uncle Timothy play given by our young people was a decided success. Over thirty-nine dollars in aid of the Sunday School was received.

Mr. Willie Rollins who has been very ill with pneumonia is on the road to recovery.

Sorry to report Mrs. Hugh Blair is on the sick list.

Mrs. George Holmes and Mrs. Thos. Cassidy have somewhat improved.

Miss Evelyn Sills our teacher is spending the Easter holidays at the home of her parents in Tweed.

SCOTCH SETTLEMENT

Quite a number were present at the Social evening Wednesday night held in the basement of the church

Mr. Jno. Cuttle returned home Friday from Stirling. We are glad to report his broken leg much stronger.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williamson and Miss Mabel were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John McGuire.

Stirling cream truck called through this line Monday.

Miss Laura Ashe spent the week end under the parental roof.

The ladies don't seem to be in any hurry for their Easter bonnets.

Quite a few attended church Sunday in spite of the snow storm

Mr. and Mrs. Wellesley Holland and kiddies, also Mr. and Mrs. Jno. McGuire and Patrick spent Saturday evening at Mr. James McGuires.

Miss Myrtle Ashe returned from Flinton Friday to spend the holidays.

Mr. H. Williamson moved to Crookston, to the house occupied by Mr. P. Lancaster.

Mr. Percy Lancaster has moved on Mr. Williamson's farm.

Miss Katherine Cuttle called on Mrs. Elisha Ashe Thursday.

CARD OF THANKS

Mr. and Mrs. David Lough and family wish to thank all the friends and neighbours for their kindness and sympathy during the illness and death of their loved one, John Frederick Lough.

CARD OF THANKS

The family wish to thank their friends and neighbors for their many acts of kindness and sympathy during the sickness of their mother Mrs. William Keller.

HUBAM ANNUAL SWEET CLOVER SEED. Limited quantity. Grown from tested O.A.C. seed. Guaranteed free from noxious weeds Original bushel cost ast year $120. price now $18.00 per bushel, $9.00 per 30 lbs. f.o.b. Trenton, Ont. Appyly to J.C. Herrington R. R. No. 1, Hilton, Ont.

FOR SALE

A black colt rising two years. Apply to Mrs. John Jarvis. P. O. 26r22.

SHORTHORNS FOR SALE

2 Roan Bulls, 18 months; 3 Red Bulls, 12 months; also some choice females. Tuberculin tested and guaranteed. Visit to herd solicited, Chas. H. Vanderwater and Son, Foxboro.

FOR SALE

Slightly used player piano for $575.00, on easy payments. Apply C. W. Lindsay Ltd., Belleville, or A Kincaid, Madoc.

FOR SALE

Mrs. Robert Gordon offers for sale her 8-roomed frame house, together with the 11 adjoining lots. The house is electric lighted, has good cellar, cistern and has a never failing well, and there is also a large frame barn and drive house on the property. This property is beautifully situated and would make an ideal home for a retired farmer or anyone wishing to keep a cow and poultry. Apply to D. Blue next door to Dominion Bank, or to Mrs. Gordon.

FOR SALE

Detached, solid brick dwelling, 10 rooms and bathroom, large barn and outhouses in good repair, good garden space with fruit trees, for terms Apply Gavin. M. Walteridge, Madoc.

FARM FOR RENT

East half lot 3, 12th concession, Township of Rawdon, (100 acres). Over forty acres of work land. This property is about seven miles from Madoc. Has good buildings and is convenient to factory. Option of purchase on reasonable terms.

Apply to Mrs. John Hopkins, Madoc village.

FARM FOR SALE

The undersigned offers for sale Lot No. 16 in the 12th concession of the Township of Huntingdon, known as the p. J. Gay estate farm.

This farm is situated 4 miles from Madoc and will be sold at a reasonable price.

For further particulars apply to William Cross Barrister Madoc

January 30 h, 1923.

NOTICE

There will be a meeting of the patrons of the Alexander Cheese Co. on Wednesday April 11 for the purpose of selling milk routes for the season of 1923.

JOHN McCAFFREY, Pres.

ALL ONE PRICE

$1 DOLLAR

McIntosh Bros. | SALE

BARGAINS

"Positively We Do Not Carry Over Goods."

PAY US A VISIT THE VISIT WILL PAY YOU

Ladies' White Underskirts, Sale 79c

Ladies' Cotton hemstitched frill Drawers, 3 pairs for 1.00

Ladies' Cotton Nightgowns, special, reg. $1.25, for 79c

Ladies' Voile Blouses, reg. up to $2.50, Sale days they will be 98c

Ladies' Flannelette Nightgowns, reg. up to $1.75, Sale 1.00

Ladies' Hose---Great Value

Ladies' all wool Hose, reg. $1.50, Sale, pair 75c

Ladies' Cotton Hose, 5 pairs for 1.00

Special—Ladies' Silk Lisle Hose, every shade, 3 prs. for only ... 1.00

Special in Silk Hose. Just see for yourself. Reg. 1.50, Sale, pair ... 49c

Children's Little Daisy Hose, up to size 6, Sale 45c

Sizes from 6 to 8, special at 55c

Sizes from 8 to 10 years, Sale 65c

Buster Brown, regular 50c Sale 39c

A Specialty for Sale Days

Children's Heavy Ribbed, Pure Wool Hose in every size.

SOAP SPECIALS

16 Bars for $1.00

Children's Toilet Soap, reg. 10c. Sale, box 25c

Great Bargains in each Department. Dolls for Sale, all sizes.

10 DAYS SALE

April 5 to April 16

(Inclusive)

DRY GOODS SNAPS---SEE

54-inch Tricotine, blue and black, every stitch pure wool, special for Sale days only, per yard 1.98

Serge, 54-inch, reg. $1.25, special at 89c

Another line of Serge, pure wool .. 70c

27-inch Gingham, special at per yard 15c

Another line 27 inch, per yard ... 28c

36-inch Gingham, special for Sale days, guaranteed A1 quality, Sale 35c

House Furnishings---Read This

Latest in Curtain Material, Madras.

Note the Prices.

44-in. Madras, different patterns, beautiful, at per yard 49c

36-in., same quality Sale, 3 yards for 1.00

Special Bargains in Curtain Nets and Cretonnes

Every article in House Furnishings, just what you need for Spring, Greatly Reduced.

VISIT OUR

Gents' Wear Department

ON SALE DAYS

Now is the time to buy Gents' Wool Wear below wholesale prices, Gents' extra good quality Trousers, Work Sox, Fine Wool Sox, Overalls and Smocks, Sweaters, Shirts, Ties, Fine Shirts, all greatly reduced for Sale only.

China and Hardware

Platters for sale, reg. up to $1.00, Sale 39c

Others in Austrian china, special at 75c

SEE—Clover Leaf Cups, 3 for only 25c

Plain White Cups and Saucers, special, 2 for 25c

Extra pieces of china in clover leaf and single gold band, simply a bargain. See the display.

Ten-quart tin pails, special at 3 for 1.00

Galvanized Pails, fine for feeding calves 59c

Great snaps in all Hardware, Lanterns, Lamp Chimneys, Boilers, Etc.

McINTOSH BROS

PHONE 23 - MADOC

Local and Personal

Setting hens wanted. Review office.

Mr. Gavin M. Wallbridge will insure your automobile.

Miss Edith Harris is home for the holidays.

Mr. Steven Borton spent Easter in Ottawa.

Miss Helen Tumelty is home for the holidays.

Miss Myrtle McKenzie is home for the holidays.

Mr. Fred Meraw of Oshawa spent Easter in town.

Mr. Eric Cross of Queen's was home for the holiday.

Mr. Benny spent a few days in Belleville last week.

Mr. Wilson Bailey is visiting relatives in Havelock.

Mr. Rousehorn spent Easter with his family in town.

Miss Jean Nicol spent a few days in Belleville last week.

Mr. James Danford is spending the holidays at his home.

Miss Lillian Hart is spending Easter at her home here.

Mr. Wm. Decker spent a few days in Belleville last week.

Mr. Burt of the Dominion Bank staff, spent Easter in Toronto.

Miss Theriault is spending the Easter holidays at her home.

Mr. Joe Christie spent the holiday in town with his parents.

Miss Myrtle Forestell is home from Peterboro for the holidays.

Miss G. Speck is spending the vacation at her home in Actinolite.

Mr. Basil Wickham spent Easter in town the guest of his parents.

Mr. Davies is spending the Easter holidays at his home in Bancroft.

Miss Mary McGee of Roslin spent the Easter vacation at her home in town.

Mr. R. Blakely spent Easter with Mr. R. McCoy at the latter's home.

Mr. John Stewart of Toronto is spending the holiday at his home here.

Mr. Bert Simmons spent Easter, the guest of his mother Mrs. Alfred Curtis.

Mr. Russell Barker is spending Easter vacation at his home in Bancroft.

Miss Irene Kelly is spending the Easter vacation at her home in Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Connor of Tweed are spending the holidays in town.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Bowerman are spending a few days the guests of Mr. C. Hart.

Miss Mary Higgs, of Whitby, is spending the Easter holidays at her home in town.

Mr. Joe Demarsh who has been spending the winter at Oshawa spent Easter in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Nayler of Belleville are spending a few days the guest of Mrs. Nayler.

Mr. Kenneth Hill of Pembroke is spending the Easter vacation with his parents in town.

Miss Jean Burns is spending the holidays the guest of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Burns

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Davis, of Peterboro are visiting their daughter, Mrs. J. Burnside and other Madoc relatives.

Stirling Agricultural Society intend holding a Big Celebration on May 24th. A program of attractions is being arranged that will please everybody.

The friends of Mrs. Thos. Bailey will regret to learn of her illness, having been taken to Belleville Hospital on Thursday. At last reports she has been operated on successfully.

Do not forget the Big 1c. Sale of Rexall Toilet articles, Medicines, Rubber Goods, Stationery and Confectionery on Thursday, Friday and Saturday at the Rexall Drug store, Madoc.

The attention of the citizens is directed to the local in the issue calling for the formation of a Horticultural society. As this Society must be organized this month, if organized this year, all interested are requested to meet in the town hall Thursday evening April 12.

Miss Kathleen Burns of Belleville is home for the holidays.

Miss Margaret Watson of Queen's spent Easter at her home in town.

Mrs. Geo. West and children are spending a few days in Peterboro.

The I.O.D.E. will meet in the Public Library on April 6th at 3 p.m.

Mr. McLean of the Bank of Commerce staff spent the holiday in Toronto.

Miss Edna Borton, of Ottawa, has taken the position of assistant milliner at Quinn and Quinn's.

100 Boxes of chocolates on Sale, 2 for $1.01, at the Rexall Drug Store's 1c Sale.

Will the persons who left papers in charge of the late Mr. Gillen call and get them from Mrs. Gillen.

Miss Alice Muffitt left on Thursday for her home in Coe Hill where she intends to spend the Easter holidays.

Miss McNeely of our high school staff left on Thursday for her home where she intends spending the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Casement who have been spending the winter in the South have returned to their home in town.

Humbugs(special), regular 40c, at our 1c. Sale 2 lbs 41c. Our supply is limited of this choice confection. Come early. The Rexall Drug Store.

There will be a Convention in the Holiness Movement Church, Madoc, April 10th to 15th. Services at 10-30 a.m. 2.30 and 7.30 p.m. Rev. A. T. Warren in charge, assisted by other preachers and singers. All are welcome.

Automobile exhibition, armouries, Belleville, four days, April 11-14, Wed. to Sat. night under auspices Chamber of Commerce. All leading makes of cars and accessories shown. Argyll Light Infantry band to give concerts nightly.

Everything we sell you at our 1c Sale, consisting of Stationery, Confectionery, Medicines, Rubber Goods and Toilet Articles, are the best, and fully guaranteed to give entire satisfaction or your money back. The Rexall Drug Store, Madoc.

The women's societies of this village are desirous of forming a branch of the Horticultural Society and a petition signed by fifty citizens has gone to the Department of Agriculture for that purpose. On Thursday evening, April 12th, at 8 o'clock, a public meeting will be held in the Town Hall and all citizens interest-in the formation of this society for the beautification of their village are asked to attend.

Automobile Insurance

of all kinds. Gavin M. Wallbridge

STIRLING PAPERS AMALGAMATE

Messrs. Bennett and Curry of Stirling informed the readers of their publications that this would be the last issue since the two papers were to be amalgamated and passed into the ownership of Mr. Alloway lately a member of the Oshawa Reformer staff.

We take this opportunity of saying farewell to our contemporaries Messrs. Bennett and Curry. We have found them both gentlemen socially and honorable in business and while we say good-bye as publishers of the Stirling papers we are not saying good-bye socially. They have both given the people of Stirling and surrounding country good service in exchange for poor financial rewards.

Mr. Alloway who now assumes the management of the amalgamated papers is a gentleman equipped for the position being a graduate of one of our universities, a practical printer and a man who during his two years experience as assistant manager of the Canadian Press Association has acquired a knowledge of mankind and a business experience which will make him a valuable citizen of the town of Stirling. We extend a welcome to Mr. Alloway to the ranks of the publishers of Hastings County.

BORN

VANDERWATER — At Madoc, March 27th, 1923, to Lt. Col. and Mrs. Roscoe Vanderwater (Aileen O'Hara) Foxboro, a daughter Hope Alison.

DIED

LOUGH—at his father's home, Malone, on Monday, March 26th, of acute diabetes, John Frederick Lough, only son of Mr. and Mrs. David Lough and husband of Edith Nickle.

Soup!

There's nothing like piping hot, delicious soup to start the hearty meal. Here is a fine pot that will do a lot to help you make good soup—the SMP Enameled Ware London Kettle. Even after the greasiest or stickiest cooking SMP Enameled Ware cleans as easily as a china dish. Ask for

A Fine Kettle

This is a fine kettle, not only for soup, but for boiling meat or stewing, cooking vegetables or preserving. Be sure each utensil you buy carries the SMP trade mark.

SMP Granite WARE

Three finishes: Pearl Ware, two coats of pearly grey enamel inside and out. Diamond Ware, three coats, light blue and white outside, white lining. Crystal Ware, three coats, pure white inside and out, with Royal Blue edging.

THE SHEET METAL PRODUCTS CO. LIMITED
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG
EDMONTON VANCOUVER CALGARY

157

PULPWOOD WANTED

PEELED SPRUCE, BALSAM and POPLAR

Wood to be Peeled in Peeling Months of May, June and July

Advances Made on Contracts as Work Progresses

FOR PRICES, CONTRACTS, ETC., APPLY TO

GORDON W. JONES
PULPWOOD AND LUMBER
BANCROFT, ONTARIO

19-tf.

McLAUGHLIN

WE are headquarters for the well-known and popular McLAUGHLIN and CHEVROLET Cars. Many new models for 1923, designed to give both service and comfort Look them over and get prices before buying that new car.

ALL makes of Cars Repaired.
Full line of accessories and parts in stock.
Dominion and Tiger Tires.

P. H. NAYLER Machine Shop and Garage
Phone 88, MADOC, ONT.

CHEVROLET

$50 to $5,000
A YEAR FOR LIFE
A CANADIAN GOVERNMENT ANNUITY PROVIDES IT

—No better life investment available
—No better security obtainable
—Cannot be seized or levied upon for any cause
—Will be replaced if lost, stolen or destroyed
—Not affected by trade depression
—Free from Dominion Income Tax
—No medical examination required

Anyone over the age of 5 years resident or domiciled in Canada may purchase.
Any two persons may purchase jointly.
Employers may purchase for their employees—school boards for their teachers—congregations for their ministers.

Apply to your postmaster; or write, postage free, to S. T. Bastedo, Superintendent of Annuities, Ottawa, for new booklet and other information desired. State sex and age last birthday.

Asquith Is Now a Tragic Figure

Unquestionably the most pathetic figure that sits in the British House of Commons is Mr. Asquith. The party of which he was once the leader is split into factions, and these factions united have not the strength of the Labor party. Even that faction over which Mr. Asquith himself presides is said to be looking for Sir John Simon to give it leadership. Asquith himself is a spent force. No longer can he dream of one day forming a Government. His career is over, and yet he lingers in the House. The country has forgotten the great things he did in the war. It remembers only that it thinks about him at all, on the things he refused to do. It sees him as a old man thrust ruthlessly aside by Lloyd George, and if it no longer regards Lloyd George as a hero, it certainly does not view Asquith as a martyr. The published indiscretions of Mrs. Asquith have been the last nail in her husband's coffin politically. He has lived to see the downfall of the man who supplanted him. It is difficult to believe that he will live long enough to enjoy any more such thrills.

Asquith is a member of that middle class which in the past fifty years has given such statesmen as Gladstone, Chamberlain, Morley, Lloyd George and Bonar Law to the British Empire. He comes of a Yorkshire manufacturing family, and because it lacked the social ambition, he was sent not to one of the great public schools but to the City of London School. There, however, he won a scholarship in Oxford and went to Balliol, then presided over by the famous Dr. Jowett, who is said to have exercised through his distinguished pupils more influence in British public affairs than any other man of his time. Of all his pupils, Jowett thought most highly of Asquith. When he left he said: "Asquith is the one pupil of mine for whom I most confidently predict success. Asquith will get on, he is so direct."

Jowett was not mistaken. Asquith did get on. He became a lawyer and one of the leaders of the bar. He was clear-minded, truthful, a speaker of uncommon lucidity, persevering, and he had an uncanny ability remarked both as a lawyer and as a member of parliament of stripping a question to its essentials, and of never being lured aside by a red herring. Asquith was never popular in the way Lloyd George was. He scorned the arts of popularity, and never sought to have his newspaper friends build him up into a romantic or striking character. At bottom he was perhaps as companionable and comradely a man as was ever Prime Minister of England, for he did not lack the human weaknesses which endear a man to his fellows, especially if he has with the weaknesses unusual abilities.

In the early days of the war Asquith's leadership was not questioned. Nobody accused him of having left anything undone to avert the conflict, or to keep Britain out of it if this could be done without a sacrifice of honor. But there came a time when there was general agreement among those who worked with him that he was a failure. It may be that posterity will revise this verdict. But at present it stands, and assuming it to be correct one critic says that Asquith failed because he was too old, too tired for the job. The fight he had waged against the House of Lords and for the Home Rule Bill had exhausted him mentally. He was burnt out. The war acted as a new stimulant. He responded for a while, and some of his speeches rang throughout the world. His famous "We shall not sheathe the sword which we have not lightly drawn," was one of the noblest utterances of the war.

Toward the end of December, 1916, he and Lloyd George had ceased to work loyally together, and the latter offered his resignation, accompanied by a letter in which he denounced the vacillation of his chief, and asserted cruelly that his policy had thrown away many opportunities of victory. The Government over which Asquith then presided was a coalition, he having been forced by the shell scandal of the previous year to call upon Unionists to help him. The majority of the Ministers seemed to favor Lloyd George. So Asquith resigned and Lloyd George took his place. Asquith feels to-day that he was the victim of the basest treachery and ingratitude. He never could have acted as Lloyd George acted, but throughout the war he never opened his lips in public, save in support of the man who thrust him out. In the famous "victory" elections he failed to retain his seat, but came back in 1920, and now is the head of sixty members, though it appears that even this distinction will presently be taken from him by Sir John Simon.

Corroborating Exodus.

Although it is true that rarely, if ever before, has any archaeological find so piqued the curiosity of those interested in Egyptological discoveries as the treasures recently unearthed at Luxor in the tomb of the ancient King, Tutankhamen, yet there is another side of the matter which it is well to remember. It is said, for instance, that much hope is entertained that when the papyri and other records are inspected it may be possible to determine whether the story of Moses' departure from the land of Pharoah really happened as described in the Book of Exodus. Maybe it did, maybe it didn't, but the fact which cannot be controverted is that there is a deep lesson in that description for those with eyes to see, which all the discoveries in the world will neither overthrow nor in the least degree illuminate.

POSTAGE STAMPS.

All Europe Laughed When Their Use Was First Suggested.

LOOKED UPON AS A HUGE JOKE

Rowland Hill Was Ridiculed For His Wild Postal Reform Idea, but He Persisted and Finally Won the Day For the Little Friend of Humanity.

Not since the days of the discovery of printing had there come to human beings such a boon as was launched in England on May 6, 1840, when the first postage stamps, the little friends of humanity, were used. That date in history marked the beginning of popular communication, placing within the reach of the poorest peasant the means of writing to relatives and friends. It put the people of the world into closer touch, it encouraged the art of writing as no other agency had done. But, greatest of all, it spread civilization.

Millions of people who today open their mail scarcely glance at the little stamp that adorns the wrapper. It but represents to them the cost of transporting and handling by the government.

Few indeed realize that the postage stamp is a modern contrivance, and that its great aid to modern life has played a remarkable part in the world's development during the past three quarters of a century.

It was in 1840 that Rowland Hill, an English schoolmaster, stirred all Europe to laughter by declaring that James Chalmers and himself had devised a system whereby a two sheet letter could be sent from London to Edinburgh for two cents and yet leave the government a fair profit on the transaction. At that time the fee was 54 cents for that distance for a two sheet letter.

Such a radical idea as Hill's seemed ridiculous to the public, which had looked upon the sending of communications as an expensive luxury. And so the joke went around, and the poor laughed with the others at the idea of any means that would place them on a par with the aristocracy.

Hill persisted despite the ridicule. He worked diligently on his schedule, and when the time was ripe he flashed the system on parliament and the public. Hill offered proof that was incontrovertible that the actual cost of the government for carrying each letter averaged only a small fraction of a cent.

He proved that the expense of hiring men to figure out postal rates on the system then existing, based on distance and the number of sheets, was greater than the profit gained, and he urged the adoption of a flat rate for all letters under a certain weight, no matter how short or long a journey they were to make.

He originated the idea of pasting a label on every letter, to show that the cost had been prepaid to the government, and pointed out that this would save the expense and time of collecting at point of delivery, which custom was then in general use.

The idea sprung by Hill and his friend, James Chalmers, gained friends after the first roars of laughter had died away. The government was pressed by not a few thinkers of the time to adopt the system. And so on May 6, 1840, postage stamps, or "stumped labels," as they were called at the time, were inaugurated. On the first stamp was a profile picture of the young Queen Victoria. The effect on the postoffice was instantaneous. Within two years—and they were panic years at that—the business of the postoffice nearly trebled.

How She Looked.

"I lost a dollar at the matinee this afternoon," remarked the fleshy woman to her husband, "and I never was so angry in my life."

"How'd it happen?" asked the man.

"I dropped it in the aisle," she answered shortly, "and I looked for it. That's all I could do."

"Did you look good?" persisted the head of the house.

"Did I look good!" shrilled the woman, really angry now. "I looked as good as a fat woman crawling around on all fours ever does."—Collier's Weekly.

Simply Fooled Him.

"I understand he let you in on a get rich quick scheme."

"No. Do you suppose I would be angry at him for that?"

"Then what was it?"

"He made me think it was a get rich quick scheme, but it wasn't."—Houston Post.

Truthfulness consists less in stating true facts than in conveying a true impression.—Stevenson.

Tartar Alphabet.

The Tartars owe their alphabet to the Christian missionaries known as the Nestorians.

Gray Hair.

A Chinese philosopher says there is an ounce of wisdom at the root of every gray hair.

Longfellow's Grave.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, the poet, is buried in Mount Auburn cemetery, Boston.

The Longest Rivers.

If the seven longest rivers of the world were put end to end they would lack 500 miles of encircling the earth.

London.

The Romans built London about the year 50 A. D., but London wall was not built until 306 A. D.

THE UNIVERSE.

Our Own Stellar System and What May Be Beyond It.

In one of the latest conceptions of astronomers the stellar universe has a diameter of 10,000 to 15,000 light years, with a thickness of 2,000 to 3,000, and our sun has a place a little removed from the center. It embraces 20,000,000 to 50,000,000 stars within the range of telescopic visibility, with dark and invisible bodies whose number cannot be computed.

So far as can be determined the stars are surprisingly uniform in mass, the range of variation being not more than fiftyfold, but in density the range is from more than twice that of the sun to only one-millionth and in absolute luminosity or brightness from 3,000 times that of the sun to about one three-thousandth. The temperature rises from near absolute zero in the nebulae to 20,000 degrees C. in certain giant hot stars.

It is suggested that our universe may be not the only one and that the small Magellanic cloud, for instance, perhaps 30,000 light years distant, may be a relatively small universe of about 1,000 light years in diameter.

Another separate star system at similar distance is possibly, astronomers hold, the Andromeda nebula.

Ants Are Six Eared.

In the matter of some of their sense organs the ants are more than ordinarily endowed. Strange as it may seem, each ant has at least six ears. Aside from this multiplicity of ears, they are located in just about the queerest place imaginable—on the legs. They seem deaf to all sounds made by the vibration of the air, but detect the slightest possible vibrations of solid material. This is supposed to be to their advantage in that such things as approaching footsteps tell more of the possibility of danger than such sounds as are transmitted through the air. So sensitive are their feet that they detect the impact of a small bird shot dropped on the table from a height of about six inches and about fourteen feet distant from an artificial nest placed at the other end of the table.—St. Nicholas.

She Needed Them.

"I wish, John," she said regretfully, "I had had sense enough not to destroy all the letters you wrote me during the year and a half of your courtship."

He smiled in a gratified way. "I knew you would regret that some time," he said.

"Indeed I do," she replied. "I need a little change the worst sort of way, and the man who buys rugs and old paper was here today. How wasteful we are in our youth!"

He looked at her reproachfully, and almost involuntarily his hand sought his pocketbook. It is seldom, indeed, that a resourceful woman has to make a direct request for money.—Chicago Post.

Cheerful Inducements.

The following advertisement once appeared in the London Post:

"A rock built, crenelated castle, buffeted by the Atlantic surge, at one of the most romantic and dreaded points of our ironbound coast, in full view of the Death stone; shipwrecks frequent, corpses common; three reception and seven bedrooms; every modern convenience; 10 guineas a week. Address," etc.

Nice Business.

"I think I'll go into the real estate business."

"Looks good to you, eh?"

"Yes; the real estate business seems to be one in which two men can swap property and both make money.

Natural Sequence.

"The prisoner was sunk in dejection."

"What sank him?"

"The fact they couldn't bail him out."—Baltimore American.

Not an Ornament.

"Can you give me any ideas about making my yard more beautiful?"

"Yes. Remain in the house."—Houston Post.

Drawing the Line.

Mrs. de Fashion—My dear, I have picked out a husband for you. Miss de Fashion—Very well, but I want to say right now, mother, that when it comes to buying the wedding dress I am going to select the materials myself, so there!

There Are Lots of Them.

Hokus—Old Gotrox is devoted to music. There is a clause in his will leaving $25,000 to establish a home for poor singers. Pokus — How inadequate! Twenty-five millions wouldn't begin to house all the poor singers.—Life.

Good Reason.

"So you have written a book on cemented basements. But why did you choose such a subject?"

"Because I wanted it to be among the best cellars."—Baltimore American.

Knowledge is power, but it won't take the place of gasoline.

HEARTS OF LOVE.

Men are tattooed with their special beliefs like so many south sea islanders, but a real human heart with divine love in it beats with the same glow under all the patterns of all earth's thousand tribes.—Holmes.

Who Invented the Lifeboat?

The completion of Britain's most powerful lifeboat, the Brothers, serves to show what remarkable progress has been made in the evolution of the lifeboat since its invention over a century ago.

The Brothers, which cost $35,000 to build, is driven by a ninety h.p. engine and can carry ninety-eight passengers.

It was in 1787 that a committee of South Shields shipowners offered a prize for the best model of a boat adapted for saving life amid the storms and perils at the mouth of the Tyne. Two models were submitted to the committee, one by William Wouldhave, a painter, and the other by Henry Greathead, a local shipbuilder.

Neither was considered suitable, but details of both were adopted in the type finally approved. Wouldhave was awarded a guinea, this being half of the prize originally offered—a striking commentary on the rewards of genius!—and Greathead was given the order for the building of the actual boat.

Who, then, was the inventor of the lifeboat? South Shields itself gives the honor to Wouldhave, it being contended that all the useful features of the boat were taken from the inventor's model. Indeed, the national type of boat in use to-day has even more in common with Wouldhave's model than its forerunners.

An interesting story is told as to the source of Wouldhave's inspiration. One afternoon he went to help a woman to lift a tub of water on to her head, and as he did so his attention was directed to the float used to keep the water from splashing over. He saw that it was half of a circular wooden dish, and that it always remained hollow-side up. This set him thinking, and when he got home he started to experiment. He persevered with the idea and at last produced his model.

There is, however, another claimant to fame in connection with the lifeboat. James Beeching, of Great Yarmouth, was awarded a prize at the Great Exhibition of 1851, with his plans for a twelve-oared boat. While this was the first self-righting boat ever constructed, it was not quite satisfactory, and eventually the Government furnished the money for the building of a new boat which embodied the good qualities of the best plans that had been submitted.

This boat was built at Woolwich Dockyard. Many alterations and modifications were afterwards made in the vessel, and since then the design has been improved at various times. The self-righting lifeboat, therefore, cannot be looked upon as any one man's design or invention.

The history of the lifeboat service has been marked from the beginning by deeds of the greatest heroism. Finest of all, perhaps, is the story of the Ramsgate lifeboat, the Bradford. This boat went to the rescue of the crew of the Indian Chief, which came to grief in 1881 on the treacherous Goodwin Sands.

It was the worst gale within living memory, and the crew of the Bradford were lashed to their seats, that while they endured the savage thrashing of the breakers and the piercing cold, which froze the hair and beards. The wreck was eighteen miles away and it took seven hours to reach her.

Eleven of the crew were lashed to the mast, which was all that was visible of the wreck, and most of them were rescued. The second mate was raving mad when he was got into the boat. He died as the Bradford reached Ramsgate. The lifeboat was covered with ice, for it had been out for twenty-six hours in the mightiest storm experienced on the Goodwins.

Married to Trees.

Probably the most curious form of marriage in existence is that which prevails in India, where men and women are married to trees. A Hindu in the Punjab cannot be legally married a third time, and when, therefore, he wants a third wife, he is married to a certain tree, so that when he does actually take another wife she counts as his fourth.

In another district of India there are communities amongst whom tree marriage is solemnized in the case of a man who has lost two wives and a desirous of taking a third, or a man who is too poor to marry in the usual way.

In the latter case, the man is afterwards married to a widow. A widow, however, the re-marriage of a widow is held by orthodox Hindus to be fraught with every calamity, the pot bridegroom's wedding has to be performed at dead of night under an old mango-tree. It is not easy to understand the reason of such an extraordinary custom as tree-marriages, but one authority points out that it seems to be intended to avert the curse of widowhood, the "husband" being always alive.

Loch Lomond In Canal System.

The project for the contruction of a ship canal across Scotland between the Clyde and Firth of Forth, has been brought to the front again by a recent meeting of the Mid-Scotland Ship Canal Association, which took place at the Royal United Service Institution. Two principal schemes have been proposed, one by the direct route; the other, which makes itself of existing waters, is known as the Loch Lomond route. It developed at the meeting that the experts were divided as to the relative advantages of the two routes, and it was agreed that what is needed is a commission which should include expert engineers, representatives of shipping and of the British Admiralty. The selection of the best route would be made by this commission, whose word would be final.—Scientific American.

...EY JUMPED THEIR BAIL.

Americans Did Not Face British Justice.

...ow for a story of how some par...arly cute people from the land ...ple Sam managed to "break ...and get away from the justice ...was waiting for them in Eng...

...hen a man becomes surety for ...appearance of an accused person ...has been remanded or commit...for trial in the British courts he ...only becomes responsible for a ...ah sum of money, which may ...e from forty shillings to a thou... pounds, or even more, but, ...retically, at any rate, he satisfies ...magistrate of his belief that the ...used man will surrender at the ...per time.

...occasionally happens that the ...oner has no friends in England ...in the old days at any rate, a ...on was allowed out, pending his ..., if he could deposit in court ...amount of bail asked for.

...his was exactly what happened ...y years ago, when three men, ac...d of an audacious swindle, were ...anded. They were from America, ...were very anxious to return. ...y had no friends in England, but ...ks to a credulous British public ...had heaps of cash.

...hey were allowed to deposit the ...unt of their bail money—a fairly ...stantial sum—and of course were ...tuse in their promise to surrender ...the proper time.

...The police were by no means cer...n about that, and the Americans ...e fully aware of their suspicions. ...y lived on the fat of the land at ...West End Hotel, and told all and ...dry that they were bound to be ...nitted at their trial.

...The Oxford and Cambridge boat ...e was decided on the following ...urday. The Americans had never ...n an event of this kind, and said ...y were anxious to do so.

...A West End tailor provided them ...h flannel suits and light over...ts. From a well-known hosier ...y obtained scarves of Oxford blue; ...other tradesman fitted them with ...w hats, and on boat-race morn... detectives saw them seat them...ves in a pair-horse carriage in ...ich a luncheon basket and cham...ne had been carefully deposited. ...Somewhere along the river they ...arded a steam launch. Not very ...g afterwards they were occupying ...rths on an Atlantic liner, and ...en their names were called out ...Bow Street they were on their ...y to America. Of course they for...ted their bail money, but what did ...t matter to them? Had it not ...me from the great British public?

Glass Worth Caring For.

...The collecting of old stained-glass ... a hobby for millionaires only. ...enty thousand dollars and up... constitute a quite common ... small examples of fifteenth-... work; while a single panel ...thirteenth-century stained glass, ... few specimens of which are in ...istence, may fetch anything from ...0,000 to $100,000.

...This figure he based on the price ...$75,000 paid in New York for ...milar glass measuring 30 inches. ...ork Minster window measures 30,... ...0 feet.

...Values in stained-glass bear little ...ation to mere size. Quite small ...indows, of the kind known as "dia...ond quarries," because of the shape ...the panes, have changed hands for ...veral thousand pounds.

...Most highly prized of all are the ...wiss minature stained glass win...ows, dating from the early part of ...e sixteenth century. Some of these ...ny panes are no larger than the ...alm of one's hand, yet they contain ... that small space delicately colored ...d beautifully executed pictures of ...riptural subjects.

...In mediaeval times there was a ...gular craze for these tiny windows ...mongst the Swiss people. Great ...rtists like Holbein did not disdain ... execute designs for them, and ...very household, no matter how ...oor, prided itself on possessing at ...ast one of them.

...When the craze died out, however, ...hey were looked upon as worthless. ...Napoleon's soldiers stole thousands ...f them, only to throw them away ...pon the march when they were tir...d of carrying them.

...To-day the few perfect specimens ...ft are worth many times their ...eight in gold.

Laborites Finds It Costly.

...Many of the new Labor members ...f the British Parliament are begin...ing to think they made an economic ...istake when they succumbed to the ...ure of a political career. The official ...alary of an M.P. is £400 a year—...oughly $2,000 at the normal rate of ...xchange. But even where a Laborite ...as making considerably less than ...his as a mere trade union worker, ...he additional personal and business ...xpense entailed by a seat in the ...House is almost certain to turn his ...ncreased pay into a net loss. There ...is one glaring exception, however, ...the case of a Labor member who, ...until his recent election, was draw...ing unemployment pay—about $3 a ...week for himself, with smaller sums ...for his wife and each child.

...There is already a lot of grumbling ...by the Laborites about the high cost ...of making the nation's laws, to those ...who make them.

Protect Plants.

...It appears from testimony afforded ...by scientists, both in America and ...Europe, that we are face to face with ...the possibility of treating some of the ...ases of plants in a way similar to ... which animals are rendered ... to attacks of illness. In this ...tion there may be cited the ex...ments of Beauverie, who permit...uttings of begonia to grow in ... impregnated with a species of ...us which is an attenuated form ...the botrytis cinerea, a destructive ...parasite of plants. After impregna...tion the begonia plants were subject...ed to attack by the parasite and re...sisted it perfectly. Similar results ...have been obtained by other experi...menters.

THE NARROW BOSPORUS.

At Its Greatest Width It Measures Only 9,838 Feet.

The Bosporus contains few danger...ous submarine rocks or shoals. The locality of these few is indicated by lighthouses or buoys. The water is only slightly tinged with salt and is marvelously clear. The sands, glittering apparently near the surface, may be twenty feet below.

On a map, of whatever scale, each of those familiar straits, which cleave lands and continents asunder, seems hardly more than a silvery thread. Yet as one sails over their famous waters the opposing shores on either hand sometimes appear far away. The strait of Gibraltar, which wrests Africa from Europe, is sixteen miles wide; that of Messina, forcing its way between Italy and Sicily, is from two to twelve; that of Bonifacio, which, like a blade of steel, cuts Corsica and Sardinia apart, is seven miles in width at its most contracted point; even the Dardanelles expands from over one to four.

But the illusion as to distance created by the map is reality as to the Bosporus. Off Buyoukdereh, where it attains its largest breadth, its hemmed in waters broaden to only 9,838 feet, or about one and four-fifths miles. Between Roumeli Hissar and Anadoli Hissar they shrink to one-sixth of these dimensions, or to 1,641 feet.—From "Constantinople," by Edwin A. Grosvenor.

A Sign of Rain.

An east side girl says she has come upon an infallible weather indicator. She can tell if it is going to rain without even glancing at the sky or casting her eyes over the weather forecasts in the daily papers. And it's the simplest thing in the world—just the disappearance of all umbrellas in sight.

"Umbrellas are perfectly safe in our office up to twenty-four hours before a storm," said she, explaining. "You can leave them anywhere. Even the pearl and gold handled ones are immune from abstraction. Indeed, one can hardly chase them away. So if I want to know the weather for a day ahead I must glance at the umbrella racks. If I find them becoming empty I make a bee line for the best rain shade of those that are left and make all other necessary plans for rain."

Scene Painting.

In the past half century and more, especially since the improvement of the electric light, scene painting has become very elaborate and very expensive. Instead of being kept in its proper place as the decoration of the drama, as a beautiful acessory of the action, it has often been pushed to the front, so as to attract attention to itself and thereby to distract attention from the play which it was supposed to illuminate. Shakespeare has been smothered in scenery, and the art of the actor has been subordinated to the art of the scene painter.—Brander Matthews in Scribner's Magazine.

Phonetic Spelling.

Phonetic spelling was evidently in fashion in the sixteenth century, when even Shakespeare could not spell his own name consistently. There is a letter dug from the correspondence of a lady of the sixteenth century in the book of the "Cotswold Family"—the Hicks-Beaches. Juliana writes—it is a matter of debt between the cautious widow and "My lord a Kalder"—"My lord Ammurll and your wife I honour and love, but your false swearing and promise I hoterle a pore." What she really meant was "utterly abhor."—London Telegraph.

Fifty-fifty.

"Jinks gives his wife half his salary every week."

"And what becomes of the other half?"

"She still has to get that in the old way—out of the pockets of his trousers."—Richmond Times Dispatch.

Quite a Difference.

"Did I understand you to say the woman Dubbins married is well off?"

"No she was."

The Uncomfortable Part.

"Has Brown a comfortable income?"

"Large, but not comfortable! His wife knows just how much it is."—Puck.

The Student's Star.

Student of Astronomy—I have discovered a new star, professor. Professor—What's she playing in?

Much Better.

Even though one once won one's "one best bet," it were better that the better did not bet.

The Party Hypnotist.

"My party relies on me to raise the necessary campaign fund."

"How do you expect to do that?"

"By keeping our candidate convinced that he has a chance for election."

Right In It.

"All the neighbors are laughing over what happened to Miss Seresum."

"And what was that?"

"There was a panic at a sale of antiques she attended and she was knocked down."

Color of the World.

A man's digestion has a good deal to do with the color of the world when he looks at it. There is more yellow in life from biliousness than from the state of the atmosphere.

HOLDING TO HIS POINT

The janitor of a college had a mean little dog of which he was very fond, and when teased about him, he would say, "I woodna take $20 for ma wee doggy."

Some freshmen decided to test Sandy's assertion, and made up $20 between them. Then they led up to the familiar statement, and one of the boys said, "Now, Sandy, I'd like that dog for myself, and here's $20 if you will sell him." He counted out $20 on the table near Sandy.

With a smile Sandy drew a 50-cent piece from his pocket and said, as he took up the $20: "Weel, I didna say I woodna take $19.50. The wee doggy's yourn."

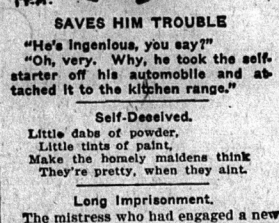
His Reasoning.

"So the soothsayer told you she couldn't read the future until you gave her $1,000 to put under her pillow and sleep on?"

"Yes."

"I hope you didn't let her have the money?"

"Certainly not. I said that while she was sleeping on my $1,000 I would be wide awake and I'd rather not know about the future than suffer from insomnia."



SAVES HIM TROUBLE

"He's ingenious, you say?"

"Oh, very. Why, he took the self-starter off his automobile and attached it to the kitchen range."

Self-Deceived.

Little dabs of powder,
Little tints of paint,
Make the homely maidens think
They're pretty, when they aint.

Long Imprisonment.

The mistress who had engaged a new cook made a tour of inspection after she had kept her a week, and found a policeman locked up in the pantry.

"How did this man get here?" she asked, severely.

"I'm sure I don't know," was the cool reply. "He must have been left over by the last cook."

Just Jogging Along.

"Personally," said the old-fashioned citizen, "I don't care to fly 248 miles an hour."

"Too fast, eh?"

"Yes; I'm not one of your speed maniacs. Crawling along at 150 miles an hour would suit me."

Tommy Spilled the Beans.

Mr. Dubbleigh—Why do you bring me so much water, Tommy? I merely asked for a drink.

Tommy—I thought you'd need more than a glassful, 'cause sister said you was the dryest old stick she ever knew.

Getting It Out of His System.

"What good does it do you to swear at that motorist who nearly ran over you? He's gone."

"What good does it do you to swear at a golf ball when you fail to hit it?"

"That relieves my feelings."

"Same here."

Reporting the Party.

"Have you the names of those present?" asked the society reporter.

"Here is a list. But others are coming."

"We'll have to lump them as too late to classify."

Danger Signal.

Hep—Jake's wife shot him last night. She says she done it b'cuz he was a big loafer and no 'count.

Pap—My heavens! If that there lady gets to be ketchin' none of us gents is safe.

FITS THE CASE

Editor—Isn't it rather trite to say, "Senator Broadmouth replied in a few well chosen words?"

Reporter—Not in this case. He chose them from one of Daniel Webster's orations.

Short.

A teddy bear sat on the ice,
As cold as cold could be,
But soon he up and walked away;
"My tale is told," said he.

Not in Public.

Angelina—Do you love me before every one else in the world?

Edwin—Sure! But you mustn't expect me to show it before every one else in the world.

The Wrong Number.

The motorist telephoned frantically for assistance. "I've turned turtle," he shouted.

"Wrong place. Apply at the aquarium," was the cool answer.

A Case of Necessity.

Would-Be-Suicide—Don't rescue me! I want to die.

Swimmer—Well, you'll have to postpone that. I want a life-saving medal!

CURE DANDRUFF FOR 50 CTS.

THAT'S CHEAP ENOUGH FOR ANY ONE

It's easy, and you take no risk. Step in to-day, and get a large 50 cent bottle of PARISIAN SAGE, the germ killing hair restorer.

If it does not cure dandruff in two weeks we will give you your money back.

PARISIAN SAGE is a pleasant, daintily perfumed tonic and hair grower. It is guaranteed to stop falling hair or itching of the scalp, and to cure all diseases of the scalp and hair.

PARISIAN SAGE has many imitators—get the genuine.

Tactful Postponement.

"Blithersby has inherited a fortune."

"If that's the case his greatest gift will no longer be of any use to him."

"What is it"

"The ability to make a bill collector think his next visit is bound to be his last."

DIRECTIONS WANTED

Oculist—Drop a little of this into your eyes three times a day.

Patient—Before meals or after, doctor.

Glad Words.

Of all the words of tongue or pen
The gladdest are these: "I own a hen."
Especially if you can further say:
"She lays an egg 'most every day."

Hoping for the Best.

"Brother Jones, on de last great day de sheep will be separated from de goats."

"Dat dey will, Brother Jackson, an' I'm prayin' night an' mornin' dat de good Lord put me on de woolly side of de fence."

Concern.

Maid—What shall I do, madam? The Peke is playing with your pearl necklace.

Mistress—Take it from him at once. He might swallow one and get appendicitis.

Latest Ambition.

Crawford—Your wife isn't like other women.

Crabshaw—I guess you're right. She hasn't said a word about wanting to move to an apartment in one of the new houses.

Quick Turnover.

Nephew—What I want to get into, uncle, is some line where one can make a quick turnover.

Uncle—Well, you might get a job frying griddle cakes.

One of Our Own.

"The countess doesn't seem to have much difficulty in speaking our language."

"Gets along fairly well. But then she was born and raised in Oshkosh."

Just the Thing.

Elderly Gentleman Customer—I want a dainty scarf for a lady, in some pretty color.

Clerk—Certainly. We have them in mud, rust, clay and old brick.

A Helpful Provision.

"The average man can stretch his arms about five and one-half feet."

"Nature provides for everything. That is ample to illustrate the size of the average fish we catch."

FIVE YEARS' AGONY ENDED

When He Took "Fruit-a-tives" For Rheumatism

The Medicine Made From Fruit

There can be no doubt that "Fruit-a-tives" is the long sought remedy for Rheumatism and Lumbago. From all over Canada come letters testifying to this fact.

Mr. John E. Guilderson of Parrsboro, N.S. writes: "I suffered badly with Rheumatism for five years—tried different medicines—was treated by doctors in Amherst—and here at home—but the Rheumatism came back.

In 1916, I saw an advertisement for "Fruit-a-tives" and took a box and got relief, so I took them for about six months and the Rheumatism was all gone and I have never felt it since".

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

An Aid to Packing.

Friend—Come home to dinner with me tonight, old chap.

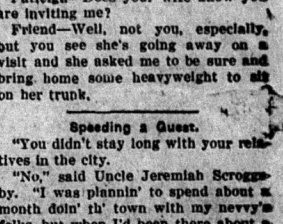
Fatleigh—Does your wife know you are inviting me?

Friend—Well, not you, especially, but you see she's going away on a visit and she asked me to be sure and bring home some heavyweight to sit on her trunk.

Speeding a Guest.

"You didn't stay long with your relatives in the city.

"No," said Uncle Jeremiah Scroggsby. "I was plannin' to spend about a month doin' th' town with my nevvy's folks, but when I'd been there about a week somebody put a calendar in my room with some figures on it a foot high."



IMPARTIAL JUDGMENT

Popmore—There! What do you think of those for triplets?

Sourbatch—That one in the middle is the best. I'd keep him, if any.

Domesticity.

There was a married couple
Who never had a fuss,
The woman, she went crazy,
The man ain't worth a cuss.

Oh, Time Turn Back!

Foreigner—That's a tarnation lie. They said the sun rises six hours later here in America than in Sweden.

American—Well, ain't that right?

Foreigner—How could it be? We have ter git up at the same time don't we?

JOB PRINTING

of all kinds.

All orders promptly attended to.

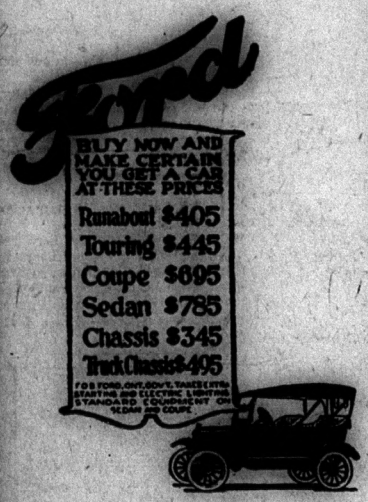
THE REVIEW

Phone 49

Years Ago the Ford Car passed the experimental stage

IN buying a Ford car today, you buy a developed, proven car—proven over a period of years. You do not buy an experiment.

The low price of the Ford is made possible only by quantity production.



Frank Smith

Madoc, Ont.

2723

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, FORD, ONTARIO

A PIONEER FIRE CHIEF.

From Bucket Brigade to Motor Department Service.

John Howe Carlisle, veteran head of the Vancouver Fire Department, is generally credited with being the father of fire automobile apparatus in Canada, and possibly on the American continent.

Official records show that in 1907 Chief Carlisle inaugurated a demand for motive equipment to replace horse-drawn vehicles in the coast city. There was considerable opposition to the innovation at first, chiefly on the score of unreliability, for at that date automobiles were still some distance from mechanical perfection. But the chief persevered, and in March, 1908, the first two automotive wagons were put on the strength of the Vancouver department. By June, 1917, the city had the first all-motorized fire department in Canada.

Chief Carlisle holds the long-service honors in the British Columbia town. Born at Hillsboro, New Brunswick, in November, 1858, he followed Horace Greeley's advice at an early age, and in 1886 he organized the first volunteer fire brigade in Vancouver, then very much of a "shack town." Three years later he was made chief of the paid and permanent department, comprising thirteen men, one team, and a Silsby hose wagon, the first to be used on the Pacific coast.

During the thirty-six years he has been fighting fire, Chief Carlisle has seen the brigade grow to 191 men, who work on the two-platoon system, with an equipment which leaves little to be desired.

Last June the native sons of Vancouver presented Chief Carlisle with an "Appreciation Medal," given for exemplary and valuable civic service. This was conferred on the recipient with imposing public ceremony, it being the intention to bestow one medal a year on worthy personages. Chief Carlisle had the distinction of being the unanimous choice for the first presentation.

Official machinery was set in motion last year to have the much-coveted Imperial Service Medal, more familiarly known as the "King's Police Medal" awarded to Chief Carlisle by his Majesty in the New Year's list of honors, but this did not materialize. Efforts are being continued to this end, Lieutenant-Governor Walter Nichol, Mayor Tisdall, the Secretary of State at Ottawa, and high authorities in England being keenly interested in trying to secure this recognition of long and meritorious services. To date, only two such medals have been awarded in British Columbia, one to Lieut.-Col. Wolfenden, late King's printer for the province, and the other to the late John Sprott, road superintendent for the New Westminster district.

Eskimos Eat Their Boots.

Why do Eskimos, who spend most of their lives battling against elements far more rigorous than we could ever imagine, never suffer from colds?

The fact is that the Eskimo believes in having plenty of fresh air about his body, and makes a point of wearing the loosest garments imaginable and no tight-fitting underclothing.

Authorities declare that it is because Eskimos allow fresh air to circulate continually all over the body that they are the hardiest race in the world. As babies they go unclothed, being carried about in the hoods of their mothers' furs.

The Eskimos' feet receive great care, and the women are credited with making the only absolutely waterproof boot in existence. It is made of sealskin, without the fur, "tanned" and kept pliable by chewing. The parts are sewn together with deer sinews, in a "lockstitch" which no other race seems to understand.

Within this boot of "chewed" sealskin a deerskin sock is worn, the hair being next to the skin. Sock and boot come off together, and every night they are dried on a framework rigged above an igloo oil lamp, and the lamp is kept burning day and night for this purpose and for the melting of snow for drinking water. In the morning the first duty of the women is to "chew the boots" of the men.

Owing to the pure cold air they breathe, and to the constant exercise which gums and jaw get in chewing blubber, sealskin, and so on, Eskimos have very strong teeth. Such a thing as a cavity or any form of toothache is unknown.

The Eskimo is healthy also because he drinks a large amount of snow-water. Indeed, his avidity for melted snow as a beverage keeps the wife busy melting snow or filling pails from holes in the ice.

The Smallest Race.

The smallest races of mankind are the Eskimos, Mongols, Burmese, Japanese, Bengalese, Malays, Javanese and Hottentots, whose average weight when full grown is between 120 and 130 pounds. The big races include English, Scottish, Scandinavians, Bulgarians and the Northern or Tartar Chinese. The average weight of an adult man of these races is about 150 pounds. Next come French, Italians, Spaniards, Arabs, Turks and southern Chinese. Their average weight is between 135 and 140 pounds.

Corrected.

"Yes," said Maud to Celia, during the discussion of some circumstance or another, "that's about the size of it."

"My dear, don't use that slang," gently remarked the other girl; "say 'That approximates to its dimensions'."

Keeping In the Limelight.

"Actors and actresses must be a delicate lot of people." "Why?" "I often see their names attached to patent medicine advertisements."

One pound of pure saccharine has the sweetness of a quarter of a ton of sugar.

Canada Adopts Scottish Game

The history of the game of curling is not to be written from the beginning; its origin is lost in the mists of antiquity. It seems certain, however, that, as played when we first hear of it, it was extremely rudimentary, having developed by gradual stages to its present high state of scientific perfection. In a museum in Stirling are to be seen some very interesting old kutins (anglice, quoiting stones), and it is conjectured that the game as originally played, partook of the natures both of the quoits and curling. These old "loofies," as they were also called, were merely water-worn boulders, in which were bored holes for the finger and thumb, just as is done with the balls in a modern bowling alley. It is supposed that the players were accustomed to hurling them, rather than sliding them; the game was probably a combination of the two methods.

At an early date—in sixteen hundred and something — a great and revolutionary invention was made by a genius now unknown. This was the principle of affixing a handle to the stone. A wonderful improvement, indeed, although the handles were merely pieces of bent iron and the stones were not cut to any shape, remaining as nature fashioned them; and they sometimes ran up to a hundred and twenty pounds in weight. Naturally, no two of them were alike, and, having distinct individualities of their own, they frequently received appropriate names from their proud possessors, as the Deuk, the Gander, the Whaup, the Cockit Hat, the Bannock, and so on. Even curlers of the present day claim that their own particular stones are unique, though the unprejudiced observer sees no more difference between them and others than so many peas in a pod.

Handled curling stones were later fashioned into many different shapes, until about the beginning of the last century, when the game was brought under some sort of regulation, and it was decided that the shape of all "stanes" must be circular.

It is a curious thing that in Canada two entirely different kinds of stones are used in different parts of the country. In the Maritime Provinces, Western Ontario, and the West, stones are used, but in Eastern Ontario and in the Province of Quebec they use iron "stones," or "metals," as they are generally called. These are heavier than the regular "stanes," but they are smaller in size, and for that reason are considered by many players to make possible a more scientific game. Finer draws can be made, and narrower ports negotiated.

Sweeping is the whole fascination of curling—a fascination which holdeth old men from the cammey corner and makes a staid Presbyterian minister roar like a lion baulked of his prey. Bowling on the green is simply summer curling, but any Scot will tell you that it is without salt or savour —simply because the element of sweeping is absent. When the bowler plays his shot, he is finished; there is nothing more that he can do, either to make or mar. But curlers, when the stone has left the player's hand, do not stand there dangling bonnet and plume, or broom. The skip issues his commands, he shouts them down the length of the rink; his outcries resound to the lofty girders of the huge buildings. The sweepers bend to their task, cringing beneath the lash of the skip's tongue; the player adds his efforts to theirs, running down the ice after his "stane" and talking to it in strange, soothing, Scottish terms. Will it reach the hog? Is it to live or die? Over the line the sweepers coax it; inch by inch, foot by foot, slowly forward travels the insensate stone, its path made smoother for it than ever was that of man or woman. "Into the house!" screams the skip, forgetting, in his excitement, his Scots accent. One more effort, brave stone; just a wee bit distance noo. "A bite! A bite!" cries the player with his last glad breath: the skip's broom is cast into the air; the sweepers, in the zero atmosphere, mop their streaming brows; for a moment ecstasy reigns in their heaving breasts.

Curling and golf are indeed thoroughly Scottish institutions, rooted in the soil, mixed up with them, sometimes, perhaps, coming into conflict with them is another great Scottish tradition—the strict observance of the Lord's Day. I do not know whether Scots are really more particular in this respect than the rest of the English-speaking world, but I have often thought what a frightful bore it must be for a Scotsman to have to go through life—generally a very long life—listening to worm-eaten, old chestnuts about "whustlin' on the Sawbath." It is one of the penalties of a glorious ancestry and origin. Sunday curling has rarely been practiced even in England, let alone in Scotland or Canada. Probably one reason is that ministers have always been the keenest of curlers. "Frae Maidenhead tae Johnny Groat's nae curlers like the clergy" is an old Scottish proverb. Many will remember the minister in one of Ian Maclaren's stories who so far forgot himself one Saturday, in the midst of a black frost, as to regret that the morrow would be the Sabbath.

There was a minister of Kyle once, the story goes, who curled six days in the week, neglecting the duty of preparing his Sunday sermon. On Saturday he made an effort; he locked himself into his house, the better to resist temptation, and began upon his task. But the curlers came by his house, waving their brooms at him and urging him to come with them. "But I have my sermon to write for to-morrow," said he. "Gie's an auld ane," sai dthey, and gie them an auld ane he did, causing a scandal which has lasted to this day.

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Orders taken for a limited number of eggs at one dollar a setting of thirteen eggs. For the last two years I have purchased my eggs from the Guelph and the Ottawa Experimental Farms. Professor Graham of Guelph has spent the last twenty-five years in producing a strain of Bred-to-lay barred Plymouth Rocks and has succeeded in producing a strain of birds that possess a very high laying capacity. Some of these birds have layed 300 eggs in a 12 months period. The officials at the Experimental Farm at Ottawa have also produced some wonderful layers. It is from this high producing strain of layers that I am offering you at the price of 13 eggs for $1.00. Book your orders at once with James Watson, Madoc.

Butter Wrappers, printed and plain at The Review office.

PEARLS IN CEYLON.

Fortunes Are Waiting There for Oyster Breeders.

Ceylon to-day is perhaps best known for its tea. But in days gone by it had a more romantic claim to fame—it was the home of the most renowned pearl fisheries in the world.

Fifteen years ago the pearl oysters, which were a source of great wealth to the island, made one of their periodic mysterious disappearances.

In 1919 it was discovered that they were returning to their banks on the Gulf of Mannar, the narrow strip of water that divides Ceylon from India. Unfortunately, as it seemed at first, they were depositing themselves on sand.

Past history had shown that the pearl oyster never lived to a fishable age unless it settled on rock, but those responsible for the care of the oyster banks were not disheartened.

They believed that the oysters on the sand would breed, and, as there were numerous rocky areas in the vicinity, there was every chance of a fair proportion of the spats, or young oysters, depositing themselves on more favorable ground.

And such has proved to be the case. To-day there are countless millions of young and thriving pearl oysters on the rocky areas in the Gulf of Mannar.

Another and more important discovery has been made, says a writer in the London Express. In the years when pearl fishing was a thriving industry in Ceylon many endeavors were made to transplant young pearl oysters. For some inexplicable reason these efforts always proved unsuccessful, none of the millions of oysters transplanted surviving.

In 1921, however, a special effort was made. A number of the oysters which had deposited themselves on sand in the Gulf of Mannar were fished up. They were placed under an awning in a trawler, sprayed with sea water from a pump the whole of the time they were there, and eventually deposited many miles south of the gulf.

A recent inspection has proved that the rocks where they were deposited are now covered with millions of young and healthy pearl oysters.

Though the best known of the Ceylon pearl banks are situated in the Gulf of Mannar, between that spot and Negombo, about twenty miles from Colombo, are 800 square miles of shallow water where pearl oysters have been known to occur. Now that transplantation can be undertaken with confidence, there is no reason why every inch of this area should not be literally sown with pearls.

Eager to Climb Mt. Everest.

"It's a gamble with the weather," said George Leigh Mallory, one of the Mount Everest expedition, speaking of the ultimate attainment of the peak of the mountain. "No one will get to the top of Mount Everset unless he has everything in his favor and is equipped with improved oxygen apparatus," he said. He is fully qualified to speak, for he climbed to within 2,000 feet of the top in the desperate effort made by the now famous British expedition last summer.

Mr. Mallory, who is a graduate of Cambridge, and was a school master in England, was asked to join the expedition because of his fame as an Alpine climber. He is in America at the request of the Royal Geographical Society for a two months' lecture tour, in which he will give a complete story of the experiences encountered and the results accomplished.

He is thirty-six years old and looks twenty-six, showing no traces of the severe ordeal of endurance which caught the attention of the world. On the contrary, he seems extremely fit and eager to start on the 1924 expedition, which will make another attempt to achieve the top.

In discussing the stimulants used to aid the climbers in their final effort, when they reached the unprecedented altitude of 27,235 feet, Mr. Mallory said that, contrary to medical opinion, each took brandy, and that it had no harmful physical effect and gave them a mental stimulus. They smoked pipes with great satisfaction, he said, and found that sugar foods, such as chocolate and mints, were the most beneficial and useful.

Intense concentration upon their lungs was imperative, he said. The climbers timed their breathing to their steps, two respirations to each pace. Greater effort left them breathless and overcome with an over-powering lassitude, he said. The strain of the climb upon their bodies was such that they were unable to make any further effort for a week afterward, he declared.

Murder Mysteries.

Following questions in the British House of Commons on the number of undetected murders, the Home Office have issued a return showing the murder statistics for Britain for two pre-war years in contrast with those for two post-war years.

The figures are: Cases of supposed murder: 1912, 98; 1913, 100; 1920, 107; 1921, 85; total, 390. Cases in which no arrests were made: 1912, 4; 1913, 1; 1920, 7; 1921, 7; total, 19.

The cases in which no arrests were made include one, the return states, in which the murderer is supposed to have thrown himself down a disused mine shaft; a second, where the crime is attributed to a man subsequently convicted of a similar murder in the same locality; and in a third case, it is said, the death may have been accidental.

Of 315 persons arrested there were discharged: 1912, 12; 1913, 12; 1920, 26; 1921, 14.

Review Ads. Bring Results

SPARROW-HAWKS GOT SNAKE

Reptile Seemed to Have Small Chance Against the Little Though Fierce Birds.

We soon found that there were two sparrow-hawks about, and by the 7th of March it seemed evident that they were mated and were considering the locality as a summer residence.

We now saw them almost daily, and the perfect domestic harmony, indeed I should say affection, shown between them, and the tender care and gallantry on the part of the male, would seem to suggest a high plane of evolution, and reminds one again that all the world is kin. Indeed, what have we of altruism which may not have its beginning in the humblest creature?

In accord with history and tradition the male was chief hunter, but very often shared the game with his mate after the "killing." Rushing to the back window, attracted by a loud call of killee, killee, killee, killee, we would frequently see him returning from the hunt with a rat, a mouse, or an English sparrow, and it must be confessed that even small song-birds were not strictly prohibited under his liberal interpretation of the law. In a moment the female would light on a perch nearby, whereupon the male would immediately remove the mouse from his talons, with which the prey is almost always carried, and politely deliver it to his mate from his beak.

One bright, sunny afternoon there was an unusually excited call heard. It seemed that a garter-snake had glided forth from its hiding place to enjoy the early spring warmth, a circumstance which proved more fortunate for the "early bird" than for the early snake. It was most picturesque and exciting even to a spectator to see this fierce little bird, slightly smaller than a flicker, flying about from tree to tree as if in search of a more favorable stand, struggling with his writhing prey. When the snake had been decapitated and several inches of its length devoured, it seemed sufficiently subdued to be offered to the mate, although it was still wriggling when she accepted the offering. She ate it with evident relish, holding it firmly on the branch under her foot while she pulled off small pieces. When the tail was reached it became very difficult to hold this slender, tapering morsel.—S. Harmsted Chubb in Scribner's.

HARTS FARMERS' CLUB

This Club will meet in Harts' School House on the second Tuesday of each month.

North Hastings Review

$1.50 a Year, $2.00 if not paid in advance. "PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW" $2 to the United States

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Will give you a truck service direct from farm to creamery when roads are passable.

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Madoc Armouries

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Ben Hokea's Famous Hawaiian Quintette
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Dancing at 9 o'clock

Under auspices "B" Company H. and P. E. Regt.

Lovely new fabrics *for the fashionable one-piece dress . . .*

SILKS, crêpes, serges, prints — all the fashionable fabrics for this season.

Delicately colored cotton voiles and fine cotton crêpes. Printed silk crêpes, too, in summer colors. All are charming — and very fashionable. They are especially desirable for the simple one-piece frocks which demand so much from the materials of which they are made.

We are showing unusual assortments of these lovely fabrics and the new homespuns, ginghams and organdies. Before buying materials for your new frocks come in and see our showing of the spring novelties.

You can duplicate the dress shown here — just as an expert would. With pictures and instructions which apply specifically to the garment you are working on, the Deltor makes successful home sewing possible for inexperienced sewers. Even experienced dressmakers are amazed at their greater success — at the time and material they save when they follow the Deltor, which comes with every new Butterick Pattern.

The Deltor shows you with pictures and instructions just how to cut, put together and finish your garment like a professional.

Come in and see the new Butterick Patterns and let us tell you about the Deltor which enables you to make your clothes expertly.

Design No. 3631. Very fashionable is this charming frock developed in silk crêpe or one of the interesting new cottons. It depends on the long, wide sleeves for much of its distinction. Sleeves such as these add a note of youth to the whole frock. The fabric trimming, too, is very fashionable.

Make yourself a dress exactly like this one. You can duplicate even its look of Paris! With Butterick pattern *No. 3631* and its Deltor you can do it easily, simply. And you are sure of success, for the Deltor guides you like a professional dressmaker.

QUINN & QUINN - Madoc

NEW BUTTERICK PATTERNS WITH THE DELTOR—*now on sale*

ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION

A number of their friends met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Miller, on Friday evening, and presented them with a handsome table, accompanied by the following address, prior to their departure for Madoc, where they will take up their residence:-

Mr. Miller replied in fitting term Mr and Mrs. Miller and family:

Learning of your intended departure from our midst, we, your friends and neighbours, felt we could not let you go without spending one more evening with you.

Many years you have spent with us. During this time by your readiness to lend a helping hand in time of need, and by your generous hospitality, you have won for yourselves the respect and good will of the entire community. You will be greatly missed here, but others will profit by our loss, for we know that wherever you are someone's burden will be made a little lighter, someone's cup of joy a little fuller.

As a token of our esteem we ask you to accept this table.

The good wishes of all go with you to your new home. May Heaven's richest blessings rest on you and may health and prosperity attend you.

Madoc, Mar. 30, 1923.

William McBeath
Russel Pigden.

Mr. Miller replied in fitting terms and Mr. John Lewis and Mr. Will Dennison and others also replied.

Orders taken at The Review for Counter Check Books.

VILLAGE COUNCIL

The minutes of the regular meeting of the Village Council, held at Madoc on Tuesday evening April 3rd, 1923.

Present—Reeve Burns and Councillors, Robertson, Whytock, Smith and Wallbridge.

Minutes of last regular meeting read and approved.

Communications received from Northern Fire Association, C. M. Wallbridge and A. L. Watson, Secretary.

Whytock — Robertson — That Council comply with request re headstones to be erected in White Lake and Madoc Cemeteries, and that Reeve Burns take full charge of same. Carried.

On motion of Whytock—Smith, the following accounts were ordered to be paid:

Can. Gen. Electric Co., wire	$30.75
A. S. Cochran, street lamps	43.05
C. M. Wallbridge, stamps & stationery	1.30
Geo. H. Gillespie, coal	7.75
R. O'Riordan, streets	12.25
J. Burkitt, streets	7.75
C. Stockloser, streets	.75
A. Curtis, streets	1.50
J. Cooper, streets	2.12
R. Weir, streets	1.75
John Cox & team	8.75

Moved by Councillors Whytock and Robertson that Council adjourn.

A. S. COCHRAN,
Clerk.

EGG MARKETS

Toronto

Specials	35
Extras	34.4
Farmers' market	45.5
Madoc	23

Make Your Trip More Enjoyable by a Refreshing Night on Lake Erie

(Your rail ticket is good on the boats)

Thousands of west bound travelers say they wouldn't have missed that cool, comfortable night on one of our fine steamers. A good bed in a clean stateroom, a long sound sleep and an appetizing breakfast in the morning.

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Connections for Cedar Point, Put-in-Bay, Toledo, Detroit and other points. Ask your ticket agent or tourist agency for ticket via C & B Line. New Tourist Automobile Rate—$10.00.

Send for free sectional puzzle chart of the Great Ship "Seeandbee" and 32-page booklet.

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The Great Ship "Seeandbee" — the largest steamer on inland waters of the world.

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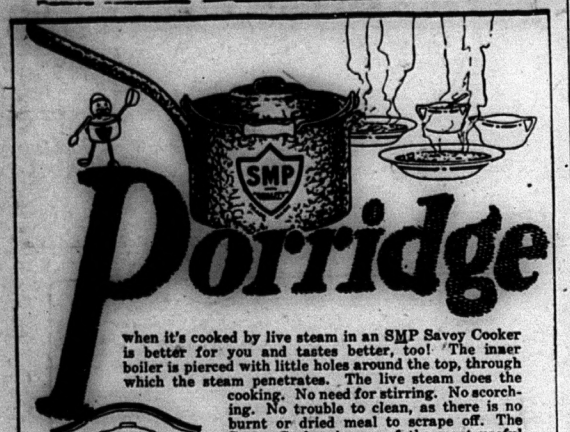

when it's cooked by live steam in an SMP Savoy Cooker is better for you and tastes better, too! The inner boiler is pierced with little holes around the top, through which the steam penetrates. The live steam does the cooking. No need for stirring. No scorching. No trouble to clean, as there is no burnt or dried meal to scrape off. The Savoy Cooker is one of the most useful utensils made. Ask for

SMP Enameled WARE

Try these dishes in this fine pot; oatmeal porridge, steamed rice, steamed oysters, corn, cauliflower, veal, chicken ragout, mushrooms, scrambled eggs, and a host of others.

Three finishes: Pearl Ware, two coats of pearly grey enamel inside and out. Diamond Ware, three coats, light blue and white outside, white lining. Crystal Ware, three coats, pure white inside and out, with Royal Blue edging.

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PUPPY OR CALF LOVE.

Easiest Thing in World to Laugh at Serious Crisis.

Calf-love is the easiest thing in the world to laugh at.

That it is less easy to endure was revealed by a boy criminal recently in a strange letter to the magistrates who tried him. In that document he described [illegible] ges of his downfall from the moment when he realized that his first love could not be reciprocated.

Happily most boys and girls recover from the shock of their first love affair without ruining themselves in the process. Yet no one who has studied the adolescent mind can doubt for a moment that, as a rule, the struggle is a severe one.

The first love affair is far more serious, far more anxious, than people who have grown up are ready to admit.

Nor are its dangers made less, or its burdens lightened, by the attitude commonly adopted towards the victim by those who should be his friends. Almost invariably they laugh and deride when a word of sympathy is most eagerly desired and most urgently needed.

The wretched boy or girl is shamed into silence about an event of the emotional life which, after all, is perfectly natural, and must, in any case, exercise a profound influence on his or her whole attitude to life.

Thousands of marriages are ultimately spoiled by that cynicism which brands first love as a joke or dilates on its grotesque and silly character. The wild freshness of the dawn is but seldom recovered once it has been lost.

This does not mean, of course, that boys and girls are to be encouraged in sentimentalism.

But their feelings, however exaggerated, must be accepted as genuine for the moment and honored as such. They must be taken, if not seriously, at least respectfully.

If they feel that their strange emotional experience is being understood and regarded sympathetically, their own common sense will come to the rescue. If, on the contrary, they are laughed at, common sense becomes the ally of emotionalism and the enemy of their critics.

Thus, instead of being "laughed out of" their folly, they are very effectually laughed into it. Their best weapon of defence is struck, as it were, from their hands.

France's Birth Rate.

The high cost of living, lack of apartments and homes for newly-married couples, selfishness, too many women employed in industry, and too much pleasure, are the general causes assigned for the alarming decrease of the birth rate in France, now the lowest in Europe.

This is a condition that has been accentuated by the war, which took many men to the front, whence many never returned. The war also created new conditions of living for women, gave them work, made them independent, and disinclined to marry readily, and less inclined to have children.

This situation is set forth at length by the National Alliance for Increasing French Population.

In comparison with 100 years ago, each French marriage brings less than two children, instead of four children, whereas England's marriages bring nearly three children instead of nearly five 100 years ago. In Germany in 1841, the average marriage brought four and forty-four-hundreds children as compared to two and two-tenths in 1921.

The birth decrease does not result from high mortality, or relatively fewer marriages. France's population of 39,000,000 in 1922, is practically that of 1900. The number of marriages for that year was 299,000, or about the average since then, with the years following the war showing a larger number, which is now returning the average. For 1921, the number of marriages was 456,000, and for 1922 it was a little higher.

Until 1914, the number of births averaged 800,000 yearly. During several of the war years the number dropped to fewer than 400,000. The first six months of 1922 showed 386,726, as compared to 421,180 for the first six months of 1921.

It is argued that if France is to hold her place in the world and send emigrants to her colonies, she must pass laws, as already proposed in Parliament, to give the voting majority to married men, reduce family taxes, and give bonuses for each child born. Already, families enjoy lower railway fares.

Kuweit.

Kuweit is situated at the head of the Persian Gulf, and is famous as yet only as a proposed terminus of the Bagdad Railway, of which we have heard so much during recent years. It is an ordinary Arab border town, built of mud and plaster, with few houses more than one story high, and only the sheik's palace making any pretensions to elegance. One room in this palace is distinctly bizarre and in a way arabesque. It has a large and beautiful Persian rug on the floor, and a ceiling covered with many chromes of foreign notabilities, in gilt frames, picked up in the Bombay bazars. Only an Arab would have thought of that place for the pictures.

Swedish Carbons.

Carbons of high grade are, it is said, obtained from tar by a Swedish process. The powdered carbon is pressed to form electric light carbons, or larger sizes for electro-chemical work. The method is based on the fact that finely divided carbon makes up a large perceptage of the composition of tar and is what gives the black color, this being due to the carbon particles suspended in an otherwise dense and transparent yellowish brown liquid.

Deserts cover twenty-four per cent of the earth's surface.

WHAT IS POETRY?

The Old Definitions May Yet Be Challenged.

"It is a mistake to suppose that poetry must of necessity be metrical language, that there must be rhythm and rhyme associated with it, and that these must be its invariable medium," says Mr. H. G. Purchase, M.P., in the Nineteenth Century.

"It does not depend on mere form. Shelley, in his 'Defence of Poetry,' has drawn attention to Plato's writings, and declares that, although he did not write in verse, he was essentially a poet—the truth and splendor of his imagery, and the melody of his language, are the most intense that it is possible to conceive.

"So Ruskin writes about art, architecture, and especially about social economics in a prose which has rhythm, and which possesses the true essence of poetry. Even the dull, dry science of economics may, therefore, have a poetic licence attached to it. Bacon, whose wisdom has been handed down to us in little essays of surprising worth, writes in prose, but Shelley brings him in under the banner of poets.

"Milton has written for us in stimulating blank verse, and his lines are charged with high moral beauty. Here is a man's wisdom set forth in the most permanent form. Take another author, who has given his mind to the elucidation of great political truths in the form of speeches, namely, Burke, and one is similarly struck by the stately march of thought and the poetic medium of expression.

"If poetry is judged not merely by the metre, then the Bible has a claim to be considered poetical which is quite irresistible. There is in all great prose the attractiveness of verse, and it will not, therefore, be assumed that one must limit oneself to that which Shelley calls 'the root and blossom of all other systems of thought,' in considering whether we are entitled to hold that there has been any very considerable progress with this war-stricken world.

"For poetry is something more than mere metre; it is great music in the hands of a master like Shelley or Keats; it is like the sounding of a fine chord of sensation, which takes our aspirations, which are working their way along the valley of depression, and fires them with passionate notes of feeling. It brings light and flame to our thoughts, and raises it will all the vigor of the eagle's pinion."

Knows the Orient.

One of the best versed of Western diplomats in Oriental affairs is Giacomo de Martino, recently the representative of the Italian Government in London. De Martino has been transferred as ambassador to Japan, probably on the principle that his Oriental training was wasted at St. James. In going to Tokio he is returning to the scenes of his youth, as his father was minister plenipotentiary in that capital and had previously been charge d'affaires at Peking. De Martino spent several years in Egypt as secretary of legation and later as minister during Kitchener's control, when he became a special friend of the British field marshal. During the war of Italy with Turkey and the two Balkan campaigns, which immediately preceded the great international conflagration, De Martino was principal under Secretary of State and chief lieutenant of the then Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Marquis of San Giuliano. He was one of the delegates to the Peace Conference of Versailles and spent eighteen months as ambassador at Berlin before being transferred to London.

Useful Animals.

Every nationality must have its own answer to the question, "What animal is most useful to man?" In some parts of the world the camel is invaluable, in others the reindeer, while even the donkey is an absolute treasure in many countries.

Speaking generally, members of the ox tribe are the most useful animals. They are friends to all sorts of peoples. They give us milk and beef for food, the hides make leather, the horns and hoofs make handles for cutlery, and even the blood is used for many purposes. And in some countries the ox is used as a draught animal.

For centuries, of course, the horse has been the "friend of man," but with the advent of mechanical traction he has largely lost his place as an absolute necessity.

Are We Losing Our Teeth?

There is, unfortunately, little room for doubt on this question. In spite of the fact that our teeth are attended to as never before, they are gradually going, a fact amply proved in the late war, when hardly a recruit in the Old Country came up to the standards of the Old Army, so far as his teeth were concerned.

Not only are our teeth feeble and liable to early decay, but our jaws are getting too small to take their full complement of teeth. The reason is that nature invariably dispenses with the unnecessary. With soft foods, perfectly cooked and easily digested, our teeth are no longer an absolute necessity to our livelihood, and so they are gradually tending to vanish.

Bernhardt's Advice.

Sarah Bernhardt, who is now in her seventy-eighth year, has just published a novel in Paris and is at work on a volume of advice to actors to be called "Conseils aux Comediens." Her principal advice is: "Be sincere."

The Lyre Bird.

The lyre bird of Australia is a mimic. In the early morning hours it is at its best, duplicating the whistle of a locomotive, the barking of a dog, the call of a magpie, and the buzz of a circular saw in varying tones.

THOUGHT "GUN" WAS DRAWN

Western Bad Man Deceived by Position in Which His Enemy Happened to Have Hand.

Tazewell Woody, famous as Colonel Roosevelt's guide in the West, was standing in a saloon with left elbow on the bar, right hand hanging by his side, and eyes luckily pointed at the mirror behind the bar. He caught in the mirror the reflection of a head poked momentarily into the saloon's doorway, and belonging to a man who had publicly stated his purpose of killing Woody at sight. This man having apparently thought the coast to be clear, and that the saloon contained a sufficient audience, turned his horse, rode through the doorway, and boldly said: "Has any gent here seen that feller Woody? I'm huntin' for him." At that instant the man realized, for the first time, that Woody was in the room, and he realized also that, though he himself was facing Woody's back, the mirror negatived this advantage. He saw that right hand hanging idly down. Woody did not move a muscle. The man's jaw dropped. He remained quiescent for a few seconds, then back out through the doorway, and on his own initiative rode out of the state.

These preannounced attempts on human life were far less bloody than were the onslaughts by the real "killers," the actual "bad men." These latter men did not announce. They merely shot. Billy the Kid, at twenty-three years of age, had committed 23 murders, and had made the question of his extermination a political issue in New Mexico. Incidentally, the sheriff, elected to "get" him, loaded a weapon and "got" him.

In the '80's some "rustlers" "holed up" in a cabin at the outlet of Jackson lake in Wyoming. Range detectives surrounded them. One of the "rustlers," a wondrously accurate shooter, seeking to escape, rushed from the cabin's door, and, without warning, began to fire. At each shot he "crossed" his rifle—that is, he fired alternately from his right and left shoulder, thus increasing the width of his zone of fire without making him rotate his body, and thereby unduly affect his running. He hit five men before he dropped dead at the end of his race of but a few feet.—The Cowboy.

An Early Helicopter.

While inventors in Washington, Chicago and Dayton are working in secrecy to construct a practical helicopter, D. E. Garber, airplane expert of the division of mechanical technology of the Smithsonian institution, is making a model of the first promising design of this type of vertically rising aircraft.

This model, soon to be added to the National museum, is being built after the design of Sir John Cayley, the Englishman who is regarded as the father of modern aeronautical science. Mr. Garber says that this design, made in 1843, was astonishingly sound in principle, although the body of the Cayley machine was fancifully fashioned after that of a bird with a bird head carved on the prow. Vertical lift was to be obtained by two windmill-like propellers which were to act as a sustaining plane when the machine was driven horizontally by another propeller situated at the rear. Equilibrium was obtained in much the same way as the most successful of the recent European helicopters.

Sir John Cayley showed in his writings, however, that he realized that aerial navigation depended upon new material and power such as has been found in aluminum and gasoline.

Thumb Made Him Wealthy.

Not long ago a famous physician in Saxony, Doctor Metzger, celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday. He had retired from active practice for some years, having become immensely wealthy through the thumb of his right hand. This thumb stands out at a right angle from his hand, and, it is said, cannot be bent back automatically. He soon found it of great service in massage, and when he became a specialist in intestinal disorders he was called as assistant to the greatest surgeons of Europe, bringing relief to many illustrious patients.

The queen of Rumania sent for this doctor with the curious thumb when she suffered from facial neuralgia, while the king of Sweden once drove a beautiful span of horses over the border of his kingdom to consult the doctor, and, on returning, left the horses as a token of gratitude to his preserver.

Sign Worries Diners.

Evidently they believe in Key West that advertising is advertising, just as some people believe that pigs is pigs. In one of the local restaurants located less than a block from the main street there is a large poster with the words "Prepare to Meet Thy God." No matter where one sits in the restaurant he cannot help but see this poster with its cheery message. And no matter how good the soup tastes or how tantalizing is the aroma from the roast, the diner cannot help but sit and eat and wonder. Possibly the proprietor believes that forewarned is forearmed.

Apple Pests in Pictures.

"King Apple's Enemies" is a motion picture lately released by the Department of Agriculture. It shows the mobilization of insects and fungi against the apple kingdom, and shows the spraying and dusting "guns" moving into action, and the repulse of the foe. The film is one of 150 that are being used throughout the country by agricultural extension and field workers.—Scientific American.

OFFERED TO IDOL

Maidens and Children Unhappy Victims of Baal.

Archeologists Have Unearthed, in Ruins of Carthage, Temple Where Infamous Rites Were Practiced.

Unearthed among the ruins of Carthage, in northern Africa, according to official notification received by the French government from Count Byron Prorok, famous archeologist, is the great temple of Baal, where pagan priests practiced their indescribable human sacrifices centuries ago.

Count Prorok has sent word to his government that a set of sacrificial urns believed to contain the bones of maidens and children sacrificed to Baal have been unearthed and identified.

Identification of the temple of Baal beyond any question of doubt is possible through the discoveries already made. Baal, or Baal-Hammon, is the monstrous deity mentioned hundreds of times in the Bible and in other ancient writings. Students of the Bible and children who attend Sunday school remember passages in the Old Testament telling how the Israelites were warned against this idolatrous worship and its infamous practices.

The chief characteristic of the Baal-Hammon worship was the sacrifice of human beings in cruel and varied forms. Each temple of Baal contained a huge and monstrous idol, usually of bronze, but sometimes of stone, and it was to this idol that the victims were sacrificed. Occasionally young children were offered up, but usually it was some beautiful maiden who was chosen to become the "bride of Baal."

Sometimes the victims were consumed by fire. Frequently they were subjected to longer and even more atrocious torments. When the victim was to perish by fire, three different methods were used. In every case, however, the maiden was first placed "in the arms of Baal," or, rather, on a sort of platform on the knees of the seated idol between the arms.

By one method fire was made to spout from the mouth of the overhanging head. By another the platform itself was heated redhot. By a third the platform was tipped backward by a mechanical contrivance and the victim was hurled into a seething fiery furnace in the interior of the idol.

More cruel even than the death by fire was the placing of the "bride" on luxurious cushions laid in the lap of Baal. When the priests departed, sealing the great stone doors after them, lions or other savage beasts were turned loose to roam the temple floor. The terror-stricken maiden could then remain on the cushions slowly to starve to death or might choose the quicker method of casting herself to the beasts below.

Nothing for Nothing.

It was said by all the neighbors of Mr. Tightleigh that he had never been known to give away anything in his life. He either sold it or demanded something in exchange.

On one occasion he was making a long railway journey. The seat directly in front of him was occupied by a man who had been coughing and sneezing at frequent intervals for more than an hour. At last Mr. Tightleigh leaned forward and spoke to him.

"That's a pretty bad cold you seem to have," he said.

"Worst I ever had in my life," wheezed the other.

"Well, I know of a simple and harmless remedy, absolutely sure, that will cure it inside of two days."

"Some patent nostrum?"

"No, you can make it up at home."

"I shall be very grateful if you will tell me what it is."

"I'll do it," said Mr. Tightleigh, narrowing his eyelids, "if you'll tell me what'll drive away these warts I've got on my left hand."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Dog Cures St. Vitus Dance.

Curing St. Vitus dance by having a poodle dog sleep with the patient has been announced by a Denver woman as the most effective remedy she has found yet for her two daughters.

The woman, Mrs. J. C. Morris of 2064 South Grant street, declared that for six years she has kept a French poodle dog that alternately sleeps with her young daughters, both of whom are afflicted with St. Vitus dance. One of the daughters, the elder one, now is virtually cured of the disease, according to Mrs. Morris, and the other is showing rapid improvement.

"An old time physician told me about this remedy," Mrs. Morris said, "and as an experiment I tried it and found it more soothing to the nerves of a St Vitus dance patient than any medicine ever prescribed."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Bernard Shaw's Manners.

"Hoist by his own petard" was the fate the other day of Bernard Shaw. To a woman of London's best society who had invited him to lunch he answered with this telegram: "Never in my life! What have I done that you want me to change my cherished habits?" The woman replied with a veritable "tit for tat" in the following dispatch:

"I do not know what your cherished habits are, but I am sure that they are not worth more than your . . . manners."

To this G. B. S. ventured no rejoinder.

Queer Bills Were Passed By the British Parliament

Meet Some Unusual Cases

Some members of the British Parliament will gasp when they are called upon to consider a bill which is to be promoted by the Bank of England for the removal of any human remains found during rebuilding.

In time they will get used to freak measures.

As a rule, a Parliament has to correct some "howlers" in the bills it passes by means of other bills. A classic occurred in a certain statute, which, after enacting that the punishment for a particular offence should be fourteen years' transportation, provided that one half should go to the King and the other to the informer.

Little less fine a gem was embodied in a statute for the rebuilding of Chelmsford Jail. An early clause prescribed that the prisoners should be confined in the old jail until the new one was ready, and later it was laid down that the materials from the existing jail should be used for building the new structure.

After thoughts, too, are enshrined in freak bills, which sometimes become Acts of Parliament. One of these is probably the shortest in modern form on the British Statute Book: "In section 43 of the Yorkshire Registration Act, 1884, the words 'before the commencement of this Act' should be substituted for the words 'before the passing of this Act'."

Other curious bills are for the purpose of legalizing the illegal. Many people at Stantonbury, Bucks, for instance, were suddenly unable to say whether they were married or single, the vicar having discovered that all the marriages which had taken place in St. James' Church since its erection, fifty years previously, were illegal, as the edifice had never been licensed for marriages. This affected thousands of marriages. In the end a special Act was passed to put things in order.

Other queer bills are those of a personal nature. Here are the objects of a few, taken almost at random: Change of name in pursuance with the conditions in a will; rectifying a mistake in a marriage settlement; declaring a 'marriage void; regulating the time a certain nobleman may fish in the Derwent; declaring that certain persons are not the children of a certain marquess.

Among local bills also there are some curiosities. One is not unknown at Southend-on-Sea, which obtained its present name under such a bill.

In the same way, special powers to raise money have been acquired by a large number of places. Many years ago the churchwardens at Chertsey were in such desperate straits for funds to carry out repairs that they promoted a bill authorizing them to sell the gallery pews to the highest bidders. This power was granted. A pew has been sold at Tokenhouse Yard for as much as fifty pounds.

Finally, a Parliament has often to introduce a public bill to meet an unforeseen contingency, a bill which, though it may seem strange at the time, leads to alterations in the law that ultimately strike us as in no way remarkable.

A case in point is what is known now as "Thellusson's Act." Peter Thellusson, a London merchant, left the residue of his fortune, valued at £600,000 or £700,000, to trustees, to accumulate during the lifetime of his sons and sons' sons, and of their issue existing at the time of his death. On the death of the survivor, the money was to be divided among the "eldest male lineal descendants" of his three sons then living.

It was calculated that the accumulation might reach £140,000,000. So an Act, "Thellusson's Act," was passed making it illegal to bequeath property to accumulate for more than twenty-one years.

Is Yours a Trade Name?

The great industries of the Middle Ages have supplied the most common surnames. Smith and Taylor are two which will rise at once into everyone's mind. But there are others less common.

Take the leather industry, and look at the records of the thirteenth century. We find that there were "barkers" and "skynners," as well as "saddelers" and "glovers." To-day we spell these names Barker, Skinner, Sadler, and Glover. There were also "souters," who were shoemakers. The name Soutar is not uncommon to-day.

Turn to the iron workers. Besides "armsmyths," and "lokesmiths," there were "flerours," who made horseshoes. The name of Ferrars commemorates this forgotten term. The surname Marshall takes its rise from the word "marshall," which in those days described the actual shoeing smith. Faber, in French "favre," is the Latin word for smith, and has also been preserved as a surname.

Electric Polishers.

Shoes can now be polished by electricity. The entire process is performed without hands by an ingenious machine, in which the dropping of a coin in the slot starts the dusting of the shoes, applying of polish, brushing to a shine and rubbing with cloths to a satinlike finish.

Tit for Tat.

Chemist: "I say, Brown, that meat you sold me yesterday didn't taste at all nice."

Butcher: "Well, that makes us quits, because the medicine you gave me last week tasted something horrible."

Constantly.

Hill: "When is your daughter thinking of getting married?"

Will: "Constantly."

PERSONALITY IN ART.

It Forms an Important Factor In Appreciation.

"To enjoy art intelligently, to recognize the art that we are capable of enjoying," says Mr. S. C. Kaines Smith in John o' London's Weekly, "we must be able to recognize the personal quality which distinguishes the mental or spiritual attitude of the artist both towards life in general and towards the particular aspect of it that his art employs as his medium of self-expression.

"So let me take a painter whose art is more remote from human feeling, more repellent of human sympathy, than that of any other in the world, and yet whose hold upon the memory and the imagination is irresistible and universal; I mean Leonardo da Vinci. Painting was but one of the outlets for his enormous intellectual energy. His whole life was directed by a kind of cold, emotionless passion for knowledge, an insatiable curiosity for truth of every kind, scientific, psychological, artistic. In all his work, in his writings, as in his pictures, we find the same icy detachment, the same absolute lack of prejudice of any kind.

"It is rather in an attitude of submission than of sympathy that we shall derive the most enjoyment from the work of Leonardo. We must not go to his pictures with a preconceived idea of our own as to the kind of enjoyment that we are going to experience, but must regard them with an open mind, taking in every purely aesthetic pleasure that they offer of balanced design and harmony of color, of sweetness and beauty of form, and leave the ultimate impression which it was the aim of the painter to produce to form itself upon our mind unbidden.

"It stands to reason that in the art of one who based himself so entirely upon knowledge, we must not look for the fire of faith, nor for the flame of enthusiasm. There is no mystery in such an art save the mystery of its hold upon ourselves. In respect of one human thing only does Leonardo not only not aim at exact knowledge, but consciously avoids it, because he knew it to be unattainable by the processes of pure reason; and that one thing is the nature of woman.

"There is no love story in the life of Leonardo da Vinci, the love-child. That is why all the women that he paints are inscrutable. Mona Lisa, St. Anne, the Madonna of the Rocks, are all silent questions that no logic can answer; all that logic can do is to establish their unanswerableness. And that is all that Leonardo, faithful to his allegiance to reasons, and to reason alone, has tried to express in his painting of women. So, if we like, we may gaze at Leonardo's women, and try to guess their secret; but in the end the wisdom of the painter in his knowledge of his fellow-men will triumph once more, for we shall come away admitting that we do not know, and never shall, for he did not know it either, and cannot tell us anything that he does not know."

Shock Turns Hair White.

Yes, either a sudden shock or a prolonged nervous strain can turn the hair white.

In the latter case, the whole system becomes run down and the particles of pigment which color the hair are gradually eaten up by the little white corpuscles in the blood, presumably because the starved body cannot afford to keep up unnecessaries.

The sudden shock, on the other hand, has the effect of violently disturbing the heart. This, of course, upsets the whole system, and one of the effects of the shock is that the hair is slowly robbed of its coloring matter.

There are authentic cases where the whiteness has been sudden, but such are much rarer than is generally supposed, and science is doubtful as to exactly how this "turning in the night" effect is produced.

It is, however, generally thought that violent emotional shock—akin to "shell-shock"—has in some freakish way expelled the color particles from the hair itself.

Scorpion and Spiders.

The repulsive scorpion, which looks something like a lobster, but is really a member of the spider family, is very common in Arizona. The scorpion's sting is in its tail. It stings by throwing the slender part of the abdomen up and forward over the back and striking forcibly with it, the curved spine or sting being driven with sufficient force to make the wound. All spiders are more or less venomous, and some of the smaller ones are more formidable than the larger. Prof. Vorhies, of the University of Arizona, found the greatest number of wounds was caused by a small black spider half an inch long, some times known as "the black widow."

At York Factory.

About the coldest temperature recorded by York Factory or Fort Churchill on the Hudson Bay is 55 degrees below zero. The atmosphere is very raw, and biting winds blow across from the Hudson Bay. Colder temperatures are experienced in the Barren Lands. During the winter months the temperature would range from zero to fifty below zero. The ice has been known to be more than seven feet thick at Hudson Bay.—Reece H. Hague, in Adventure Magazine.

Boat Sank Itself.

The gasoline fishing boat George Rudolph of Newellton, Shelburne county, Nova Scotia, presumably "wound" herself to the bottom of the Bay of Fundy a few weeks ago, when her scallop drag, operated by a gasoline engine, caught on the bottom, and the boat was hauled stern first downward. Her occupants were left in the water, and were rescued about twenty minutes later by another fisherman.

MID-VICTORIAN STYLE

"When shall we be married?"

"There's no hurry," said the flapper. "Any old time will do to hop off."

"Is it possible that you regard the sacred marriage vows with such flippancy?"

"How you do talk, Augustus! I'll bet you've been reading one of those old-fashioned novels."

Fair Game.

"In the old days when a traveler proclaimed himself a Roman citizen the [illegible] stood back."

"Well, times change. Nowadays when a traveler proclaims himself an American citizen foreign hotel help, taxicab drivers, dealers in fake art and fifty-seven other varieties of swindlers fight for a chance to shake him down."

Inconsistent.

Witness—He looked me straight in the eye and—

Lawyer—The [illegible] you've already contradicted your former statement.

Witness—How's that?

Lawyer—You said before that he bent his gaze on you. Will you please explain how he could look you straight in the eye with a bent gaze?—Stray Stories.

IN THE GARDEN.

Eve—It isn't very thickly settled here.

Adam—That's true; I don't think it will be necessary to have a traffic officer yet awhile.

A Sad Tale.

Mary had a Thomas cat,
It warbled like a Caruso;
A neighbor swung a baseball bat,
Now Thomas doesn't do so.

A Close Election.

"You've been in public life a long time. Have you ever thought of retiring?"

"Only on one occasion, sir," said Senator Snortsworthy. "And while I was waiting for my friends to roll up the expected majority I aged fully ten years."

Of Course Not.

Tackle Clerk—It's a fine lure, sir. Once get a muskie on that and it won't be the fault of—er—

Customer—What's that?

Tackle Clerk—I mean er—hum—I mean it won't be your fault if it gets off.

The Party.

"Big party at your house last night."

"Yes."

"You didn't invite me."

"Wasn't invited myself."

"Huh?"

"My cook gave it."

Waste of Time.

"I asked Jim if he would contest his wife's suit for divorce and he said no."

"What reason did he give?"

"Said he didn't see any use; he never won an argument with that woman in his life."

A Friendly Word.

Jasper—I haven't a good word for that feller Jim.

Dexter—Well, they ain't much good said about him. But I'll say one good thing about Jim, he wasn't always as mean as he was sometimes.

Complimentary Comment.

Senator—I am tremendously happy. This is a classy article I wrote. I am proud of myself.

Acriditor—You ought to be. You have discovered the one person in the world who takes you seriously.

SAFETY IN NUMBERS

Miss Ketchum—Three men called on me last evening.

Miss Blunt—Were they afraid to come alone?

A Baldhead Ballad.

If I had only slicked it back
And glued it there
I might not have such utter lack
Of hair.

And Then It Happened.

Jinks—Could you?

Blinks—Could you what?

Jinks—With this bobbed locks fad say a girl's wave length had been shortened.

Unfortunate Word.

"You appear to have offended the grass widow."

"Sorry! I merely remarked that she was in her heyday."

Half Hour at Least.

First College Boy—It's getting light in the east.

Second Ditto—Great Scott! I should have been in bed an hour ago.

CURE DANDRUFF FOR 50 CTS.

THAT'S CHEAP ENOUGH FOR ANY ONE

It's easy, and you take no risk. Step in to-day, and get a large 50 cent bottle of PARISIAN SAGE, the germ killing hair restorer.

If it does not cure dandruff in two weeks we will give you your money back.

PARISIAN SAGE is a pleasant, daintily perfumed tonic and hair grower. It is guaranteed to stop falling hair or itching of the scalp, and to cure all diseases of the scalp and hair.

PARISIAN SAGE has many imitators—get the genuine.

Secret Diplomacy.

Her Chum—However did you make your husband give you that lovely all-season trip?

Mrs. Wyse-Guy—Don't tell a soul. I had mother write and ask when it would be convenient for her and father and my two sisters to come and make us a nice, long visit.

Another Vicious Circle.

"One by one our children leave us," said the mother sadly, as the fourth daughter started on her wedding journey.

"Yes," replied the father, a little more sadly, "and one by one they bring our sons-in-law back to us."

Front.

Some people put all the money in "front."

For instance—

Said his wife: "The parlor furniture is getting very shabby."

Said he: "Have some elaborate coverings made."

Ahead of Fawther.

"Papa, the newly engaged daughter said ardently, "Dick and I are truly two souls with but a single thought."

"Well, child, don't be discouraged," her father replied soothingly. "That's more than your mother and I had when we were married."—Toronto Telegram.

A Disappointment.

"I hear that Mrs. Highbride is much disappointed in her husband.

"Dreadfully. She understood he was a home-loving man, and now he wants to tag along with her everywhere she goes."

SURE THING

"Do you consider thirteen at table unlucky?"

"Yes, with food at present prices."

Of Course Not.

It's really not consistent,
As any one can see.
When a fellow's living in "A Flat"
To snore in loud "High C."

No Masher.

"Yep, I went to hear that lady lecturer."

"Did you follow her?"

"Certainly not. I wouldn't follow a lady I didn't know, and besides I had my wife along."

Temporary Absence.

"What's the meaning of 'au revoir?'"

"It's what young authors say to their manuscripts when they send them out.

Joking the Jilted.

Tom (rejected and dejected)—I can never get her picture off my mind.

Dick—Printed there by her own negative, I suppose.

CRIPPLED BY RHEUMATISM

Began to Improve After Taking "Fruit-a-tives"

The Medicine Made From Fruit

You can get rid of Rheumatism. You can be free of pain—of swollen hands and feet—of aching arms, legs and back.

"Fruit-a-tives" will drive the disease of Rheumatism out of the system and give you permanent relief.

"For over three years, I was confined to bed with Rheumatism. Finally I decided to try "Fruit-a-tives". Before using half a box, I noticed improvement. I continued taking "Fruit-a-tives" improving all the time. I can now walk about two miles and do chores around the place".

ALEX. MUNRO, Lorne, Ont.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

LIFE AND LONGEVITY.

Simply Prolonging One's Days on Earth Is Not Real Living.

What really constitutes life? Is it action, or is it merely existence? Who is the more useful, the man who gives his all in energy to service or he who conserves his forces and thereby prolongs his days? He lives most who accomplishes most. Activity in useful, productive or constructive effort is the real test of life. Length of years may content some, but restless, energetic souls will press forward, regardless of time, striving for a goal they may never attain, but always striving, and these only really live.

Life insurance presidents, being interested in the prolongation of existence of risks, bend their efforts to the teaching of elements of living, the avoidance of excesses, exposures or unnecessary risks of any kind and in this way really serve the world because they increase the productive years of man.

As a result of modern methods man really lives longer and better, but this is not the all in all of life. To live is to be active, to have a part in the creative effort of mankind, regardless of whether the span be long or short, so long as it is busy, for "an end is an end, whether it cometh on the wings of heels of a week or the dull stretch of a century."

Rich, but Wretched.

Frederick Albert, the third Krupp, became the richest man in the German emperor's dominions. When he died, in 1902, his estate was valued at nearly $200,000,000. Perhaps the inability of wealth to bestow happiness was never more strikingly exemplified than in his case. He was a dyspeptic, forbidden all the delights of the table and to smoke. Of late years a physician never left his side. A fearful melancholy claimed him, and his life was overshadowed by a nervous depression. All the world was wrong.—Pearson's Weekly.

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THE REVIEW

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gives Color Life and Beauty to Walls, Ceilings and Woodwork

And Sanitone is so easy to apply! Anybody can do it. No measuring of ingredients. No mixing to secure this shade or that. Open it up and brush it on. You'll marvel at the delicate beauty of its soft, velvety tone — so much more dignified than wall paper coverings. Sanitone is the modern finish.

Sanitone is economical too. Its beauty is not for a day or a week or a season. It is permanent beauty. Washing with soap and water when necessary will renew its original beauty without injuring that delightful finish so peculiarly "Sanitone."

Drop in and let us show you the possibilities of Sanitone as a home decorator. We have a complete range of colors and will gladly offer advice on your particular decorating problem. Ask for color cards.

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GOOD SIDE LINE

Lucky Junk Dealer Tumbled Into Small Fortune.

Negligence of Authorities of Great Copper Mine Gave Him His Opportunity, and He Took It.

The letters you have been printing about gold seekers in the Far West recall the following incident of copper mining in Montana, writes a correspondent of the New York Herald.

Day after day about 20 years ago a rickety old open wagon, drawn by a has-been horse, used to venture out from Anaconda and garner rags, bottles, sacks and old iron. One day, on its return to town, a hind wheel wabbled off as the vehicle was crossing a culvert, and wheel and load slid down into a greenish-looking little rivulet that passed under the culvert. The junk dealer recovered the wheel and drove on sadly into Anaconda. But, being thrifty, he went back one day to salvage the old iron, perhaps a whole dollar's worth. This he fished out of the little stream.

He found that every horseshoe, every stove lid, every old broken tool that he clawed out of the shallow water was thickly coated with copper.

He kept his mouth shut and in town he melted off that pure copper, for the greenish stream was an outflow of waste water from the great Anaconda smelter, where copper was melted out of the rocky ore of that region.

Regularly, long after nightfall, the junk dealer used to go out on that road with a load of old iron and dump it into the greenish stream on this or that side of the culvert and fish out a load earlier deposited.

The copper company detectives began reporting mysterious high-grade shipments of pure copper from Anaconda, but no direct thefts could be discovered. Not an employee could be caught red-handed. Finally the junk dealer's nocturnal trips came under suspicion and he was watched and his secret discovered, but not before he had realized a total of about $34,000 in melting off pure copper from the deposits on his loads of junk iron. The company sought to enjoin him, sought to recover the values he had secured, but the court held that it was waste water in a public highway, and the lucky junk dealer was well within his rights.

And the lesson was worth more than the lost value to the copper company, for it resulted in a catchment dam being built inside the company's fence, where scrap iron was used to recover copper values that long before had been running to waste. Accidents sometimes happen!

War on Insects.

The indications are that a great battle is to be waged soon between mankind and the insect army. There is nothing which has a greater potentiality for destruction than insects. There are 5,000,000 different kinds of insects and nearly all of them are bent in the line of destroying food and other materials of value to man. They cause ten times more damage than fire, and according to the Departmnet of Agriculture, the annual tax imposed by insects is greater than prewar expenditures of the United States. The Hessian fly destroys from 10 to 50 per cent of the grain sowings amounting to $75,000,000. The Mexican chinch bug eats up $3,000,000 worth of corn in this country and some worms are responsible for damage to corn amounting to three times that sum. The annual cotton loss is $85,000,000 and the damage to live stock is considerable. The peculiar feature of this is that although man has for years been studying the insects with the thought of preventing their ravages, their inroads are constantly increasing.

The Clever Saleswoman.

A Cleveland woman went shopping in Paris—they all do—and finally reached a saleswoman who had a working knowledge of English and an engaging air.

The customer had a serious question to ask.

"Am I to wear my skirts longer than I have been wearing them?"

The saleswoman spread out her fat hands.

"It largely depends, madame."

"Depends upon what?"

The saleswoman smiled.

"The length of madame's skirts largely depends upon madame's means of locomotion."

Which the Cleveland woman considered a very neat way of putting it.

A Little Louder, Doc.

A doctor in the Hume-Mansur building was treating one of his patients, who is slightly deaf. He thought he would be a little sociable and remarked:

"Don't those bells of Christ church sound beautiful today?"

The patient replied: "I don't get you."

The physician repeated and the patient answered a little louder with more emphasis:

"You'll have to speak a little louder, Doc, I can't hear you for those church bells."—Indianapolis News.

Children Bought Baby Hippopotamus.

A baby hippopotamus, four years old and weighing a ton, was recently transported from the Philadelphia zoological gardens to Boston in a specially built motortruck. The animal was purchased with $5,000 in pennies contributed by the school children of Boston.

Champion Brand

WE SELL IT

We are selling more and more Champion Brand "AMERICAN" Fence every year. This section of the country is discarding its old style fences as false economy, and in making the needed change, is turning to the very best galvanized fencing and steel posts that can be bought.

We are enthusiastic about Champion Brand "AMERICAN" Fence and Posts, the pride of their makers, THE CANADIAN STEEL & WIRE CO., LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

Say "Fence," and we'll show you. 212

—SOLD BY—

E. A. NORMAN - Millbridge, Ont.

Winter and Your Battery

Any battery standing idle loses its charge. You are not safe in assuming that your battery will not freeze even if it is fully charged when you lay it up for the winter. Keeping it in the pantry or cellar means sulphated plates and a less efficient battery.

Bring Your Battery to Us for Storage

W. L. SMITH - MADOC

THE LONG-LIFE BATTERY FOR YOUR CAR

Exide

MADE IN CANADA

BATTERIES

ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE LIMITED

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO

"The Most Widely Attended Business College in Canada."

Students here receive at moderate cost the best training in Bookkeeping, Accountancy, Shorthand, Typewriting, Arithmetic, Commercial Law, Correspondence, Penmanship, Office Practice, etc. Besides Ontario students, many come every year from other Provinces, the United States, the West Indies and South America.

Write for free prospectus. J. L. MOORE, Principal

We have what people have been waiting for

Durant and Star Cars

It has been an old saying that the best is saved until the last—and that's true.

Just think, that at last you can buy the latest and most accessible light weight car on the market, delivered for **$710.00** Tax and Delivery Charges included

Special Features of the STAR Car

Red Seal Continental Motor
Water Pump, Oil Pump
Gas Tank on rear
Vacuum Feed
Semi-Elliptic Springs
Streamline Body
and last but not least, a real Lock Steering Gear, which is so essential to insure comfort in driving on sandy or muddy roads, etc.

You should see this car before buying and inspect it thoroughly.

WELLMAN & ELLIS - Madoc

To Cream Producers

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE that as early in the Spring as the roads will permit, our trucks will cover territory around Madoc within a radius of ten miles more or less as cream offers itself. There is no doubt that a truck will pass your door. We want to give you the same good service as in the past, only better. We will have an auxiliary plant right in Madoc. Remember we want your cream and we will come after it. It is our intention next season to erect an up-to-date creamery in Madoc.

Belleville Creameries Limited

Box 59 : : Belleville, Ontario

Butter Wrappers

Printed or Plain at the Review Office

Execution Was Exaggerated.

Gustave Schoof is back again. Executed in the Tower of London as a German spy, according to announcement at that time, the former "broncho buster," lecturer, mounted policeman and adventurer, writes from his home in Claresholm, Alberta, that he is alive and kicking and as loyal to the British crown as ever.

Major Schoof as he is best known, was a lecturer through eastern Canada for several years following the South African war. His adventures had been many.

Running away from Schleswig-Holstein as a youth to escape military service under the hated German, this ardent Dane landed in the United States when cow punching was in its prime. He became a broncho buster in Kansas but found the life too slow. So he went to Africa and broke horses for the British in the last Zulu war, took part in the Jameson Raid, hunted big game and finally settled in Canada.

Schoof did not get to the Balkan War, the reason being that he was in the Mexican Revolution. He wanted to go to the Great War but was too old. On June 21, 1917, there was executed in the Tower of London, a German spy who gave his name as Gustave Schoof. In reality he was one Schwartz who had heard Schoof lecture in Minneapolis. Hearing of this, Major Schoof had his own name officially cleared. In 1922, in order to square himself publicly with the people of Minneapolis, he walked in his British uniform in the Armistice Day parade in that city. Between wars, Schoof served in the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. To-day he is a game garden and a retired member of an Alberta cavalry regiment, a lover of fighting and a hater of militarism.

Unkind to Its Discoverer.

The miner was discovered coarse gold in the Klondike was a Nova Scotian, Robert Henderson, who went into the Yukon in 1894. He found good panning and reported the prospects to a man named Carmae.

Acting on Henderson's information, Carman and a party of three Indians accidentally made a find on Bonanza Creek and staked their claims without letting Henderson know of their luck.

So Henderson, who had been prospecting and "panning" in the vicinity of the big find for two years, and freely advertising his success, got only an ordinary claim in the new field. He was working on a claim paying only two cents the pan, while Carman and his Indians were getting ten cents the pan on a location that Henderson had indicated to them.

In his "Early Days of the Yukon" William Ogilvie quotes the letter of "a young man of Toronto who entered the service of the Hudson Bay Company in 1858, and was sent to the company's most distant post at Fort Yukon," in which mention is made of the existence of gold in the gravel of rivers in that region.

Equal Opportunity.

Father: "Now, my boy, why is it that you are always at the bottom of the class?"

Little Freddie: "It doesn't make any difference, daddy; they teach the same things at both ends."

Job Printing promptly done at The Review office.

FOR SALE

Chevrolet Truck in good condition. Apply to Mrs. Thompson, at the station.

HOUSE TO LET

In village of Madoc. Possession 1st of May. Apply to M.A. Bonisteel, Tel. No. 110.

FOR SALE

A black colt rising two years. Apply to Mrs. John Jarvis. Phone 26r22.

SHORTHORNS FOR SALE

2 Roan Bulls, 18 months; 3 Red Bulls, 12 months; also some choice females. Tuberculin tested and guaranteed. Visit to herd solicited, Chas. H. Vanderwater and Son, Foxboro.

FOR SALE

Slightly used player piano for $575.00, on easy payments. Apply C. W. Lindsay Ltd., Belleville, or A Kincaid, Madoc.

FOR SALE

Detached, solid brick dwelling, 10 rooms and bathroom, large barn and outhouses in good repair, good garden space with fruit trees. For terms Apply Gavin. M. Wallbridge. Madoc.

FARM FOR RENT

East half lot 3, 12th concession, Township of Rawdon, (100 acres). Over forty acres of work land. This property is about seven miles from Madoc. Has good buildings and is convenient to factory. Option of purchase on reasonable terms.

Apply to Mrs. John Hopkins, Madoc village.

FARM FOR SALE

The undersigned offers for sale Lot No. 16 in the 12th concession of the Township of Huntingdon, known as the P. J. Gay estate farm.

This farm is situated 4 miles from Madoc and will be sold at a reasonable price.

For further particulars apply to William Cross Barrister Madoc

January 30th, 1923.

HOUSE FOR SALE

A double brick veneered house for sale, situated on the corner of East Elgin street.

JOHN McKENZIE, Madoc.

TO RENT

A 300 acre pasture lot to rent. A running stream and beaver meadow on the farm. Apply to George White, Eldorado.

"Call him up—don't write!

Your voice will bring results when letters, telegrams and travellers fail."

Long Distance is the greatest business-getter in the world. It connects you with 12,000,000 telephones in Canada and the U.S. Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance Station.

Ask for our booklet, "A Few Ways to Speed Up Business".

PILES Do not suffer another day with itching, blind, bleeding or protruding Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. 60c. a box; all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp to pay postage.

Bargains Value Bargains

TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THEM ALL

EXTRA SPECIAL

For SALE Days

36 inch Chintz, every pattern, special for Sale .... **30c yd.**

Bedspreads, hemstitched, regular $2.25, Sale **1.98**

Tea Towelling, linen .... 29c and **39c yd.**

Other Towels and Bath Towels, reg. $1.00, Sale **79c**

Others regular 75c, Sale **59c**

Another line of Towels, Sale days .... **4 for $1.00**

Table Damask by the yard **89c**

Ready-made Tablecloths, special Bargains.

36 in. unbleached Cotton, special **6 yds. $1**

Great Bargains and Snaps on Sale Days.

McIntosh Bros.

WANTED TO MURDER EDITOR.

John B. O'Higgins Tells a Good One of Old Times.

John B. O'Higgins, economist, historian, humorist, and once a tip-top working newspaperman in Toronto and elsewhere, has very little confidence in personal items which come to a publication through the mails. He explains his reason for this aversion in a banking magazine, of which he is the editor, as follows:

We have before us a contributed paragraph for our social notes which in respect for the memory of a past experience prompts us to "kill," editorially. It reminds us that more than twenty years ago, when we were sharing the editorial responsibilities of the Woodstock Sentinel-Review, with Alf. Rubbra, we allowed to slip into the news columns of that paper an innocently worded four-line paragraph that had a punch written into it. We remember this particularly well, because we nearly got that punch. The details of the incident are as follows:

The correspondent of the paper at Innerkip, a village within the circulation area of the Sentinel-Review, mailed in a note to the effect that Dr. So-and-so, the village practitioner, had been in Woodstock over the previous Sunday, "attending a case of heart trouble." This looked to us like good advertising for the doctor—elevating him out of the rank of a country physician and placing him in the class of a specialist—so we decorated the item with the heading: "Called in Consultation," and marked it to "make-up" for front page.

When the doctor at Innerkip received that issue of the Sentinel-Review he declared war and mobilized in our direction. He explained—but not without expressing vigorous disparagement of our mental calibre—that he wanted his private affairs kept out of our so-and-so kind of a paper, as it was none of our you-know business if he were paying attention to a young lady in Woodstock.

And it only just then dawned upon us that our correspondent at Innerkip was of a playful turn of mind.

In the apologies that profusely followed, the zero hour slipped by without the threatened attack being launched, and the affair petered out in a skirmish in which we exchanged a few rounds down at the Oxford, genial Billy Waites priming the [illegible]. So the incident ended happily, but for the three years thereafter that we continued in newspaper work we maintained a "leary" and cautious attitude towards that class of local briefs which refer to any man's frequentations, whether casual or persistent. It's just none of our business where you Good Fridayed, Easter Saturdayed, or Easter Sundayed.

Satanic Geography.

No person, either historical or legendary, has more places named after him than the Devil.

The famous explorer, Captain Amundsen, added to the list during his last expedition. He gave us "The Devil's Glacier" and "The Devil's Dancing Room."

In Dorset one finds the "Devil's Bellows," near Lyme Regis. The name was given because of the fury of the wind as it sweeps through the passage. Near Studland is the "Devil's Nightcap," a block of sandstone shaped like a cone and placed on top of a hill.

There are two "Devil's Punchbowls." One is at Hindhead, in Surrey, and the other in Somerset. In the same county is the "Devil's Den," an ancient burying ground.

Ireland boasts many such names. One of the most interesting is "The Devil's Bit." It is a gap in the summit of a range of hills and is explained by the legend that Satan, in a fit of anger, bit a lump out of the hill and then spat it out again. The piece can be seen some miles away in the Rock of Cashel.

Angel was a very popular name for city lanes and courts in olden times, the name being taken from the sign of some prominent shop or tavern in the thoroughfare.

The signs have gone, and sometimes the shops, but the name survives. At one time there were forty Angel lanes, courts, and so on in the City of London.

Driving Ships With Camphor?

Will ships of the future be camphor-driven? It was demonstrated recently that this substance will drive objects through water.

A piece of zinc foil was cut out in the shape of a boat, at the stern of which was placed a small lump of camphor. The vessel was then placed in a dish of water, where it proceeded to sail round in circles. Had the dish been big enough, this unique ship would have sailed on for thousands of miles.

The secret of the new motive power is that the camphor gradually dissolves, thus reducing the resistance of the water at the back of the boat.

In the case of the experiment described, this caused a disturbance and forced the vessel onwards. Only a minute portion of the camphor dissolved, and a piece as big as a pin's head would drive a toy boat many miles.

Much ground has to be covered before camphor can be used commercially as a driving force, but if scientists achieve the success they expect, ships will cost little to run, and all fear of a breakdown will be banished for the simple reason that there will be nothing to go wrong in a camphor-driven vessel.

Local and Personal

Setting hens wanted. Review office.

Mr. Gavin M. Wallbridge will insure your automobile.

Mr. Nugent motored to Belleville on Saturday last.

Miss Grace Burnside spent the past week in Toronto.

Mr. Cook is spending a few days at his home in Gananoque.

M[illegible] [illegible] Harris spent a few days [illegible] week in Oshawa.

Mr. G. Moorcroft spent a few days in Queensboro last week.

Mrs. Rousehorn and Miss Muriel spent a few days last week in Tweed.

Mr. Gladstone Bassett left on Monday to accept a position in Oshawa.

Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] and son spent a few days in Stirling last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Marcellus and daughter motored to Toronto last week.

Mrs. J. H. Davies, of Goderich, is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Watson.

Mrs. Morton, of Campbellford, is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. John Hailstone.

Mrs. Thompson of Gananoque is spending a few days with her son, Mr. H. Thompson.

Mrs. Chas. Robinson and Miss Vickie Robinson spent a few days in Belleville last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Irwin, of Peterboro, spent the holidays in town with relatives.

Mr. Chas Macdonald, of Brockville, has been renewing acquaintances in town.

Mr. J. Ketcheson of Belleville was in Madoc attending the funeral of Mr. Dan Ketcheson.

Miss Margaret Keene has accepted a position as night operator of the Bell Telephone staff here.

Mr. Kenneth and Miss Marion Tufts spent a few days in Belleville with their brother, Mr. M. Tufts.

Miss Alice Wood left on Tuesday to spend several months in Vancouver with her niece, Mrs. J. E. Snow.

Mrs. P.H. Nayler has returned to her home after spending a few days with her father in Campbellford.

Mrs. A. McGregor and son Gordon of Napanee spent Easter holidays with her mother Mrs. Jas. Whytock Sr.

Miss Marjory Miller, of Belleville has been the guest of her grandmother, Mrs. Bruce Miller for the holidays.

Miss Emily Ballard of the Toronto teaching staff has returned to resume her duties after spending the Easter vacation at her home.

Many women and young women will be glad to know that Cross & Co. of Madoc are successful this week in getting another shipment of their much sought after Ladies' Suits and Coats. These splendid and low priced garments will be ready for inspection Wednesday, April 11th.

Automobile Insurance

of all kinds. Gavin M. Wallbridge

ST. PETER'S PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

The monthly musical service which was postponed owing to the illness of the organist, was held on Sunday evening last and was attended by a large congregation.

Rev. S. G. McCormack gave a very fitting and interesting address on "Sing unto the Lord a New Song".

Mr. Hocking, the organist, gave two organ numbers, "Chant of the Monks" and "Romance", by Josef Hoffman.

Mr. Wm. Scrutton contributed two finely rendered violin solos in which the great tone of the violin was heard to advantage,—"Tales of a Flower Garden" and "Evening Song" (Schumann).

Miss Lighterness sang "It is well with my soul", and the choir gave a rendering as a special vesper hymn, "Now the day is over" (Barnby).

CARD OF THANKS

The family wish to thank their friends and neighbors for their many acts of kindness and sympathy during the sickness and death of their mother Mrs. William Keller.

Letters to the Editor

To the Editor of the North Hastings Review.

Dear Sir:

My attention has been drawn to a letter which appeared in the North Hastings Review dated March 21st signed B. D. Kelly Hastings Co. which letter you claim was copied from the Farmers' Sun and sent to the Review by one of your readers for publication. It is not my intention to enter into a controversy through the paper especially a paper that is so prejudiced against the Conservative party and myself as the North Hastings Review.

I propose to adopt another plan of dealing with this matter and I invite the gentleman who wrote the letter and signs his name as B. D. Kelly to meet me on the platform at a public meeting such meeting to be held in the Masonic Hall Madoc at as early a date as possible to discuss the contents of his letter and let the public be the judges as to the truth or falsity of his letter.

I will take the liberty of naming a committee to arrange the date for such a meeting composed of the writer of the letter B. D. Kelly (whom I do not know), the gentleman who sent the letter to the Review for publication whom the Review describes as one of our readers and A. H. Watson, Editor of the Review.

Another object I have in view in holding this meeting is that the Public may have an opportunity to judge of the policy and eagerness of the Review to publish any letter no matter how false it may be so long as it has for its object the weakening of the Conservative Party or their Representative.

I will pay all expenses incurred in connection with the meeting including rent of hall, transportation expenses etc.

T. H. Thompson,
Member for East Hastings.

In the Review issue of March 21, there appeared an article by B. D. Kelly taking exception to T.H. Thompson's (member for East Hastings) course at Ottawa.

In this issue of the Review appears a letter from Mr. Thompson in which he strives to make an attack against the Review and myself and to range up on his side the whole conservative party of East Hastings. I am sorry that Mr. Thompson should take this method of replying to Mr. Kelly. Every elector has a perfect right to either approve or condemn the course of every member of parliament. It is his birthright secured through the sacrifice of life and property during past generations and it would only have been courtesy to reply to Mr. Kelly through whatever medium is easily accessible to Mr. Kelly. We didn't know that it was a political crime to criticise the actions of a member of parliament. Parents criticise their children when they cannot approve of their conduct. Teachers even punish their pupils when they do wrong or fail to live up to expectations. Churches and social organizations sometimes discipline their members when they are unruly. By what right then does Mr. Thompson claim freedom from criticism.

When in the office he condemned me for allowing Mr. Kelly's article to appear in the columns of the Review. The columns of the Review have been open ever since I took possession of the paper for articles of every kind, social, economic and political affecting the welfare of our readers.

Mr. Kells, Reeve of Madoc Township brought us a report of a speech delivered by Mr. Robert Cook, member of the Provincial Legislature, asking us to publish it which we did with pleasure and there was no fault found with it although it was strongly condemnatory of the course pursued by the Provincial Government.

Although many of our weekly exchanges contain virulent editorials against both the Liberal Government at Ottawa and U.F.O. Government at Toronto, yet there has never appeared in the editorial columns of the Review one article for or against any political party. The terms Conservative, Liberals, U.F.O. and Progressive are meaningless to us. Today these terms convey no definite and specific meaning. They are simply shibboleths by which political groups are known.

What we would like to see is some legislation dealing with the present economic conditions not only in Canada but in the village of Madoc and in East Hastings.

Nearly every agricultural worker who comes into the Review office is complaining bitterly of the poor rewards for his capital invested an his labor. No man can drive in any direction from Madoc through the rural sections with his eyes open to the conditions around him without being deeply impressed with the unsatisfactory condition of agriculture throughout this country nor can he drive through the streets of Madoc without being at once convinced that business is not as we could wish it. With all our opportunities for making a comfortable and independent home in Canada, yet people are crossing in tthousands into the United States where opportunities of making an independent livelihood, could not, if our basic industry, agriculture, had just legislation, be as favourable there as here.

We would suggest that Mr. Thompson answer Mr. Kelly's letter through the columns of some newspaper whose course he approves of.

A. H. W

OBITUARY

John Frederick Lough

John Frederick Lough, beloved husband of Edith Bell Nickle and only son of Mr. and Mrs. David Lough of Malone, died at his home on March 26th, after a very short illness. He leaves besides his wife father and mother, an only sister Mrs. Albert Empey, to mourn his loss.

Knowing his loving and unselfish character, our hearts grieve for those dear ones he has left behind. He was always so thoughtful and considerate of the feelings and views of others. The end, though sudden found our dear one not unprepared His removal has cast a gloom over the entire community.

He was a member of the R.B.P. No 114, Madoc, and of Nickle L.O.L No 285. The service was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Whyte at Fox's church, Eldorado, under the auspices of L.O.L. No. 285. The floral tributes which showed the esteem in which the deceased was held, included "Gates Ajar" from his wife, the "Vacant Chair" from his parents a wreath from his sister and brother in law, an anchor from his wife's family, a cross from Mrs. E. Bateman and Florence, a spray from Mr and Mrs. Henry Lough and Lela, a pillow fom each. R. B. P. No. 114, Madoc, L. O. L. No. 285, and his shopmates in the Pendrith Mfg. Co., Toronto; wreaths from the following—Mr. and Mrs. Jas. A. Nickle, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gawley, Mr. and Mrs. Herb Lough, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Lough.

—Contributed

Mrs. Mary Keller

There passed away at her home near Actinolite on March 29th, at the age of 89 year, Mary Frances Lackie, widow of the late William H. Keller. She was born in Ireland in 1834 and came to this country in 1841 with her parents, Walter and Ellen Lackie. She was married in 1865, and of this union there were nine children, three of whom Walter, Leonard and Edward, predeceased her. There are left to mourn her loss two sons and four daughters—Wm. H. Keller of Actinolite, Charles of Picton, Mrs. Wm Sexsmith of Madoc, Mrs. Geo. Clapp and Mrs. Levi Keller of Niagara Falls, Ont., Mrs. Wm. Cleveland of Montesano, B.C.; also one brother, Wm. Lackie of Saginaw Mich., and two sisters, Mrs. W. J Nixon of Rhinelander, Wis., and Mrs. R. J. Broad of Hazzard's.

The deceased was a former resident of Madoc, where she made many warm friends who will regret to hear of her passing away.

—Contributed

Coming Events

A high class entertainment, under the auspices of St. Peter's Y. P. S. will be given in the Empire Theatre Madoc, Thursday evening, April 19. Miss Jean McIntosh of Belleville Elocutionist with Mr. Wigglesworth as Accompanist and Soloist, will be the principal attractions. Admission 50c. Children 25c. Procure your tickets and Reserve seats at C. I. Ross' Store.

The postponed meeting of the Women's Institute will be held in Public Library Rooms, Friday April 13th. Mr. Atkin, Agricultural Representative, will address the meeting.

Mr. Atkin of the Agricultural Department will take part in the meeting to be held in the Town Hall, Thursday evening for the purpose of organizing a Horticultural Society.

GRAND BALL will be held in the Madoc Armouries, on Friday evening April 20th. Music by Ben Hokea's Quintette, of Toronto Dancing 9.00 p.m. Admission $2.00 per couple. Extra ladies 50c.

The Jean McIntosh Recital

Opinions of some of our contemporaries of Miss McIntosh and Mr. Wigglesworth who will make their first professional appearance in the Empire Theatre, Thursday evening April 19:

Miss McIntosh caught the fancy of the audience in her first number. "My Dan", a Western Drama Poem—given with musical accompaniment, and was enthusiastically encored, to which she responded with a clever impersonation of Harry Lauder in his popular song "Stop Your Tickling Jock." In this, as in several succeeding numbers, notably "Blow Me Eyes" representing the peculiar but characteristic speech of the English sailor and in "De Leetle French Beeby" where the French mother is cooing to her little infant which is nestling in her arms. Miss McIntosh possesses a fine voice and a strong and attractive personality and with her clever enunciation and splendid power of mimicry and impersonation, she has no difficulty whatever in winning and holding the attention of the audience.

Her ability as an entertainer made a strong impression upon all who heard her and the prediction was freely made that it would not be long before she would rank with the ablest in her chosen profession.

Mr. Wigglesworth was the accompanist of the evening and in this role he is a finished artist. In the course of the evening, besides the numbers already referred where he appeared with others, he contributed Mendelssohn's Andank and Ronda two Pianoforte Solos, the first Capriccioso and the second Paderwshi "Minnet in G." In these he showed his mastery over the piano. He also appeared in a lighter vein in the song. "When Paderewski Plays" which the audience greatly enjoyed.

Alexander Ray, Eye Sight Specialist of Belleville will be at St. Lawrence Hall, Madoc, Tuesday Evening April 24th 7 to 9, and next day Wednesday April 25th from 8 o'clock in the morning to 2 in afternoon.

ELDORADO

Miss May Richardson of Marmora is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Shaw.

Messrs. Robt. and Ross Doughty of Anson are spending their holidays here.

Mr. Arthur Whyte of Belleville high school is spending his holidays with his parents Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Whyte.

The funeral of the late Fred Lough of Malone was largely attended and was conducted by Rev. J. M. Whyte of Eldorado, on March 28th, in the United Church of Eldorado. Interment took place in Fox's cemetery. Much sympathy is extended to those pereaved.

Mr. and Mrs. J.W. Holmes and boys of Anson have returned home after spending the week end with relatives in Eldorado.

Miss Grace Wilson is spending her vacation with her parents here.

Messrs. Herb and Archie White have returned to their work at Oshawa, after spending Easter with their parents, Mrs. Geo. White.

Prayer meeting at Mr. H. Shaw's on Wednesday evening last was not very well attended owing to the condition of the roads.

Mrs. Thompson of Springbrook has returned home after spending a few weeks visiting her daughter, Mrs. E. A. Fitchett.

A Desperate Ruse.

"Well, did you collect that bill from the Scatterbys?"

"No, sir," said the new collector. "I saw a piece of crape on their door and I didn't want to intrude on their grief."

"You go right back there and get the money. Those people hang a piece of crape on their door on the first of every month."

An Era of Publicity.

"You don't mind having the name of your automobile painted in boxcar letters on the cover?"

"No," said the motorist, "although it's true that I'm a rolling advertisement for the manufacturer who made it, but I have to draw the line somewhere. If my tailor ever asks me to wear his label where all who run may read, I'm going to refuse."

A Natural Choice.

The motor car had skidded on the wet road and upset. An Irishman came up and said to a friend in the crowd, "What's the excitement, Pat?"

"Shure, it's an automobile that's turned turtle."

"Turned turtle, is it?" said the newcomer. "Bedad, that must be the rayson it chose a mud puddle."

A Bone of Contention

It Came Between a Pair of Lovers.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It stretched across the salt marsh and connected two villages. Harborhead folk called it "the red bridge," while Portside people grimly referred to it as "the white bridge." As a matter of fact, it had never been painted at all, and now, after two years' exposure to wind and weather, the new wood had taken on soft gray tints that blended with the silver tide that ebbed and flowed between the piles.

Although Harborhead and Portside were connected by the new bridge and the vehicles of both villages rumbled to and fro over the planks, the inhabitants were widely separated by a growing bitterness.

Parson Lane of Portside had pounded the pulpit vigorously over the matter. "Pots of paint! Pots of paint!" he exclaimed one memorable Sunday. "Have my people drowned their souls in pots of paint? The good Lord made it possible for these villages to be united by a beautiful bridge, and you wrangle over the painting of it as if the color mattered. Brethren, see that your souls are as white as you would have the bridge painted. Let not the red smirch of anger sully its purity!"

After that sermon the bitterness was intensified. The Harborhead people who weekly crossed the bridge to attend Parson Lane's church fluttered homeward to spread the good man's words far and wide, with most unhappy results.

Noah Wade and Almira Turner were to be married in June. Three times a week Noah crossed the bridge to Harborhead to see his sweetheart. They had never discussed the bridge matter, because they had been too happy to talk about anything except their own wonderful affairs.

The Tuesday after Parson Lane's sermon Almira waited at the front gate for Noah. She could see him stepping quickly across the bridge, tall, erect, with his head poised high. All the Wades were proud. The girl's blue eyes did not soften at her lover's approach. A new expression came into them.

"Waiting for me?" smiled Noah, taking the hat from his brown hair and covering Almira's little hand with his own sunburned fingers.

She drew her hand quietly from beneath his touch. "Yes," she said gravely. "Come with me, Noah. I have something to say to you. Let us go to the orchard."

"What is the matter? Are you in trouble? Has anything happened?" demanded Noah anxiously, falling into step beside her.

Almira shook her head. In silence they went across the grass to the orchard and paused in the shade of the gnarled old apple trees.

"What is the matter, Almira?" repeated Noah at last.

"I can't marry you, Noah," replied Almira quietly.

"Why not?" Noah spoke gruffly. He was angry at Almira's strange manner, at the coldness in her voice and her sudden aloofness.

She looked at the distant sails with steadfast eyes. "Father says I shan't marry any one from over 'the white bridge,' and I don't know that I want to."

"Personally I don't care a rap what color the bridge is," retorted Noah. "I've crossed it for two years to see you, Almira, and now at this late day you suddenly drop me and say it's because I live over the bridge—a flimsy excuse. Why don't you say outright that you don't care for me and never did?" His face was growing whiter, and the hand pressed against the tree trunk was clinched until the knuckles were livid.

Suddenly Noah swung away from the tree and without one backward glance tramped across the grass, leaped the fence into a winding lane and disappeared along the shore road.

After that it became known that Almira's wedding garments were carefully laid away out of sight and Noah Wade no longer crossed the bridge three times a week.

Then followed a summer unprecedented for its lack of rain. Weeks followed days, and months followed weeks, while the sun poured relentlessly down on the sister towns and turned the vegetation to crisp brownness. Only the salt grass that was wet by the tides remained green. Crops died in the baked earth.

September came, fiercely hot. One breathless evening Almira Turner walked listlessly along the bridge. It was said that whatever breeze there might be would be felt on the long wooden structure that united the two villages, yet in its way formed a barrier between many hearts.

Others were walking on the bridge, but it was noticeable that Portside folks walked only as far as the middle of the bridge and then retraced their steps. Harborhead people did the same thing at their end, so there was no passing over the bridge save by those who had business to attend to. Where friendly relations were established between families in the warring villages it was considered most amicable to take the long road around the shore and avoid the unhappy bridge.

Almira was thinking bitterly of what her father had said when she announced that her engagement to Noah Wade had been broken. He had stared incredulously at her.

"Why, Miry, honey, I was only joking! Now, you go along and make it up with Noah this minute. There'll be bridges standing long after we poor mortals are through trying to be happy in this world."

But Almira could not make it up with Noah Wade. He did not give her a chance. He went away from Portside and found work elsewhere, and she had not seen him through the long summer. Now she was thinking of him and of her foolish excuse for giving him up.

A loud rumble of thunder sent the pedestrians on the bridge scurrying home, but Almira lingered, watching the lightning leap from cloud to cloud in that ominous black mountain in the northwest, listening to the crackle and volley of thunder, harking to the sibilant hiss of the high tide among the bridge timbers.

Just as she turned her steps homeward there came a blinding crash that seemed to enwrap the whole village of Harborhead in yellow light; then all sound ceased for an instant, and out of the murky darkness there sprang a bright flame and another and another. The lightning had struck in Harborhead.

Almira hurried toward home as the wild clamor of the church bells rang out. If the Portside people refused to bring out their fire apparatus to the rescue of Harborhead the closely populated little village was doomed. It was known that Portsiders were very bitter against the people over the bridge.

Just as she reached the gate there came another sound, mingled with the roar of thunder, the clash of bells and the shouts of men. It was the high, sweet clang of the Portside fire bell, and it was followed by the rumble of the little engine across the bridge. It dashed past Almira's gate, dragged by a score of strong, willing hands. The hook and ladder truck came in its wake, and there, sitting high on the seat, steering the truck, was Noah Wade, his face tense and set in the glare of the fire.

The devastating storm died away while the valiant men fought the flames that licked greedily at the frame store buildings and threatened many a nearby home with destruction. Portside men and men of Harborhead worked side by side, and differences were forgotten in the single aim that prompted all.

Many times that night Almira's heart failed within her as she watched Noah risk his life within the flaming buildings. Once he brought out a little child from the tenements over the stores, and the tenderness with which he bore the child and placed it in its mother's arms brought tears to the girl's sad eyes.

And then came the moment when their eyes met across the flames. The sudden leap of recognition in Noah's glance was answered by Almira's appealing eyes, and then the smoke hung between them once more.

The weeks that followed after the fire were not soon forgotten. Differences were patched up and mended so that they would not again break. Portside and Harborhead people mingled together as they had before the days of the bridge trouble. There were church festivals and entertainments that were enjoyed by everybody, and over all was the feeling of satisfaction that the bridge trouble was at an end.

The Harborhead people had gratefully announced their willingness that the bridge should be painted white in view of the prompt and neighborly services of the Portside firemen. Portside people agreed to abide by a choice by vote.

When the vote was counted it was found that all Harborhead had voted for a white painted bridge, while Portside had courteously voted for red, and the vote was tied.

Then the question was solved by a suggestion to paint the bridge green, and it was done, and so peace reigned at last, and there was much passing to and fro.

At last Noah came over to Harborhead and stopped at Almira's gate. Mrs. Turner greeted him pleasantly.

"Almira went over the bridge awhile ago, Noah. If you walk back you may meet her," she said.

Noah walked back slowly, watching for Almira's slender form and dreading to see it beside that of some other admirer. At last she came, stepping quickly, with now and then a glance at the rising full moon.

Halfway across she met Noah, and they both stopped. Noah guided her gently to the railing where they could look along the bright moonlit path that wrinkled the water.

"I've been to see you, Almira. Your mother said I might meet you," he said wistfully.

"I—went to Portside to mail a letter—to you, Noah. I thought you might get it sooner—tonight—and perhaps you would come. I wanted to tell you how foolish I've been"—

Noah stopped her words with a swift caress. "And I was on the way to tell you what a fool I've been, but we've met halfway, after all."

When the wedding day came round both sides thought it would be a suitable occasion on which to celebrate the return of peace, and nothing would do but that the bridal procession should pass over the bridge.

The suggestion was acted on, and a procession of about all the folks in Harborhead and all the folks in Portside followed the bride and groom or strewed flowers before them, a fitting ending to the troubles that had so long separated the two towns.

Some Characters Who Will Now Agitate Westminster.

If ever a British Parliament represented a full cross-section of the body politic the one which has been returned to Westminster bears that stamp. There is blue blood and red, and some blue mixed with the red. There is the tailor and the candlestick maker, the manufacturer and the brewer, the disciple of Syndicalism and the schoolmaster, pacifist and revolutionist.

The Labor opposition has a membership of more than 140, and included in that number is everything from Ned Scrymgeour, the Billy Sunday of Dundee, with his Prohibition slant, to Dr. Sidney Webb, one of the ablest Socialists in the country. Labor's firing line comprises some very big men.

There is Ramsay Macdonald, Philip Snowden, Patrick Hastings, K.C., the brilliant barrister! Noel Buxton, Charles R. Buxton, Arthur Ponsonby, E. D. Morel, H. B. Lees-Smith and Dr. Salter, none of them in the late Parliament, though some, like Ramsay Macdonald and Snowden, have [illegible] at Westminster.

Some of [illegible] critics, while admitting his real Parliamentary gifts, say he is a red Socialist on the continent, a mild Labor man in his constituency and a good and reasonable Liberal in the House of Commons. Macdonald is an authority on foreign affairs, as is Snowden, both being widely traveled and indefatigable students of foreign problems.

This can also be said of E. D. Morel, who was elected from Winston Churchill's constituency in Dundee. Morel was sentenced to six months' imprisonment by Winston Churchill during the war. He was a pacifist then, and the guiding spirit of the Union of Democratic Control.

He long ago exposed the treatment of natives in certain parts of Africa, and it was his voice which was raised first in Britain against the colored troops used by France in the German occupation.

Arthur Ponsonby of the Labor Party, was once a page to Queen Victoria. Now he is one of the ablest men in the background of the Labor contingent in Parliament.

It is expected that the Labor group from Glasgow and the Clyde will probably be the most aggressive. J. Maxtom, the schoolmaster, is one of the outstanding Scottish Labor figures, and possesses the Arts degree of Glasgow University. David Kirkwood and Emanuel Shinwell (a Jewish tailor who is one of the chief officials of a tailor's trades union), are among the Clyde deportees of war days.

Neil McLean, the Syndicalist, who on a famous occasion refused to stand during the rendition of the National Anthem, is also a prominent Laborite from Clyde. Ben Turner, another able and fiery Labor man, once attracted public attention by declaring in a joint capital-labor meeting in London on the day that Princess Patricia was married at nearby Westminster, that whereas it was said the bride possessed seventy nightgowns, there were some labor wives who only had one, and some even less.

G. H. Hardie, brother of the late Keir Hardie, is also in the Labor contingent in Parliament, but has never shown any of the great ability of Keir Hardie.

Leacock as a Schoolmaster.

Stephen Leacock, if you take him feature by feature, is said to resemble Thomas Carlyle. He has, says a writer, "a broad, strong face, with a wide forehead, half-covered by masses of low-growing hair, and a thick moustache over a well-set mouth."

In one respect he resembles the Sage of Chelsea. Long ere he became professor of political science at McGill University, and ere he dreamt of winning fame as a humorist, he was a schoolmaster. He believed in authority, but had no faith in solemnity as a power in education.

He had his own theory of how to teach boys—it consisted of refraining from wrath and applying humor.

To an interviewer he thus unfolded his scholastic secret of success.

"There was a boy in my class who was more devoted to chewing paper and throwing it up to the ceiling than to his lessons.

"One morning I went into the room with a pile of foolscap, which I gave him, saying, 'B——, you need paper; you haven't enough of it to sustain you; now go into the corner and take a good meal.'

"He protested, but the other boys saw the joke. I had public opinion on my side. He went into the corner with the foolscap—and never bothered me again.

"Fathers and mothers, too — you know how tiresome they can make themselves by interfering with the schoolmaster. I remember a man who used to check his son's lessons.

"Once, opening the boy's exercise book, I came across a note, 'How is it that after being with you these months Robert knows no Latin? Under this note I wrote, 'Probably his ignorance is hereditary.'

"Another boy was helped by his relatives; I went over his Latin prose with him, and, pointing to one sentence, said, 'I don't agree with your grandmother's view of the dative,' and to another, 'Your grandmother fails in her declensions.' The treatment was effectual."

Water-Power In Japan.

Japan will construct a large hydro-electric plant on the Shinano river, with a capacity of 84,000 kilowatts, operating a 200-mile line. It is hoped to complete the plant by 1926.

Plants and Ore.

According to an Australian geologist deposits of some kinds of ore are indicated by the plants growing naturally on the surface of the ground above them.

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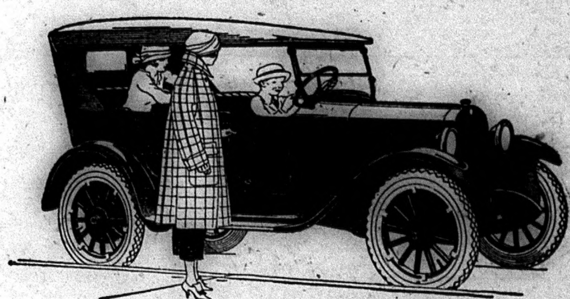

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Handwriting of Monarchs In the British Museum Is Filled With Character

Some years ago a thriving business was done by certain professors of the physiognomy of writing, who for a small fee would delineate the character of a correspondent.

This art appears to have died out. But it remains true that handwriting bears an analogy to the temperament of the writer; and an interesting afternoon may be spent over a collection of autographs, say in the Manuscript Room of the British Museum, comparing the penmanship of celebrated personages, and deducing therefrom their leading characteristics.

If the handwriting of the occupants of the English throne is studied in this way, the student will discover illuminating indications of the tendencies of sovereign lords and ladies.

Henry VIII. wrote a strong hand, but, as an antiquarian of the eighteenth century observed, as if he seldom had a good pen. The vehemence of his character conveys itself into his writing; bold, hard, and commanding, the destroyer of the pope's supremacy in England must have split many a good quill.

Elizabeth, on the other hand, was an elegant penman, and used the upright Italian hand which has recently been revived in many schools under the name of "script." Her teacher in the elegances of the pen was Roger Ascham, tutor also of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey.

The elaboration of Elizabeth's signature suggests ostentation and capacity for intrigue. Contrast it with the caligraphy of her cousin, Mary Stuart. Here we find elegantly formed characters, but uneven lines; and in those letters penned in haste and mental distress the handwriting loses all form and shapeliness, disclosing the impetuousness and instability of the unhappy queen's character.

As one would suppose, James I., that "wisest of fools," wrote a slovenly scrawl, illustrating clearly the sloppiness of his personal habits and mental processes. His eldest son, Prince Henry, was one of the best penmen any royal house has produced. Henry IV. of France, on receiving a letter from him, compared the writing with the signature, unable at first to believe that a prince could excel in an art in which the French monarch himself had but little skill.

Henry's brother, Charles I., also used the Italian handwriting, and was perhaps the best writer who has ever worn the English crown, as, indeed, he was the most artistic in his tastes. The natural restlessness and vivacity of the Merrie Monarch are advertised in his small, running handwriting, that bears the marks of haste to be done with a business that kept him from his pleasures.

The most revealing caligraphy, however, is the fair round hand of Anne, common-place and superficial as the personality of that most vacant of monarchs. Queen Victoria's handwriting, on the other hand, is full of character: small, well-formed, delicate but resolute, the letters are a mirror of the mind of the "Widder at Windsor" who ruled her far-flung Empire for sixty-four long years.

The instrument of all these royal writers was the quill pen, though in her later years Queen Victoria abandoned her prejudice against novelties so far as to use the steel pen. At the present time monarchs, like their subjects, avail themselves of the improvements which human ingenuity has wrought in the pen, and our own King, the Queen Mother, the Prince of Wales, and Princess Mary are firm devotees of the fountain pen. The pen with a reservoir is equally popular with the rulers of Italy, Belgium, Spain, and Roumania.

Those who are fortunate enough to possess autographs of these exalted personages may derive pleasure and instruction from comparing their penmanship, aided by the latest triumph of mechanical invention, with that of their predecessors, who had to depend upon what the poet called "Nature's noblest gift — the gray goose quill."

Two Days Before Her Wedding Day

By HARRIET DRUNKHURST

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Mark Torrance swung down from the naughty express as it grudgingly stopped to let him off at Merton—Merton was too small for regular stops—a decidedly unimportant little town. It was pretty and friendly, however, and as Mark passed down the platform he was invariably hailed cheerily by a dozen or more acquaintances. And he liked it.

Today, he was oddly impressed by what seemed an undue amount of interest in him. People spoke as usual—was it as natural as usual?—and continued to stare at him.

"I'm imagining it," he told himself, impatiently endeavoring to shake off his embarrassment and appear at ease as he tossed his bag into Merton's only taxicab. "Why shouldn't they take a second look when I'm about to be married to the prettiest girl in town? Their eyes are not glued to me as I feel that they are. I've been imagining things all the way," he thought, angrily.

He was really disturbed over a rather singular obsession that had seized him of late. He found himself unable to visualize his fiancee without another face floating between him and the exquisite face of the girl he was about to marry.

Mabel Ellins generally ranked as the most beautiful girl her beholders had seen. Her features were delicately perfect, her skin milk white, with true carmine cheeks and deep red lips, her hair dusky black, her eyes almond shaped, with dainty arched brows and silken lashes. A truly wonderful face.

Yet another face, softly indeterminate and appealing but with no particular beauty, persistently remained with the prospective bridegroom of the prettiest girl in Merton.

Mark paid the taxicab's owner and again encountered that clinging, curious stare.

"Well?" he asked impatiently. He knew the man well, liked him ordinarily, but just now he felt distinctly antagonistic toward him.

The man fumbled in his pocket for a card.

"New telephone number in case you want me," he said.

"I'll want you at four," said Mark, his resentment vanishing. The man was only looking after business. A bridegroom might be expected to keep a taxicab fairly well occupied. So Mark strode into the hotel with his serenity restored.

"Well, well!"—the hotel proprietor came forward to meet him—"glad to see you! Didn't expect you, though."

Again that curious stare, but Mark was by this time sure that his imagination was working overtime.

"It looked to me as if everyone was expecting me," he said lightly but flushed a little. "Rather natural under the circumstances."

"Oh, sure, sure!" said the hotel man, and had Mark not been somewhat occupied with his own state of mind, he might have observed a certain embarrassment in his host's manner.

"My old room?" he inquired. "I'll telephone first," he added. "I suppose the dining room is closed?"

"Yes, but you always had a pull in the kitchen; they'll fix up something for you."

"Thanks. An omelet or cold meat—anything that is the least trouble," said Mark, revealing the reason for his popularity in the kitchen. Mark never liked to make trouble, and he was liberal in paying for service. But despite his momentary reassurance he felt his host's eyes glued to his back as he entered the telephone booth.

Inserting his nickel in the slot, he realized that his conversation would doubtless be closely followed and carefully reported. Well, no one had ever expected this part of getting married to be anything but annoying, he reflected. It was a relief when Mabel's mother answered the telephone.

"This is Mark," he said. "May I come up about four, Mother Ellins?"

"Why—why, yes, Mark," Mrs. Ellins answered.

"Thank you much," he said cheerily, added an adieu and replaced the receiver upon its hook. "There won't be much of interest about that conversation," he told himself complacently.

His luncheon was served by the always attentive Ellen, mainstay of the little hotel staff. Ellen was always solicitous for his comfort, but today she was almost tearfully maternal in her care of him.

"I didn't know that they wept over the groom," he chuckled to himself. "Maybe Ellen thinks I'm being wasted on my beautiful bride." He watched the heavy figure as the woman left the dining room for fresh waffles—he was eating most delicious fried chicken especially prepared for him—and again smiled to himself. "That's it. Bet she has a dozen maxims about beauty's being only skin deep. But she's a good soul, old Ellen."

Then he thought of that other face, creamy-white, pink-cheeked, blue-eyed, and the masses of fair hair owned by little Mildred Blaine before, with an effort, he brought his memory back to Mabel's exquisite beauty.

"One would think I had made love to the girl," he thought impatiently. "And I've never so much as walked home with her."

Once again seated in the taxicab, Mark found himself oddly desirous of punching Jim Mallon's head as he sat hunched low in the seat in front of him. That wasn't the way to look at a prospective bridegroom, Ellen, now—but that was different. She naturally would distrust so superlatively pretty a girl as Mabel. But Jim Mallon—But it wasn't envy, and it wasn't the to-be-expected chaff. It was sympathy—and curiosity.

A faint apprehension seized Mark. Could anything be wrong? Why, come to think of it, not once had he been slapped upon the back, offered a cigar or been jocularly commanded to treat. This wasn't Merton etiquette for bridegrooms. Something was wrong!

"Shall I wait?" asked Jim Mallon, as Mark stepped upon the walk in front of the Ellins place.

"Yes," said Mark, shortly, and went swiftly up the steps. One look at Mrs. Ellins' face confirmed the tardily aroused fear that misfortune had laid its hands upon the household.

"Oh, my dear boy!" Mrs. Ellins drew him quickly into the library and closed the door. "Did you receive the telegram?"

"No. What is it, Mother Ellins?" he demanded. "Is Mabel—ill? What has happened?"

"No. Mabel isn't ill, nor is she dead. But I could almost wish she were," said Mabel's mother, trembling. "Mabel is married, Mark. Was married last night and sent word this morning. We telegraphed at once. Folks will say her mother brought her up that way."

She sank into a chair, weeping, and Mark stood staring down upon her as one in a stupor.

Mabel married. Mabel—who was to have been his bride tomorrow. So that was it—the reason for curious looks, pity, sympathy, half-uttered and quickly checked remarks.

Mabel married—and not to him! A second shock came quickly. He realized that he was glad.

Then Mrs. Ellins' stifled sobs caught his attention.

"Mother Ellins, don't take it so hard," he pleaded. "It isn't your fault, and Mabel certainly had the right to marry whom she pleased."

"Oh, but the way of it!" cried Mrs. Ellins. "An elopement! And only two days before her wedding day. She is no child of mine."

"Yes, she is," soothed Mark. "Mabel is all right. We love her and are proud of her, and want her happy. Mabel had courage for the two of us"—Mark caught at a graceful way out, and proceeded swimmingly: "I think we both realized that our affections had unaccountably wandered, but it took Mabel to act. Mabel is splendid, Mother Ellins, and you needn't worry about any disgrace. I'll let the whole town know just how things are before I leave."

"Mark, you are doing this for me." Mrs. Ellins smiled through her tears. "How can I give you up?"

"I'll tell you!" cried Mark gayly. "You just save a place for me as your second husband."

So he wrung from her a little peal of laughter before he went. Then he telephoned his congratulatory telegram to Mabel, and in other ways made public his cordial approval of her marriage.

And on the train going home he dreamed contentedly of Mildred Blaine's blue eyes shining under masses of fair hair.

ISLAND FIGURES IN LEGEND

Submerged Spot Off British Coast Believed to Lie Under the Spell of Great Magician.

It is reported that Easter Island has disappeared owing to the recent earthquakes in Chile. It was once supposed that there was a submerged island off Point Soderick, in the Isle of Man, and that it appeared for 30 minutes once every seven years. It was magic that made it come and go. The powerful and revengeful magician, Great Fin MacCooll, offended at something the Manx people did to him, caused their favorite little islet of the south to "go under." At the same time he transformed all its inhabitants into blocks of stone.

Once in seven years the Manx people were given a chance of getting their little island back. It came up to the surface for half an hour and it was believed that anyone who could be quick enough to place a Bible on its enchanted shores could keep it from going down again. Once a young girl nearly succeeded in doing this, but it is stated that after her failure she fell into a sudden decline, and was followed to the grave by her broken-hearted lover.

Snowfall Statistics.

The greatest snowfall known in the United States occurs in the Sierra Nevada and Cascade mountain ranges in the Pacific Coast states, where at some places from 30 to 40 feet of snow fall during the winter season. At Summit, California, (elevation about 7,000 feet), nearly 60 feet of snow have been recorded in a single season, and about 25 feet in a single month.

In the Rocky mountains snowfall is not so heavy as in the Sierra Nevada and Cascades, but the amounts at some of the higher elevations reach 200 or 300 inches annually.

Stocked Up.

Beggar—Will you please, sir, give me a dime for my sick wife?

Citizen—Well, I'm sorry she's sick, but I'm afraid we can't do business, as I have one wife already.

PROBABLY SAVED MANY LIVES

Lighthouse Keeper Proved Man of Resource and Courage in Time of Emergency.

The Indians called the island Natiscotan—the country of wailing, and under the modern corruption of Anticosti it has added to its terrible renown. Its whole history, from the day it was discovered by Jacques Cartier in 1534, to the present, is a record of human suffering.

In August, 1869, the family of Edward Pope, keeper of the Ellis Bay lighthouse, was stricken down by typhoid fever, and to add to his misfortunes the revolving apparatus of his light broke. The government steamer had gone, and Pope had no means of communicating with the marine department at Quebec or elsewhere.

The light revolved or flashed, as the technical phrase is, every minute and a half; and if it flashed no more it would probably be mistaken by passing vessels in that region of fog for the stationary light at the west point of the island, and thus lead to dire loss of life. Pope found that with a little exertion he could turn it and make it flash, and at once determined to fill the place of the automatic gear. Accordingly, this humble hero sat in the turret, with his watch by his side, turning the light regularly at the allotted time every night, from 7 p. m., until 7 a. m., from the middle of August until the first of December and from the first of April until the end of June when the government steamer came to his relief with a new apparatus.

All through the first season, Pope's daughter and grandchildren were ill unto death, with nobody save him to nurse them. He waited on them tenderly through the day, but as night fell on the iron-bound coast he hastened to his vigil in the turret, doing his duty to the Canadian government and to humanity with unflinching devotion.

In the second season his daughter, who had lived through the fever, took turns with him in the light room. This man may have saved a thousand lives. He died in 1872, and his deed well deserves to be chronicled, for of the heroes of Anticosti, as of the long roll of her victims, the world knows nothing.—Montreal Family Herald.

Where the Sparrow Justified Himself.

News dispatches inform us that the English sparrow "invaded Alaska this spring for the first time." Arriving in America about 1850, it "has been gradually working westward ever since," driving out most other small birds as it goes. It has already spread over nearly the whole of Europe, and in spite of everything seems likely to make a place for itself all the way round the world.

Because of its fecundity, its inability to live peaceably with other birds, and the depredations it has been accused of making on brick chimneys and buildings, some people—even bird lovers—have greatly deplored its coming to this country.

But it can be a useful bird, as it proved to South Carolina farmers in 1917, writes a correspondent of Pennsylvania Grit. In the spring of that year the army worms started an invasion of our fields, devouring everything as they went. The farmers were in despair, when they saw how bare the worms were leaving the earth. Then the English sparrows swarming in the fields in greater and greater numbers daily, began to devour the worms with a voracity truly gratifying. The number of worms which one sparrow would devour in a day was incredible, a farmer told me. And the poisonous mixture, with which the worms were finally exterminated, before they had injured the crops irreparably, had no ill effects on the sparrows. They ate worms so long as there were any, dead or alive, to be found.

No Flies in Alaska.

Everybody knows that mosquitoes are a frightful pest in Alaska; but it is news to learn that houseflies do not exist there.

This interesting fact was definitely ascertained by Dr. J. M. Aldrich of the United States National museum, in the course of a recent expedition which he made for the purpose of studying Alaskan insects.

He found two entirely new species of mosquitoes. Horse flies were abundant everywhere. But there were no houseflies. In vain did he explore grocery stores, restaurants, canneries, garbage dumps and other likely places for them.

The fact is that the housefly is by origin a tropical insect. It cannot endure cold weather. In temperate latitudes a few houseflies manage to live over the winter in heated houses—enough of them, that is to say, to start a fresh crop in the following spring.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mails for the Far North.

Post office regulations, stamps and a new imprint bearing the name "Aklavick" are now on their way to the Arctic circle, where the Dominion government soon will open the most northerly post office in Canada. Aklavick is a trading post on the delta at the mouth of the Mackenzie river. Two mails will leave the new post office by steamer during the season of open water, and one mail by dog team during the winter, the latter being the longest and most lonely postal route on the continent.

Now Many Postmistresses.

Washington has recently officially sanctioned the title of postmistress. The number of women serving in this capacity is increasing rapidly in the United States.

EATERS OF WOOD

Odd Dietetic Habit That Is by No Means Rare.

On North Coast of Siberia the Natives Prefer It to Other More Natural Foods.

In several places on the north coast of Siberia the natives eat wood, not because they must, but because they like it, says the Lancet (London). Wood is generally eaten even when fish is plentiful, their favorite dish being prepared by scraping off thin layers immediately under the bark of larch logs, chopping them fine and boiling them up with snow.

It generally turns out that dietetic habits which at first sight seem curious have a rational basis. The virtues of cod-liver oil no longer rest on empirical experience and a vague idea that its efficacy was proportional to its nastiness; the reputation of fresh vegetables was gained in the days before the Dutch taught us to grow turnips, and hardy cabbages, and when something like scurvy was an annual experience of the early spring.

It is interesting to guess the reason for wood eating. The cellulose which forms so large a part of a herbivorous diet is now recognized as being a subsidiary source of energy through the fatty acids produced in the stomach and bowels by cellulose-splitting bacteria. But the modified forms of cellulose which form the mass of tree trunks are hardly attacked by the bacteria of the alimentary canal. It is possible that the Siberians have by practice and habit so altered their intestinal flora that they can deal with lignin with advantage, but this seems a troublesome way of getting energy when fish and milk are available, and it appears hardly likely that the explanation of wood-eating lies along these lines.

But if the habit suggests at the moment no rationale, it is curious to note that it falls in line with the tastes of some other animals. The fondness of rabbits for bark and the immediate subjacent tissues is well known. It is, perhaps, worth noting, too, that these same invaluable experimental animals are peculiarly fond of hard, woody leaves—as, for example, holly, gorse or hawthorne, and sometimes seem actually to prefer them to cabbage or milk thistle. Ponies also are apt to be possessed of a devil or some curious appetite, and will set to work on big forest trees and kill them by cleaning off the bark and conducting tissues down to the hard wood. These and other examples of similar tastes suggest that there is something particularly good in the outer layers of trees, and it is natural to think that it probably resides in the young conducting tissues rather than in the outer bark. Of its precise nature it is idle to speculate.

Orchestras in the Steerage.

"Times have changed," said Antonio, as he twirled his partner to the rhythm of music. "When I come over five years ago I no can wait till ship land. Now—music twice each day—this good ship!"

Anyone with a discerning eye would see that times have changed in the third class section, remarks the New York Sun. Instead of the old listless, half-frightened attitude of those who knock at our gates, there is gayety and spontaneous fun in the steerage now. Improvements in accommodation and deck sports on the big liners account to some extent for the change. But the greatest of these changes is music. This innovation is a potent factor for friendship, common interest and happiness.

Youngsters from villages in Czechoslovakia, dark-eyed bambinos from Clelly; chattering, bright, quick little citizens of France—all of them listen to the music with a kinship of spirit. And when the orchestra turns from "pieces" and the decks are enlivened by dance music, their elders show their appreciation and enjoyment.

Fasting to Cure Fits.

Epilepsy may be cured by fasting, Dr. Hugh Conklin told the 26th annual convention of the American Osteopathic association. Epilepsy, according to Dr. Conklin, is caused by the improper functioning of certain glands in the bowels. By fasting for 22 days, taking only water, a cure may be effected, he said.

"Many people," said Dr. Conklin, "fast 30 days and are never afflicted by fits again. The longest fast which any patient ever took under my direction lasted 60 days. Out of 37 tests in which children were used as patients only two still are affected by the disease. The children all were under the age of eleven years, but we effect cures in older patients in from 50 to 60 per cent of the cases we undertake."

"Caution."

The psychology of New York state's highway warning signs is interesting. Instead of saying "danger," "sharp curve ahead," "bridge," etc., these signs simply read "Caution." This isn't a very exciting warning, either on paper or on the signpost, but it excites the curiosity. The driver doesn't know whether he is coming to a washout or a steam roller. And because he doesn't know he is interested. Being interested he is in doubt. The road may develop nothing in particular; yet, on the other hand, he may get fooled if he tries to defy the warning. Consequently he treads lightly—upon the accelerator. He obeys the sign without meaning to.

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IN ten years the Ford Car has passed the street car, the horse and buggy and the locomotive as a means of transportation.

The Ford has given the public transportation which combines all the advantages which other methods offer with none of their disadvantages.

It is giving the railroads real competition in fast cross-country transportation.

It has ousted the street car in ready convenience and low mileage costs.

It has pushed the horse and buggy completely into the discard in low-first cost and low maintenance costs.

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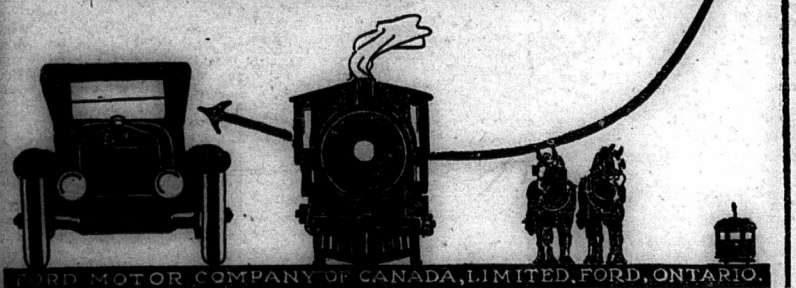

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, FORD, ONTARIO.

MUCH WAR MATERIAL

OVER $1,000,000,000 WORTH WAS MADE IN CANADA.

Totals of Shells and Planes Were a Tribute to the Brains, Enterprise and Industry of the Business Men of Our Dominion — Interesting Facts and Figures.

Organization is the watchword in business to-day and without it no enterprise of any magnitude, or even minor importance, can truly succeed. Canadians are developing it strongly all along the line, with results that are happily demonstrated in the speedy and splendid "come-back" this country has made from the business demoralization which was an inevitable outcome of the war. Good has come out of evil to the extent that it was the war which stimulated business genius to set examples which cannot have other than a lasting benefit.

The most gigantic scheme of organization in the history of this Dominion was handled with pronounced success by Sir Joseph Flavelle, as chairman of the Imperial Munitions Board. His efforts were rewarded by the crown while they were in progress, when he was created a baronet by King George, in 1917. It was these efforts which contributed most to the prosperity of Canada during the latter years of the war. Munitions contracts set the wheels of the factories running, inspired public confidence and enabled the country to subscribe hundreds of millions to war loans and provide credits for British purchases in the Dominion.

To many persons it is well known that at first the War Office was reluctant to place contracts with Canadian factories, and even many Canadian manufacturers doubted about taking such contracts if the work became obtainable, but how well the Canadians rose to the occasion is demonstrated in the following impressive figures, which were provided to the writer by one in an undoubted position to vouch for their accuracy.

The first shell contracts were placed by the Canadian Shell Committee, but this organization was succeeded by an Imperial Munitions Board under the direction of Sir Joseph Flavelle. Through this board there was shipped to the British Government 65,340,000 shells, 454,000,000 cartridge cases, immense quantities of primers, friction tubes, fuses, copper bands and forgings of various types, 41,000,000 pounds of high explosives, 50,000,000 pounds of powder, 8,000,000 pounds of acetone, 10,000,000 pounds of acetic acid, 2,250,000 pounds of acetate of lime, 35,400,000 pounds of zinc, 18,500,000 pounds of calcium carbide, 2,000,000 pounds of nickel, 8,200,000 pounds of ferro silicon, 23,800,000 feet of airplane spruce, 36,999,999 feet of spruce deals and Douglas firs, 11,800,000 pounds of pulp board, 626,000,000 pounds of leather, 300,000 feet of leather belt, 4,000,000 pounds of asbestos, flax-pulling machines exceeding $1,000,000 in value, over a thousand typewriters, railway wagons to the value of $7,000,000, forty locomotives and forty-six wooden and forty-four steel vessels aggregating 350,000 tons, and costing $70,000,000.

The board also produced 3,000 airplanes, with spare parts, which cost, with the incidental expenditure on training camps of the Royal Air Force, over $15,000,000. All these machines were used in Canada except one thousand, which were sold to the United States.

The total value of the orders received exceeded $1,300,000,000 and the actual expenditure was over $1,110,000,000.

A series of national plants was established by the board, one in Montreal for the loading of fuses, upon which over $2,000,000 was expended; one in Trenton, Ont., for the production of T.N.T., which cost $5,000,000; one near Parry Sound, Ont., for the production of cordite, at a cost of $4,000,000; one in Toronto for the production of steel and forgings, upon which $3,000,000 was expended; another in Toronto for the production of airplanes, which involved an outlay of $1,300,000. Over $1,000,000 was also expended on the Gooderham distillery at Toronto for the production of acetone.

All these plants were organized as separate companies, the share capital was owned by the crown, and all were under the direction of business men who volunteered for service.

In 1917 the production of complete rounds of shrapnel shells in Canada represented fifty-five per cent. of the requirements of Great Britain. The shells were shipped direct to France, all ready for use in 18-pound field guns. At the time of the armistice, the production of airplane spruce in the Dominion represented sixty per cent. of the required quantity.

The board acted in Canada primarily for the Ministry of Munitions and was directly responsible to the Imperial Minister. During the course of the war the War Department, Navy Department, Timber Comptroller's Department and Ministry of Shipping made use of the board's organization for services they required in Canada. The board also acted as agent for the United States Government in placing orders for munitions to be produced in Canada for the American armies. Such orders placed with Canadian manufacturers exceeded a total value of $200,000,000, and subsequently in settling claims arising out of the cancellation of many of these contracts at the termination of the war, the board was associated with the officers of the American Government.

No False Promises.

Pessimist: "The nation is being plunged more and more into debt."

Taxpayer: "Ah, but the Government does not profess to live within its income, only within ours!"

CANADIAN WAS HONORED.

Ontario Woman Received Unique Honor From Poland.

To be one of four Canadians, and the first woman, to be invested with the insignia of the Polish Order Restituta is the unique honor accorded Elizabeth Cary Ascher, of Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ontario.

The decoration Polonia Restituta (Restored Poland) which has been conferred upon Mrs. Ascher, is awarded to civilians, and others, who have rendered distinguished service to the Polish Republic. It is a beautiful white enamel cross with the Polish eagle on a central red ground, suspended on a red and white ribbon, the national colors.

At a public reception held in St. Mark's Parish Hall, under the auspices of the Newark Chapter, I.O.D.E., in honor of the occasion, Dr. Michel Strasewski, of Montreal, the Polish Consul-General for Canada, conferred the decoration upon Mrs. Ascher and heartily thanked her on behalf of the Government of Poland for the splendid work she had nobly done for the Polish soldiers trained at Niagara Camp and afterwards in helping to rehabilitate Poland, now a free country. Mrs. Ascher's brother, Capt. Rev. C. K. Masters, M.A., B.D., M.C., replied for her.

The high esteem in which Mrs. Ascher is held is shown by the fact that the townspeople turned out en masse; representatives from various Polish organizations were present, including the Polish Consul from Buffalo. Over fifty gifts and bouquets were received from all over Canada and the United States, besides many telegrams of congratulation.

Mrs. Ascher is an energetic and active worker and to her untiring and indomitable spirit is principally due much of the comfort so enjoyed and appreciated by the Polish soldiers while inmates of the Niagara Camp hospital. She was one of several Niagara ladies who endeavored to make life as pleasant as possible for the soldiers during their stay there by supplying reading matter, dainties and other nourishing food. Entertainments and concerts were organized for their amusement and each soldier leaving for France was presented with socks and other comforts.

Collections and shipments of money, clothing, soap, hospital supplies, and other necessities she made single handed from July, 1918, to the end of 1920. But Mrs. Ascher's activities did not end here. Enthused with the true Christian spirit, she carried her good work still further and at great expense to herself she sent gifts of money and parcels to Polish chaplains and soldiers in France and Poland and has lately been sending similar gifts to orphanages in Poland.

Gifted with the true conception of service and a penchant for helping others, her activities naturally cover a wide range. Mrs. Ascher has been a member of the Niagara Historical Society since its inception in 1895 and during the last ten years its capable secretary. In addition, she is the secretary of the Niagara Public School Board and a director of the Niagara Agricultural Society, as well as a member of the Polish White Cross, the National Polish Relief Committee, and the educational secretary and charter member of the Newark Chapter, I.O.D.E.

As a writer and journalist Mrs. Ascher has already won laurels. Possessed of an easy flowing and attractive style, her writings have proved very popular wherever they appear. When her multitudinous duties permit she is a frequent contributor to the press and she did considerable press work concerning the Polish Camp and later in defence of the Poles who were the victims of a great deal of insidious and malicious propaganda which originated from enemy countries. For over sixteen years she has been the Niagara correspondent of the St. Catharines Standard, and has acted in the same capacity for the Buffalo Evening Times for eight years.

Place Names Changed.

One of the Canadian National Railway engineers has been given a year's leave of absence from other work to superintend the construction of the 20-mile link connecting the former Canadian Northern with the former National Transcontinental in Northern Ontario. In the news item "Longlac" is given as the name of one terminus of the cut-off. This is the French form of Long Lake, and appears to be an unwarranted spelling. If it has been authorized by the postal officials at Ottawa it looks like an unfortunate change in a place name of some age and importance. A sheet of water in Algoma district has long been known and marked on the maps as Long Lake, and any change is an interruption for a name that has been well established.

Such unjustified changes are not new. Lord Dufferin pointed out one as the result of one of his journeys. Rainy River is a translation of the French name "Lac la Pluie," which is itself erroneous, because the original name was that of the French discoverer, whose name happened to be Rene. A still more glaring case is that of "Bird-tail" Creek in Manitoba, now contracted into "Birtle," while the original Bird-tail has been given to another post office a few miles away in the same province.

A Kind Word.

A customer went into a teashop. Presently a bright-eyed waitress asked: "Can I take your order?" "Yes," was the reply. "Two boiled eggs and a kind word." The waitress brought the eggs, and was moving on when the customer said, "Miss! What about the kind word?" The waitress leaned over and whispered, "Don't eat the eggs."

Roads In India.

Construction of road and railroad embankments in western and central Bengal, India, have produced breeding grounds of malaria carrying mosquitoes which have caused large areas to decrease in population and lapse into jungle.

The big, strong, homey matches in the bright blue box.

Different and better. Stronger and safer. Rats won't gnaw them. Withstand more moisture. Non-poisonous. When they are out they do not glow.

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Cream Separators

IF in need of a new machine we have a good stock in both New and Used machines, which we are offering at a bargain.

We also buy deacons, hides and eggs.

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Pulpwood Wanted

3000 CORDS of Unpeeled Poplar, Balm of Gilead, Basswood, Spruce and Balsam Pulpwood, delivered at track.

500,000 ft. Elm and Basswood Logs.

500 Cords No. 1 Dry Hardwood

Advances made on contracts as work progresses.

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EGGS FOR HATCHING

Orders taken for a limited number of eggs at one dollar a setting of thirteen eggs. For the last two years I have purchased my eggs from the Guelph and the Ottawa Experimental Farms. Professor Graham of Guelph has spent the last twenty-five years in producing a strain of Bred-to-lay barred Plymouth Rocks and has succeeded in producing a strain of birds that possess a very high laying capacity. Some of these birds have layed 300 eggs in a 12 months period. The officials at the Experimental Farm at Ottawa have also produced some wonderful layers. It is eggs from this high producing strain of layers that I am offering you at the price of 13 eggs for $1.00. Book your orders at once with James Watson, Madoc.

Butter Wrappers, printed and plain, at The Review office.

THE CHINESE COOLIE.

Facts About the Lower Classes In the Orient.

Many scholars have written on China and Chinese affairs, says Dr. A. Neville Whymant, in the Asiatic Review, but they have usually dealt with the upper classes, and claims that the key to the psychology of the Chinese race is to be found in examining the nature of the humble coolie. For example, pride of race is one of the outstanding characteristics—

"It needs not the deep classic training of the university to impress upon him the fact that his ancestry is a long and glorious one. The reverence toward the long line of the departed displayed by his parents in the home life early arouses in him a realization of the fundamentals underlying ancestor-worship. In later life it becomes for him a perplexing fact that foreigners are quite content to remain barbarians and do not try to emulate the great ones of the Middle Kingdom. And yet the coolie is not above copying those fashions and points of Western conduct which appeal to his sense of the desirable or proper.

"Chiefly this plagiarism takes the form of clothing the two extremities in Western fashion. While retaining his own native garb, he will consider himself the last word in smartness if he can boast a new pair of boots and a foreign hat. A neatly mended and quite efficient pair of boots arouses no enthusiasm whatever—they must be new, and the happiest and proudest coolie I ever met was one who had spent six months' pay on hats and caps, purchased as opportunity offered when we were near a town. Every kind of headgear from the gay Homburg of the boulevarier to the ordinary cloth cap of the errand-boy made its appearance on our coolie's head according to the occasion, and on the day of the Dragon Festival he appeared in all the glory of an Apache hat, wide-brimmed and complete with flowing plumes! In this he sees nothing incongruous; he is a Chinese, and he fully realizes that his fellows are all over the world, and to his mind a Chinese can do no wrong. One has merely to mention another race in comparison with the Chinese to find the fires of national pride still burning beneath the placid exterior.

"As an interesting sidelight on the coolie's appreciation of the West, I translate the following conversation which took place in the compound one evening behind the lines, with the sound of distant firing as an accompaniment: 'These guns and airplanes are wonderful things. I have not seen an airplane in China.' 'No; you cannot see what you hit when you fire a big gun like that. There is a devil in it that travels many miles and then kills.' A third broke in with these words: 'I don't like these things at all. One might kill the wrong people, not seeing.' 'Still, they are wonderful, all the same,' said the first. 'I should like to know about them.' 'No,' said another; 'don't you see, these foreigners have to work with the devil to make wonders like that, and nobody lives long with the devils. Because we appease the devils with our ceremonies and presents we are much happier than other people. I'm glad I'm a Chinaman.'"

Meteors That Gave Us Life?

Were the first germs of life brought to the earth by meteors?

This interesting theory has been suggested by two French scientists. It was believed that no life could survive in the intense cold of space, which is probably nearly five hundred degrees below zero. But it is thought now that under these conditions certain low forms of life might exist. They would not be killed but merely suspended. Experiments have shown that some seeds survive in a temperature of four hundred and twenty degrees below zero.

Germs of life have, it is claimed, been found in a number of meteorites which have at various times fallen to the earth. These germs have been restored to life in the laboratory of MM. Galippe and Scuffland, the two scientists mentioned above. Certain forms of animal and vegetable life, together with traces of water and oxygen, have also been discovered in meteors.

Meteors, or shooting stars, are generally believed to be parts of planets that have become detached, and science believes that life in some form exists on other heavenly bodies. Therefore, there seems to be no reason why germs cannot be transferred from one planet to another if they can survive the cold and the action of the light rays found in space.

Poison-Gas for Pests.

Poison-gas, the greatest horror of modern warfare, has been put to many excellent uses in time of peace.

It has been employed with the greatest success to get rid of both rats and mice. A heavy gas is used which trickles down the holes like water through a pipe.

A lighter form of gas is turned on to flies when they seek their winter rooms. The majority of flies die when winter comes in, but numbers of them manage to exist through the cold weather, and it is they who produce the following summer's myriads of winged pests. If we could destroy all the winter sleepers by means of gas, there would soon be very few flies in the whole country.

A third use for gas was found during the summer, when whole tracts of fruit trees were being devoured by swarms of caterpillars.

Airplanes flying low above the tree-tops sprayed heavy gas upon them, and the caterpillars dropped dead in thousands.

Review Ads. Bring Results

OLD RED SCHOOLHOUSE GONE

In Its Place Has Come the Modern, Steam-Heated Building, and Many Teachers.

The little red schoolhouse is passing. In its place is springing up a pretentious handsome affair of stone, brick or stucco, with two or more rooms, with modern equipment, a library, and an advanced curriculum for the education of boys and girls of the farming districts.

There are still, of course, many of the old one-room school houses, of frame construction, shabby and forsaken-appearing standing in the country, but the consolidated school plan, and the rapid settling of farm lands in this section particularly, has marked the doom of the old-time institution.

No more does a sheep's-tail, split and fastened, wool out, on a block of wood serve as an eraser for bumpy blackboards in these schools; no more do a tattered dictionary and a few outdated text books constitute the "library."

Standard school equipment, coming up to regulations set by the state, is to be found in practically all of the rural schools in any but remote districts today.

A marked contrast can be seen between representative schools of today in the country and those of a generation ago.

Then the boys carried stove-wood from the outdoors and corded it along the walls of the room, to feed the box stove in winter; today a hot-air or steam furnace, fueled with coal, provides heat in the modern district school.

Then a tin wash-basin in a corner, provided a place to wash at noon, or to thaw out frost-bitten fingers; today a pressure water system or artesian well empties into a modern lavatory.

Then there was one teacher for all grades from primary to eighth. Today schools are graded, with separate rooms and individual teachers in many country districts.

Then the subjects offered were reading, writing and arithmetic, with a few added such as geography and some history. Now the boy or girl may study agriculture, domestic science, manual training and other supplementary courses.

Truly, times have changed for the farm schoolboy since the end of the last century.

HARTS FARMERS' CLUB

This Club will meet in Harts School House on the second Tuesday of each month.

North Hastings Review

$1.50 a Year, $2.00 if not paid in advance. "PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW" $2 to the United States

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YOU are especially invited to inspect the fine large showing of bright new patterns in

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FLOOR OILS, RUGS
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RULES OF HEALTH AND LONG LIFE

Of the many desires of humanity there are few more deserving of our efforts towards realization than those of health and long life. From time immemorial directions for the the realization of these have been given by those believing themselves competent to direct. Of the many that we have read, few have carried greater conviction to us than the following. These rules, however are old; they are not new. It is believed that the observance of the following rules will secure not only health and long life but will preserve its disciples from malignant fevers and sickness in general.

Eat and drink such an exact quantity as the constitution of the body allows of, in reference to the service of the mind.

They that study much, ought not to eat so much as those that work hard, their digestion being not so good. The exact quantity and quality being found out, is to be kept to constantly.

Excess in all other things whatever, as well as in meat and drink is also to be avoided.

Youth, age and sick require a different quantity. And so do those of contrary complexions, for that which is too much for a phlegmatic is not sufficent for a choleric.

The measure of food ought to be exactly proportionate to the quality and the condition of the stomach because the stomach digests it. That quantity that is sufficent, the stomach can perfectly concoct and digest and it sufficeth the due nourishment of the body. A greater quantity of some things may be eaten than of others, some being of lighter digestion than others, The difficulty lies in finding out an exact measure; but eat for necessity, not pleasure for lust knows not where necessity ends.

Would'st thou enjoy a long life a healthy body and a vigorous mind labor in the first place to bring thy appetite into subjection to reason.

BATEMAN—CASSIDY

A very quiet but pretty wedding took place at high noon on April 11th at the home of Mrs. Margaret Cassidy, Springbrook, when her youngest daughter, Victoria, was united in marriage to Mr. Cecil H Bateman, also of Springbrook. The bride entered the parlor leaning on the arm of her brother, to the strains of the Wedding March played by her sister, Miss Millie Cassidy and looked charming in a dress of brown taffetta trimmed with pearls The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Clare of Marmora. After the ceremony a sumptuous dinner was served. The happy couple left amid showers of confetti on the 2.30 train for Toronto, Welland and other points, the bride travelling in a navy blue suit with hat to match wearing the groom's gift, a wrist watch. On their return they will reside at their home near Springbrook.

NOTICE

Electric Light rates are due last week in APRIL. Please remember in April, NOT MAY.

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Four Years Seemed an Eternity

By JANE OSBORN

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It was an old saying that the best blood in Nicholston was close. The parvenues who had found homes for themselves as mere upstart commuters from New York might splurge and spend; the really blue-blooded Nicholstonites, whose ancestors had settled there when Nicholston and New York were villages of comparable size in the Dutch colony—these old residents did not forget the lesson of thrift handed down to them.

Katherine Ten Broeck at twenty-four was teaching in the Nicholston high school. She had taught since her graduation from college two years before, and every year her salary became larger. Nicholas Van Name was gaining an enviable reputation for himself in a New York law firm, and it had been Nicholas' desire and intention ever since Katherine first started off to college to make her his wife. She was an orphan with a very little property, and it had been looked upon as entirely proper and commendable that she begin teaching as soon as she received her degree instead of accepting any of the offers of well-to-do relatives to make their home her own.

Hasty and impetuous courtships had never been looked upon favorably in Nicholston. For generations the men of the town had chosen their wives from among the girls born and bred in the town and had gone about the matter with deliberation and good judgment. It was generally understood among Nicholas' relatives and Katherine's, too, that there would be a marriage sometime, but for six years Nicholas had found it difficult to ask the question preliminary to an engagement. They had known each other so well and so long, and Katherine always steered the conversation along practical subjects.

Once, at the outset of Katherine's second year of teaching, Nicholas got very near the important question. Katherine showed no surprise. But she hastily and abruptly began to talk about the scheme of salaries in the Nicholston high school.

"I am getting a hundred dollar raise this year," she said, "and another year I shall have a hundred and fifty dollar raise. I can live very nicely within the original salary so that the additional salary goes right into the bank. In four years I shall have quite a decent bank account."

"Four years!" exclaimed Nicholas. "If you cared for me you wouldn't look on four years so lightly."

"I don't know what you mean, Nick," Katherine began, and then as Nicholas would have explained Katherine held him off. "I don't want you to wait for me if you do not want to. But it does seem selfish and improvident, somehow, the sort of thing that the Ten Broeks and Van Names never would have done, to give up the chance of having that little nest egg."

"It isn't up to you to think about nest eggs and things," Nicholas insisted. "I want you to marry me—and you ought to have faith enough in me to know that I can provide for you."

"But that bank account would go quite a way with a little house. No, Nicholas, if I ever marry it will not be for at least four years. I wouldn't feel as if I'd been true to Ten Broeck traditions if I didn't keep on teaching until I've saved something."

Nicholas was deeply disappointed and somehow vexed with Katherine, and yet there was enough of the same thrift running in his blood to understand Katherine's point of view and to realize, as another might not have been able to do, that Katherine's determination to go on teaching for four years might not be an indication that she cared less for Nicholas.

He subscribed to magazines dealing with house planning and gardening and even consulted an architect friend of his in New York concerning the practicability of certain plans that especially appealed to him. Nicholas said nothing about his own thrift to Katherine, but not a small proportion of his earnings went into the bank to be saved zealously against the day of [illegible].

One Saturday Katherine had spent the morning shopping in the city and then had joined Nicholas to take an early afternoon train home. Nicholas had told her that he had something important to tell her and that he would explain it on the trip home. So it was on the commuters' train that Nicholas showed Katherine the deed for a quarter acre of ground in the new residential section of Nicholston that he had bought as the site for his future home.

"I had an exceptional chance to buy," he said, "so I put the deal through. There'll be room for fruit trees and a bit of a vegetable garden and at the upper end there's an ideal place for your rock garden."

Katherine blushed. "Are you sure it will be my rock garden?" she asked, and then: "but Nick, a quarter of an acre must have been very expensive. I didn't know you—you could afford it. Won't it take forever to pay for it?"

"It's all paid for now," said Nicholas with some satisfaction. "Do you think you are the only thrifty one? I've been doing a little saving on my own account."

Once or twice as they talked of the transaction Nicholas looked up as if interested in the conversation of the two men sitting in the seat ahead of them.

"Yes, we break ground Monday," one of the men was saying. "We didn't want to build for another year or two. My wife thought she'd like to spend another winter boarding, but with that new tax exemption ruling of course there were no two sides to the matter. Monday's the first of March and the exemption is good for all houses begun before the first of April. It's good for five years, and, as I was figuring with a house the size we are going to build, taxes for five years would be in the neighborhood of a thousand dollars. Then if you figure what interest on that amount of money would be in five years' time you see we are making a decent saving."

Katherine and Nicholas were both listening intently to the conversation.

"Is that true?" asked Katherine. "You're a lawyer—you ought to know."

"Yes, he's right. I ought to have known more about it. I—" Nicholas stopped and was watching Katherine, who had taken her notebook and was making rapid calculations with her silver pencil. Then she said: "Why, in five years' time—why, we'd save—as much as we would if I went on teaching and save my earnings—"

Nicholas looked over her shoulder and saw that her figuring was correct. "You're right," he said. "Does that make any difference—"

Katherine blushed, and blushed again when she saw that Nicholas noticed the first blush. "It's interesting," she admitted.

"Then," said Nicholas, drawing a roll of blueprints from the depths of his brief case, "this may be even more interesting. I took that plan you and I drew up once for the fun of it and got my architect friend to straighten it out for me.

"Suppose we drop around at the Nicholston Building company office on our way home—get them to look over the plans and—"

"And break ground before the first," finished Katherine. "But wouldn't it seem queer for us to go there together—to talk about house plans?"

"Not if we told the world we were definitely engaged and then made plans for a wedding in June. What say, Katherine, does that appeal to your sense of thrift?"

Katherine drew a very little closer to Nicholas. "Four years seemed an eternity," she breathed.

ILL EFFECT OF "SMALL TALK"

More Harmful to Mind and Nerves Than Serious Conversation, According to Woman Physician.

"There is greater nerve strain in keeping up conversation of small talk than in discussing a serious topic," asserts Dr. Agnes Savill of London. She is among the foremost of British women physicians and is famous for her works on electrotherapeutics. In a lecture at the Institute of Hygiene on "The Dangers of Society to Health," she added, according to the New York World.

"Society girls have their brains and mental equipment adjusted to this level of scrappy exclamations early in life and it spoils their subsequent development and their capacity to reach a better stage of intellectual growth.

"Society life encourages the pernicious habit of the too-frequent cigarette. It encourages girls to take cocktails and whisky-and-sodas.

"The hectic life of continual excitement, the absence of all repose, all time for meditation, the perpetual change, the cigarette smoking, irregular and unhealthy meals—no wonder these girls become the prey of disease."

They Learn It Early.

Four-year-old Margaret Allison was picked up by a big Chicago policeman. Tears were streaming down her cheeks. To stop her weeping he offered her a penny. It worked—for a moment—then tears came again. This happened repeatedly until Margaret had obtained about ten pennies, two nickels and a dime. When Margaret found out the policeman's change had been exhausted the crying stopped and she requested to be taken home in an automobile. At that Margaret wasn't consciously a little vamp. She had become lost and was only trying on the policeman the same arts she practiced successfully at home.

No Magic Gold Finder.

There is no instrument that you can use to discover gold supposed to have been buried in an iron pot or steel safety box, writes the director of the United States geological survey. Iron ore beds extending over large areas have been prospected for with success by means of the so-called "dip needle," but this instrument would not indicate the presence of a single pot or vessel in a particular spot. Neither is there any instrument that would indicate the presence of gold and silver or their ores. Iron attracts the "needle," but gold and silver, however attractive to man, are not magnetic.—Pennsylvania Farmer.

The Dose.

The chairman of the prison visiting board smiled benignly:

"Now," he said, rubbing his hands together, "if there is any prisoner here who has a complaint to make, or a question to ask, we will be glad to hear from him."

Hungry Mike, the yegg, arose respectfully.

"If you please, gents," he said, "I wanta ask a question about you people comin' here t' ast questions. I wanta ast, is you bein' kind t' us prisoners a part of our sentence, or do we get that punishment extra?"—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

NOT NATURAL END

Death From Old Age Never in Scheme of Things.

Man Really Is the Only Animal That Is Coddled, Propped Up, and Kept Alive.

Those wistful clingers to life who cherish the ignoble ambition of dying of old age, if they must die at all, may be shocked to hear that death from old age is not a natural death. There's a paradox that will bear the light of reason, for it can easily be shown that such a death is quite remote from the normal operations of Dame Nature when she is left to her own devices, says a writer in the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Dame Nature would have made short work of Uncle Johnny Shell, Kentucky's [illegible] freak, who died the other day at the reputed age of 134, had not the [illegible] old man's relatives and neighbors, to say nothing of the rustic showmen who sometimes exploited him as the "oldest man on earth," conspired to protect him from the normal accidents of injury or starvation that otherwise overtake the worn-out individuals of any species.

No creature is permitted by Dame Nature to "lag superfluous on the stage" until overtaken by the dissolution of absolute senility. Wild animals don't live to die of old age. They don't linger along as doddering dependents, like the Kentucky Methuselah.

The superannuated elephant or buffalo isn't supported or tended by the herd. It retires gracefully to a solitary state of existence and maintains itself as well as it can with its failing faculties until it starves to death, stumbles over a cliff or is overcome by enemies.

Whatever the end may be, it comes pretty quickly and is considered by some far more merciful than the protracted life that Uncle Johnny Shell dragged out for so many years. The elderly tiger, no longer spry enough to catch the nimble antelope, becomes a man-eater and poaches babies on the outskirts of some village. Then somebody gets up a tiger hunt, and an explosive bullet saves it from the unnatural disgrace of dying of old age.

Who ever found a senile or enfeebled rabbit, robin, wolf, bear, trout, eagle, wren, black bass or minnow? Why, Dame Nature wouldn't dream of allowing her nice, clean cosmos to be cluttered up. She cleans house with a broom of accidents.

Even the peaceful tree is not allowed to cumber the earth beyond the period of its ability to withstand the normal stress of the elements. It may be a California sequoia over 3,000 years old or a Cape de Verde baobab over 5,000 years old, and it may have passed its period of growth and entered its period of decay, but it will not be allowed to die of old age. Some storm will bring it down in its glory.

The untidy business of living to die of old age is a fad of civilized man. Its deplorable products are often seen in almshouses. Also civilized man has inflicted the curse upon his domestic pets to a certain extent, so that senile and enfeebled dogs and cats are kept alive by sentimentalists long after outraged common sense would have called for chloroform.

The tradition of Uncle Johnny's extreme age is not supported by any official records. A scientific investigator who sought to ferret out the facts found that he could not honestly deduce any greater age for Uncle Johnny than a hundred years or thereabouts.

Local tradition always exaggerates the age of a very old person, as in the case of old Parr, whose bones crumble in Westminster abbey, and whose fame was embalmed in a book entitled "The Olde, Olde, Very Olde Man." Old Parr was a Shropshire peasant who was reputed to be 152 years old when taken to London by the earl of Arundel and presented at court.

He died the same year—1635. Dr. William Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood, performed an autopsy and found the body in excellent condition. He thought death had been caused by the change from simple country fare to the rich diet of London high life. On Old Parr's tomb are recorded the names of ten monarchs, from Edward IV to Charles I, under whom he lived. But later historical investigation threw a strong doubt on the length attributed to his life.

Veteran Denies He Is Dead.

A certain veteran of the World war has a hard job on his hands.

He recently wrote to the Veterans' bureau, making an appeal for compensation.

"You are dead," replied the official communication from the bureau. Of course, it was not worded exactly that way, but that was the entire drift of the letter.

So the man has appealed to the Red Cross to tell the bureau that he is very much alive.

"I am not dead at all," the veteran continues to assert in letters to the Veterans' bureau.

"You are dead," replies the bureau.

Misrepresented.

"People say that you are interested in some of the industries mentioned in the tariff."

"It's untrue," exclaimed Senator Sorghum. "What I am trying to keep from my constituents is the fact that I am absolutely uninterested and not very well informed."

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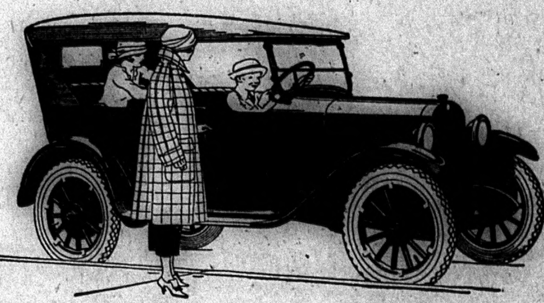

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Read the Ads. in this issue

Queer Bets and Wagers

One of the most amusing wagering transactions on record was the subject of a lawsuit, tried before the Lord Chief Justice of England in July, 1777. The plaintiff was a surgeon named Hayes, and the defendant an underwriter named Jacques.

Hayes maintained that Jacques had agreed to pay him £700 if he could produce proof that a certain Chevalier d'Eon was in reality a woman. The evidence produced by some of Hayes' witnesses was such that Lord Chief Justice Mansfield summed up in his favor, and the jury awarded the surgeon £700 and forty shillings costs.

Thirty-three years afterward the Chevalier d'Eon died in London, and it was then proved that he was a man.

In October, 1795, an amusing wager was decided at Brighton between Sir John Lade and Lord Cholmondeley. Sir John, who was a very small man, wagered that he would carry his lordship, who was correspondingly big, from opposite the pavilion twice round the Steine on his back.

A number of friends assembled to see the fun, and his lordship announced that he was ready. Thereupon, Sir John bade him strip, for, as he explained: "I engaged to carry you, but not an inch of clothes. So therefore, my lord, make ready, and let us not disappoint the ladies!" This was altogether too much for Cholmondeley's modesty, and he lost his wager.

A fantastic Yorkshire wager was decided in 1806 between one Thomas Hodgson and a Samuel Whitehead. The bet was as to which of them would appear on a certain day in the most striking clothes, the decision to rest with umpires.

When the day arrived Mr. Hodgson appeared with banknotes sewn all over his coat and waistcoat, notes stuck in his hat, and a purse of golden net round its crown. On his back was a label, "John Bull."

Mr. Whitehead turned out dressed as half a man and half a woman. One side of his face was made up and the other half blackened. One side of his body was adorned with a linen tail-coat and half a pair of leather breeches above a boot and spur. The other side was draped over a silk stocking and a slipper. His appearance certainly sounds the most striking, but the umpires decided in favor of Hodgson.

During a dinner-party in 1809, Sir Mark Sykes offered, for 100 guineas down, to give the payer a guinea a day as long as Napoleon Bonaparte lived. A clergyman who was present closed with the wager. For the next three years Sir Mark had the pleasure of paying the parson £383 5s. per annum.

A fantastic wager of 1,000 guineas was decided at Newbury in 1811. Sir John Throckmorton had wagered that in the course of one day he would have a coat made from the wool of sheep sheared that morning.

The carrying out of this bet was entrusted to a Mr. Coseter, of Greenham Mills, Newbury. At 5 a.m. Sir John delivered a couple of sheep to Coseter. They were quickly shorn, when the wool was taken to the mill and put through the processes necessary to convert it into cloth. This work was completed in the afternoon, the cloth being put into the tailors' hands at 4 p.m. The coat was made in two hours and twenty minutes.

Sir John put it on and appeared in it that evening before an audience of 5,000 people, winning his wager amid scenes of great enthusiasm.

As a demonstration of physical endurance, says a writer in the Humorist, it would be hard to beat the waxer made for 100 guineas by Foster Powell in 1772. He undertook to walk from London to York, and back, in six days.

This is how he accomplished the feat. He walked on the first day from London to Stamford, 88 miles; on the second day to Doncaster, 72 miles; on the third day to York and back to Ferrybridge, 59 miles; on the fourth day to Grantham, 85 miles; on the fifth day to Eaton, 54 miles; on the sixth day to London, 56 miles. In other words, between Monday morning and the following Saturday he walked 384 miles.

A funny wager was made in June, 1800, by a naval officer, who bet that he would ride a blind horse round the racecourse at Sheerness without touching the reins with either hand. He won his wager by cutting the reins in half and tying the two ends to his feet. In this way he was, of course, able to guide the horse easily.

Our Language.

The English language is spoken by more people than any other. The number of people who speak English exceeds 150 million. Next comes German, which is spoken by 120 million; then Russian, by 90 million; and then French, by 60 million. The English language is said to consist of 700,000 words, but nearly half of these are either obsolete or scientific terms, seldom used in conversation or writing. On the basis of the Lord's Prayer, it has been calculated that nine-tenths of our words are of Saxon origin, but according to other estimates four out of every six of our words "came over with the Conqueror."

Trees.

Trees constantly strive among themselves for the possession of certain localities. The distribution of trees changes very remarkably from one century to another.

The period of deepest sleep varies from 3 a.m. to 5 a.m.

THE KING'S POET.

History of Unique Office of Laureate In England.

It is three hundred and seven years ago since the office of Poet Laureate was instituted, and since that time sixteen writers have received this unique honor.

Ben Jonson was appointed Poet Laureate on February 1st, 1616. Previously many men had been publicly acknowledged to be supreme among the poets of their day, but it was not until the year of Shakespeare's death that an official post was created.

The list of Poets Laureate contains many interesting names. The second was Sir William Davenant, who was the first theatrical manager to introduce actresses on the stage. Before his time all parts were played by men. After him at various intervals came Dryden, Southey, Wordsworth, and Tennyson.

The first Laureate received a salary of 100 marks, which was increased later to £100 and a "tierce" of wine from the royal cellars. The payment rose to £300, and one of the Laureates, Henry Pye, exchanged the wine for an extra £25 a year.

In Wordsworth's time the salary dropped to £99 a year. The present holder of the office is Dr. Robert Bridges.

Although the office has been occupied by many distinguished men, quite a number have declined the honor, Gray and Sir Walter Scott among them. Wordsworth also refused the post, but afterwards was induced to change his mind.

Not all Laureates have had peaceful lives. Three were deposed and two were thrown into prison. Another died while suffering imprisonment for debt.

The Governor and the Bishop.

The island of Saint Lucia in the West Indies used to be remarkable for its high death rate. The place was unwholesome and depressing; a visitor was pretty sure to become homesick sooner or later, if not at once. In "The Cradle of the Deep" Sir Frederick Treves tells an amusing story of an English governor of a century ago, who was noted for his parsimony. It seems that one day the bishop of the diocese landed at Castries in the course of his tour. Etiquette required that the governor should offer him the hospitalities of the Government House during his stay. After the bishop had had his first meal the governor showed him round the house and did the honors in this fashion—"This, my dear bishop, is the best bedroom. It was here that my predecessor died of yellow fever. You will remember him, a most genial man. Look out for this step in the passage. We found it a very awkward corner for a coffin. This next room has a charming view of the sea; the bedstead is a fine specimen of Creole work. Poor old Col. Smithson had his worst fit on that bed; it took two men to hold him; poor, dear man, he has been paralyzed now for three years! This third bedroom we call the red-room. I hope you admire the curtains; they came from England. It was here that poor Morris, my secretary, died. He seems to have got typhoid fever in the house, although we are most careful. Now you must come upstairs and see the blue room and the fine outlook over the town. Major Jones died on this bed while he was paying us a visit." The bishop had heard quite enough. He ordered his horse and rode off into the town, determined to find a more salubrious, even if less magnificent, shelter.

Burns the Philosopher.

"Burns was naturally a student gifted with a great mind," says Dr. J. L. Hughes in "The Real Robert Burns." "His splendid mind was trained to act logically by his remarkable father, and quickened and illuminated by his great teacher, John Murdock.

"He was a great philosopher, not merely because he read Locke's 'Essay on the Human Understanding' when a boy, but because during his short life he read with joyous interest many books of a philosophical character, and what is of infinitely greater importance, he interpreted all he read with an independent mind, and related all truth as he understood it to human life. He could discuss even the principles of Spinoza and 'venture into the daring path Spinoza trod.' Yet, as he told Dr. Candlish, of Edinburgh, he merely 'ventured in' to test Spinoza's philosophy, which he soon found to be inadequate to the true development of the human soul, and therefore he 'was glad to grasp revealed religion.'

"Not merely as a poetic genius but as a profound philosophic teacher of religion, democracy, and brotherhood—the most essentially vital elements related to the highest development of the souls of men and women—will the real Robert Burns become known as he is more justly and more deeply studied."

Will Go to Eton.

What could be more natural, seeing that Viscount Lascelles went to Eton to school, and his father, the Earl of Harewood, went to Eton, and maybe his grandfather also, than that the new arrival at Chesterfield House should also go to Eton. And this, it appears, has already been arranged. The necessity for such rapid action is to be found in the fact that the more exclusive English seats of learning are so limited in their accommodations that those who are determined at all costs to have their sons educated therein must take this somewhat drastic step to insure their desire being satisfied. Then, too, Princess Mary's boy, as he is likely to be designated chiefly until he reaches his majority, will be booked as a future member of his father's clubs before he is a year old, for a similar reason.

The Prickly Pear.

The obnoxious weed, the prickly pear, already covers 5,000,000 acres of land in New South Wales, and is spreading at the rate of 20,000 acres a month.

Here Is an Explanation Of the Cost of Royalty To the People of England

In anticipation of the Duke of York's marriage to Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyons the information has been imparted from London that when the event takes place the duke's income will be raised from £10,000 to £25,000 a year, thus lifting the civil list—what the nation annually pays for supporting their Majesties and certain relatives and royal institutions—up to £684,000, or, in round numbers, about three million gold dollars.

Only when the civil list comes up for readjustment by Parliament on the accession of a new sovereign, as it did in 1910, does the English press pay much attention to the subject—then there are protests from the Socialists and even labor complains.

As a matter of fact royalty, even at the cost of $3,000,000 a year, is a good investment for the British nation. The sovereign owns property by inheritance the revenue from which, if administered as a business corporation, probably would be double that sum, the right to which the sovereign surrenders on accession in exchange for the civil list. Should royalty be abolished and no alteration be made in the rights of private property, the former sovereign would come into full possession of the inherited property, and large sums from the civil list would become budgetary credits—notably the items for maintaining the royal palaces — to which would have to be added the expenses of the new Government, which could hardly be less than their present Majesties' privy purse, now £110,000 per annum, and on which an income tax is paid.

In the civil list as arranged in 1910 the direct stipend voted their Majesties as salaries and expenses, upkeep of palaces and royal bounty, amounted to £470,000 annually. To this was added the annual sum of £153,000 as "provision for other members of the royal family," including the annuity to Queen Alexandria of £70,000. The total of £623,000 since then has been augmented by £46,000, and a still further increase is in prospect when the Duke of York marries, in the following manner: The civil list of 1910 being based on that of the late King Edward VII., no provision was made for the Prince of Wales, as his yearly income from the Duchy of Cornwall, £42,000, was deemed quite sufficient. But other engagements were entered into, some of which have matured and been met. Each of the other sons — one has since died, leaving four — was to receive an annuity of £10,000 on reaching his majority, while the daughter was to receive £6,000 on attaining her majority or in the event of her marriage. When a son married, his annuity of £10,000 was to be raised to £25,000. Thus we have the present total of the original grant of £623,000 increased by £15,000 when the duke marries, making the prospective total £684,000. There is another possible increase. In the event of the heir to the throne marrying, the Princess of Wales will receive £10,000 per annum, to be increased to £30,000 should she survive her husband.

Just as the Prince of Wales receives the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall, so his father receives those of the Duchy of Lancaster, which are only about £3,000 more than those received from Cornwall, although the gross receipts average annually: Lancaster, £115,000, and Cornwall, £160,000. There is little doubt that a business-like administration of these estates removed from political influences, would greatly diminish the difference between the gross and the net receipts and measurably add to the income of the owners if they were private persons. There is no possible doubt of their present legal ownership. The Duchy of Lancaster, with the estates therein, came to John of Gaunt in 1361 by his marriage with the heiress, and on the succession of his only son, Henry IV., in 1399, became merged in the crown. In the case of Cornwall, that has been considered the property of successive heirs apparent from 1337, when Edward III. created Cornwall a duchy for his son, Edward, the Black Prince, thus making him the first English duke.

Parliament for ages has been nibbling at the revenues of these two duchies, and it is likely that should royalty be abolished a serious question of ownership would come up. It would very likely be argued for the nation that the estates of the duchies had been held in fee royal and must, therefore, become the property of the nation on the passing of the royal functions of the owners.

The same argument, however, could hardly be held in regard to the crown lands, the revenues of which each sovereign surrenders to the nation on accession in exchange for the civil list. The title to these crown lands never has been disputed, but has been emphasized throughout English history in various ways. Prior to the Norman Conquest the property of the sovereign was arranged in three categories — private estate, demesne, or property held by prerogative, and rights over the folkland. After the Conquest the three became merged into the estate of the crown, which was successively increased by confiscation, escheat, forfeiture, etc. This estate of the crown, now known as crown lands, could legally be disposed of at will by the sovereign until the reign of William III. (1694-1702), whose wholesale disposals so impoverished royal real estate that Parliament intervened and limited his leases to thirty years. In the next reign, that of Queen Anne, they were set at thirty-one years, or "three lives." And in her reign the revenues of the crown lands were reckoned when royal grants were made.

PRINTERS' ERRORS.

They Often Are the Cause of Strange Statements.

"Printers' errors" are no new thing; but it is inevitable that, while printing lasts, there must always be amusing, and sometimes serious, mistakes.

We know all about that valiant colonel, the "bottle-scarred veteran," of a famous misprint, who, naturally annoyed at this imputation on his sobriety, received an apology, only to be worse off than before.

"Of course," said the offending journal, "when, by an unfortunate error we referred to him as a 'bottle-scarred' veteran, it must have been evident that what we intended was 'battle-scared'."

A curious printers' error was that in the Cambridge Chronicle, where a paper read before a local society on "Rings under the Eaves of Old Houses," in connection with fire-prevention, was printed, "Rings under the Ears of Old Louses." This error is still to be found in the files.

"Write clearly" is an injunction rarely followed.

The author who, with crabbed calligraphy, wrote of "zigzag" staircases had only himself to thank when they appeared as "218209" staircases.

In a recent issue of a very serious magazine, which contained an article on a famous public man, the latter is made to says: "While under no illusion as to the heads of them asses" should have been "the masses," of course.

Not long ago, Sir Alfred Mond was the victim of one of these typographical errors. It is well known that he is of the Jewish race. A report of a speech he had made represented him to have said that "the ills from which we suffer will not abate until the nation returns to pork. The porkers should be made to understand this truth."

It is understood that great excitement prevailed in certain circles until it was explained that this disastrous statement was the result of an unfortunate double misprint.

The reference was, of course, to the national need of getting back to "work," not "pork," and it was the workers, and not the pigs, who were to be made to comprehend the necessity.

The World's Dietary.

A well-known English medical authority recently circularized the various embassies and legations of foreign countries with a view to ascertaining the dietary of the peasant class, any particular national foods, what part meat forms in the daily dietary, and upon what dietary the stamina of the respective nations are built. The Austrian reply states that, as formerly, the larger part of the population is rural, and with the peasantry vegetation food prevails. Thus, it might be said that the stamina of that nation was built up on a vegetarian basis. The reply from the Chilean authorities is that in the agricultural districts of South and Central Chile wheat flour, kidney beans, and maize form the principal part of the workingmen's food, and meat is seldom partaken of. This has been the custom for generations. The German Embassy mentions that meat does not form an important part of the daily dietary of the German nation at present, while the Norwegian Minister replies that meat cannot be said to form an important part of the daily food of the Norwegian people. The consumption of meat in Russia, it is stated, is insignificant. Besides, there are four Lents during the year, which cover about four and a half months of each year, and, in addition to this, all Wednesdays and Fridays are fasting days, and no meat, eggs, milk, or butter are generally consumed by the peasants during Lents or fasting days. In the course of other replies, it is stated that meat is scarcely consumed at all by the peasants of Roumania, while the peasant class in Serbia, which represent about 80 to 85 per cent. of the whole population, lives chiefly on boiled beans and other vegetables. Flesh meat does not form an important part of the daily dietary in Spain, Portugal, or Japan.

England's Cleverest Counties.

Which English county has produced the greatest number of notable men?

Kent heads the list with thirty-two notables, including such distinguished scientists as Faraday and Harvey; such famous soldiers as Wolfe, Gordon, and Sir Philip Sidney; Pitt, among great statesmen; Grote, the historian; and Caxton, the printer.

Second place is occupied by Devon, with thirty names. Devon counts among her famous sons several of our greatest sailors, including Drake, Raleigh, and Hawkins. She also gave us that supreme soldier, the "great Duke" of Marlborough. To art she contributed Reynolds; and to letters, Gay, Coleridge, Kingsley, and Froude.

Yorkshire fills third place with twenty-nine famous sons, including Flaxman and Leighton in art; Smeaton, the great engineer; the Bronte sisters in literature; Lord Lawrence, of Indian fame; and Wilberforce, the philanthropist.

Hampshire, which ranks next with twenty-five names, was the cradle of Jane Austen, Dickens, and Meredith. She gave Millais to art, Palmerston to politics, and Brunel to engineering.

Next come Lancashire and Gloucestershire each with twenty-two, towards which the former contributes three of Britain greatest statesmen and orators—Peel, Gladstone, and Bright; Romney, among artists; Kemble, among actors of genius; and Arkwright, among inventors. To Gloucester we owe Southey, Chatterton, Whittington, of civic fame, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and Locke.

Poor Adolphus.

May (entertaining sister's suitor): "Oh, Adolphus, guess what father said about you last night!"

Adolphus: "I haven't an idea in the world."

May: "Oh, shame! You listened."

We have what people have been waiting for

Durant and Star Cars

It has been an old saying that the best is saved until the last—and that's true.

Just think, that at last you can buy the latest and most accessible light weight car on the market, delivered for **$710.00**

Tax and Delivery Charges included

Special Features of the STAR Car

Red Seal Continental Motor
Water Pump, Oil Pump
Gas Tank on rear
Vacuum Feed
Semi-Elliptic Springs
Streamline Body
and last but not least, a real Lock Steering Gear, which is so essential to insure comfort in driving on sandy or muddy roads, etc.

You should see this car before buying and inspect it thoroughly.

WELLMAN & ELLIS - Madoc

To Cream Producers

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE that as early in the Spring as the roads will permit, our trucks will cover territory around Madoc within a radius of ten miles more or less as cream offers itself. There is no doubt that a truck will pass your door. We want to give you the same good service as in the past, only better. We will have an auxiliary plant right in Madoc. Remember we want your cream and we will come after it. It is our intention next season to erect an up-to-date creamery in Madoc.

Belleville Creameries Limited

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ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE LIMITED
BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO
"The Most Widely Attended Business College in Canada."
Students here receive at moderate cost the best training in Bookkeeping, Accountancy, Shorthand, Typewriting, Arithmetic, Commercial Law, Correspondence, Penmanship, Office Practice, etc. Besides Ontario students, many come every year from other Provinces, the United States, the West Indies and South America.
Write for free prospectus. J. L. MOORE, Principal

Woman Manages "Mespot."

An Englishwoman is the dominant personality in the tangled politics of Mesopotamia. Sheikhs from the desert go to Baghdad—not to consult King Feisal, but to take advice from Miss Gertrude Bell. They may see the High Commissioner, but they see Miss Bell first. Her position is without parallel in the history of British relations with the Moslem world. In a land where women are veiled and kept in obscurity she is listened to with respect by the untamed chiefs of the desert. She talks to them with directness and authority, and they heed her words. Her name is known from Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf, and from Persia to the Red Sea.

Officially described in Baghdad as "Internal Oriental Secretary" to Sir Percy Cox, she is, in fact, a Foreign Minister who deals diplomatically with the Arab tribes included in the new kingdom of Iraq. Hers is the most important post in the new Cabinet of experts which has been set up under the High Commissioner in the new Residency.

For years Miss Bell has traveled in Syria and Arabia. She knows every tribe by name, their history, and their attitude toward each other as well as toward Iraq and Great Britain. She knows every chief personally, and his exact political and social value.

She explored the desert by camel in pre-war times, and added greatly to the map knowledge of that little-known region. Now she flies occasionally between Baghdad and Trans-Jordania, and sees at a glance a stretch of country which took days to cover in the old-fashioned way.

It is an instructive experience to see Miss Bell surrounded by Iraq Ministers, combatting with vigor and authority proposals which she thinks are inadvisable.

King Feisal realizes her value and importance. Miss Bell sees him constantly. I do not doubt that she has guided him away from dangerous ventures. She has exerted a calming influence on over-aggressive sheikhs. She is "pro-Arab"—it is even said in Baghdad that she is too pro-Arab—but she is filled with fine enthusiasm for the new regime of independence and she labors with unceasing energy for its success.

Princess Mary's Home.

Privacy is possibly one of the principal characteristics of Goldsborough Hall, Princess Mary's country home, which stands on the outskirts of a small straggling village situated a mile from the main road between York and the picturesque old town of Knaresborough. The house is almost entirely screened from public view by a long, high wall overhung by tall trees, the entrance from the village street to a large courtyard surrounded by outbuildings being effected by passing through a plain, brick archway, whence there is a short approach to the house. This country residence was built about 1625 by Sir Richard Hutton and bought by an ancestor of Viscount Lascelles a century later. It is a commodious many-gabled building, with stone coigns and numerous stone mullioned windows, and has recently undergone considerable additions and alterations.

Job Printing promptly done at The Review office.

A LONG-LIVED FAMILY.

Prominent Canadian Has Unique Record Among Ancestors.

To any individual who has made an assured success of life and can anticipate a luxurious old age, there must be considerable satisfaction to be obtained from the knowledge that ancestors on both the paternal and maternal sides have been remarkable for longevity. Charles Newton Candee, president of the Gutta Percha & Rubber Co., Toronto, is thus fortunately situated, one striking instance being that of his great-grandfather, Daniel Candee, the youngest of nine brothers, all of whom served in the war of the Revolution and whose combined ages totalled over 785 years, an average of a little over 87 years.

It is further remarkable that Mr. Candee's parents, grandparents and great-grand-parents on the maternal side all celebrated their golden weddings, and two of them their diamond weddings. They lived together 55, 60 and 65 years respectively.

Mr. Candee was born in Rochester in 1860 but located in Toronto nearly forty years ago, and took out naturalization papers as a British subject in 1886. He is of Huguenot and Puritan ancestry, being a descendant of Jean de Conde, which, by the way, was the original spelling of the name. This Conde was a member of the ancient Conde family of Artois and Hainault of the city of Conde sur l'Escault, in Northern France. The same Jean Conde was in Paris with William Gaspard de Coligny, admiral of France, for the marriage of Henry of Navarre and Marguerite de Valois when the St. Bartholomew massacre occurred in 1572 and was one of the few Huguenots to escape. His grandson migrated to America and his son, Zachariah Cande, was the first ancestor of American birth. Charles Newton Candee is of the seventh generation of Zachariah Conde. He was honored a short time ago when the Huguenot Society of Pennsylvania bestowed upon him the Huguenot Cross.

On the maternal side, Mr. Candee is of Flemish and Dutch ancestry, being a descendant of the Aikerman, De Villiers and Van der Bach families, all of whom settled in New Amsterdam, now New York, in the seventeenth century.

An Orator.

An interesting story has been going the rounds at the expense of Hon. William Pugsley, former Minister of Public Works. Hon. Mr. Pugsley was an irrepressible orator, and with him speech making was almost second nature. During a trip to the west in 1909, a hot box delayed the train ten minutes at a lonely hamlet rejoicing in the name of Jackfish Bay. Mr. Pugsley stepped off the car immediately greeted two lone fishermen, the only inhabitants in sight.

Addressing the men, who semed much embarrassed, he explained that the object of his trip was to inspect the most important works under construction. (Jackfish Bay consisted of a few shacks.)

"What impresses me most," he is reported to have said, "since my last visit to your midst is the water yonder, which I consider the finest body of water I ever saw.

"Your magnificent business blocks," waving his arm towards the rocks and bush, "the superior character of your churches and public buildings, and other marks of advanced civilization exceed the highest idea of progress of—what's the name of this place again?"

"Jackfish," said one of the fishermen.

"Quite so, quite so," said the Minister of Public Works.

Just then the conductor shouted that the train was ready to pull out, and Hon. Dr. Pugsley climbed on board chuckling, leaving the two sturdy natives dumbfounded.

Why Does the Wind Blow?

The most familiar illustration of wind, which is only air in motion, is afforded every time we see a lighted fire. It creates a "draught," and this is all that "wind" is.

Heated air, like any other gas, naturally tends to rise and at the same time to expand. As it rises it leaves a vacuum, and to fill this up colder air rushes in.

At the same time the expanded air, "of low pressure" as we call it, is attacked by cooler and denser air trying to mix with it. In either case it is the rushing in of this colder air that makes our wind.

Land, conducting heat better than the sea, becomes hotter during the day, and the air above it rises, colder air blowing in from the sea to take its place. But at night, the land cooling more quickly than the sea, the reverse takes place, and the wind blows from the land.

There are, too, many other "usual" winds. The air over the Equator, for instance, is normally hot and rising, so causing a regular wind from the colder parts of the earth. But their course is complicated and diverted by the "spin" of the earth's rotation.

Refining Steel.

A new plant has been put into operation in England, using electric furnaces for refining steel by a process somewhat analogous to the duplex process of making steel with a combination of the Bessemer converter and open-hearth furnace. Scrap steel is electrically melted and refined in a continuous manner in a large primary furnace, from which, at intervals, about a third of the molten bath is drawn off into a smaller secondary furnace for finishing. Metallurgically, this arrangement combines the advantages of operating continuously a plant of large output, with the ability to produce small quantities of steel of varying composition. Electrically, the power factor is improved by the maintenance of molten baths, and the load factor increased by the continuous working.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

The sea off the Ladrone islands is 31,620 feet deep.

ELDORADO

Mr. John Wanamaker has sold his farm to Mr. Wanamaker, his father in law and has bought one down at O'Hara's school house owned by Millard Hazzard.

Miss Grace Wilson has returned to her school after her holiday at her home.

Sorry to hear of Mr. McNut having such bad luck as losing a horse

Mr. Willie Bronson is moving to Mr. John Richardson's, Deloro.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex Nickle have moved to the house at Malone station.

Mr. Jas. and Albert Nickle of Malone took in Mr. G. White's sale.

Sorry to hear of the Mrs. Delynes sudden death.

Miss Emma Blakley has returned to Madoc to her studies.

Much sympathy is extended to Mrs. Fred Lough and Mrs. and Mrs. David Lough in the death of a husband and son.

Mr. John Devolin of Madoc is in our burg this week buying up a car load of potatoes. He is offering 50c. a bag.

Mr. Fred and Will Shaw were callers at Bannockburn on Sunday evening.

Mr. Ed Blakley was a guest of Mr. G. D. Gordon one evening last week.

Mr. and Mrs. G.D. Gordon and grandson Gordon were the guests of Mrs. Maggie Blakley.

Glad to hear Mrs. Finly Shaw and family are on the gain after the flu.

Mr. Angus Nicholson is around again after an attack of the flu.

Mr. John Gawley has returned home from Toronto.

Mr. David Miller was the guest of his sister Mrs. John Gawley for the week end.

Mr. Tom Fox is slowly improving.

Miss Lulla Hamilton was the week end visitor of her grandmother Mrs. John Shaw.

Everybody is busy in the sugar bush these days.

Miss Lottie Wanamaker of Oshawa is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Wanamaker.

Mrs. Abida and Miss Effie Holmes of Queensboro, also Mrs. C. Gawley, Deloro, and Mrs. Chas Carman, Malone, were the guests of Mrs. J. Fitzgerald a few days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Fox of Point Ann, have returned home after visiting his father, who is ill.

Rev. J. M. Whyte spent a few days at Port Hope, attending the Board of Missions.

Mrs. Wm. Keene of Rimington was the guest of her mother, Mrs J. McClintock, on day last week.

Mrs. Wm. Sandford, who has been spending the winter in Oshawa, has returned to her home here.

Mr. Eddie Swaine of New Ontario was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Martin.

A carload of potatoes was shipped from here last week. A number of the farmers took advantage of the chance and got rid of their potatoes.

AT CAMPBELLFORD

Peterboro, Ont., April 12.— Members of the Farmers' Club at a special meeting held in Campbellford last evening, decided to adopt the contract system of marketing hogs. The action was taken after a two hour address by C. E. Markley, of Morrisburg, on the advantages of co-operative marketing to the farmer.

RHEUMATISM

LUMBAGO NEURITIS SCIATICA vs. **T.R.C.'s**

If we could show you the actual proofs, results attained in thousands of cases suffering from these dread diseases, letters from people, from their friends and relatives, it would convince you that, if you suffer from Rheumatism, &c. T.R.C.'s (Templeton's Rheumatic Capsules) will make your recovery sure. T.R.C.'s attack direct the cause of the pain, eliminate the poisons from the system that are making the trouble, reduce the inflammation and the result is blessed relief from suffering. Sold by druggists $1.00 per box. Free trial write Templeton's, Toronto.

Who is he?

Who is the man in the private office?

He is—the man your salesmen are afraid to stop on the street;

—the man who is always "out" or "busy" when they call;

—the man who never replies to your letters making special offers;

—the man who ignores your telegrams.

Somebody has called him on Long Distance. He does not know yet who it is, but he is as polite as if he anticipated favors!

Long Distance gets in where salesmen fear to tread. Planned Long Distance campaigns get past every barrier.

THE BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM OF CANADA

Every Bell Telephone is a Long Distance Station

TO RENT

A 300 acre pasture lot to rent. A running stream and beaver meadow on the farm. Apply to George White, Eldorado.

HOUSE FOR SALE

A double brick veneered house for sale, situated on the corner of East Elgin street.

JOHN McKENZIE, Madoc.

FOR SALE

Chevrolet Truck in good condition. Apply to Mrs. Thompson, at the station.

HOUSE TO LET

In village of Madoc. Possession 1st of May. Apply to M.A. Bonisteel, Tel. No. 110.

FOR SALE

A black colt rising two years. Apply to Mrs. John Jarvis. Phone 26r22.

SHORTHORNS FOR SALE

2 Roan Bulls, 18 months; 3 Red Bulls, 12 months; also some choice females. Tuberculin tested and guaranteed. Visit to herd solicited. Chas. H. Vanderwater and Son, Foxboro.

FOR SALE

Slightly used player piano for $575.00, on easy payments. Apply C. W. Lindsay Ltd., Belleville, or A Kincaid, Madoc.

FOR SALE

Detached, solid brick dwelling, 10 rooms and bathroom, large barn and outhouses in good repair and garden space with fruit trees. For terms Apply Gavin. M. Wallbridge, Madoc.

FARM FOR RENT

East half lot 3, 12th concession, Township of Raydon, (100 acres). Over forty acres of work land. This property is about seven miles from Madoc. Has good buildings and is convenient to factory. Option of purchase on reasonable terms.

Apply to Mrs. John Hopkins, Madoc village.

FARM FOR SALE

The undersigned offers for sale Lot No. 16 in the 12th concession of the Township of Huntingdon, known as the p. J. Gay estate farm.

This farm is situated 4 miles from Madoc and will be sold at a reasonable price.

For further particulars apply to William Cross Barrister Madoc

January 30 h, 1923.

PILES Do not suffer another day with Itching, Bleeding, or Protruding Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. 60c. a box; all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp to pay postage.

Butter Wrappers, printed and plain at The Review office.

RATINE

36-inch Ratine, every shade and pattern. Prices range

75c $1.00 $1.50 $1.75

36-inch Print, lt. and dk. checks, fine for children's dresses, price this week per yd.

25c and 28c

27-inch Gingham, A-1 quality, see for yourself.

19c yd.

Other lines, 36- and 27-inch, range per yd.

28c and 38c

36-inch Shirting, different patterns (special)

59c

Another line for this week

35c yd.

Grey Flannel, specially adapted for men's shirts, for only

49c yd.

Niagara-made Ladies' Silk Hose with clocks, every color.

$2.25 pr.

Other lines range from 49c to $1.50.

Ladies' Silk Gloves, spec.

75c pr.

Other lines range from $1.00 to $2.00 pr.

SPECIALS

Double mesh hair nets—The Barry net, **3 for 25c**
Cotton Crepe, this week, yd. **25c**
Home Knitting Yard, every shade, **6 for $1.00**
Misses' Corsets, low, elastic top, new, special **$1.50**
Delaine, light and dark shades, fine cashmere finish, reg. 50c. See it, ladies. At only **29c yd.**
Children's Print Dresses, every size **75c**
Children's Gingham Dresses, neat, with belt, **98c**

China and Hardware

Pails, Tea Kettles, Crockery, Dinner Sets in china, Soap, Drugs, Curtain Rods, Trays, Toilet Paper, Window Shades, and Aluminumware.

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CREDIT

AUCTION SALE

Stock, Farm Implements Machinery, Vehicles, Household Goods, Etc.

THURSDAY, APRIL 26

1½ Miles East of Madoc Village

See Posters

C. PITTS, Owner

Winter and Your Battery

Any battery standing idle loses its charge. You are not safe in assuming that your battery will not freeze even if it is fully charged when you lay it up for the winter. Keeping it in the pantry or cellar means sulphated plates and a less efficient battery.

Bring Your Battery to Us for Storage

W. L. SMITH - MADOC

THE LONG-LIFE BATTERY FOR YOUR CAR

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MADE IN CANADA

BATTERIES

Butter Wrappers

Printed or Plain at the Review Office

Setting hens wanted. Review office.

Mrs. W. E. Connor is visiting in Toronto.

Mr. F. Aylesworth is in Ottawa on business.

Mrs. Robert Gordon left for Detroit on Tuesday last.

Mr. Gavin M. Wallbridge will insure your automobile.

Mrs. D. K. Stewart and Miss Emily left on Friday for Auburn N. Y.

Gordon Monroe has moved into rooms over the Empire theatre.

Mr. Fraser, of Odessa, is visiting his son, Dr. G. F. Fraser this week.

Mrs. Robert Weir is still in Belleville with her sister, Mrs. Tom Bailey.

Mrs. Dawes left for Peterboro on Monday where she will spend a few days.

Mr. Wm. Roberts has sold his residence on Elgin street to Mr. Milton Hazzard.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Wellman and two children spent the week end in Belleville.

Mr. Arthur Johnson and Mr. Cyril Clarke left for the West last week.

Mr. Morrison sold his household goods last Saturday and intends to move to Toronto.

Work has begun on building a house for Mr. Dan Barry on St. Lawrence street.

Mr. Storing is sawing into lumber logs which were brought in by the farmers last winter.

A number from town attended the Motor Show in Belleville on Thursday of last week.

The many friends of Mrs. Tom Bailey will be glad to learn she is improving every day.

Mr. Greatrix and son Leslie left for Ponteix, Sask., where they intend to spend the summer.

Maple syrup seems to be quite plentiful in town. The price ranges from $1.50 to $3.00 a gallon.

Mr. Will Keene, who has has been spending the past two weeks at his home left on Monday for Napanee.

Mrs. Sam McGuire and son Harry of Belleville, are guests of the former's parents Mr. and Mrs. John Macdonald.

Mr. Nugent and Mr. Gunter and families have moved to Mr. Tom Caverly's residence on South Durham street.

Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Huffman and children, also Miss Stewart, of Hart's, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. Geo. Huffman in town.

Mr. Brown having purchased the property of Dr. Whytock took possession this week and is erecting a commodious barn on the rear of his lot.

Mr. John Gordon left on Monday for Niagara Falls, where he has secured a position. His wife will visit her sister near Crookston for a few weeks.

Mrs. C. L. Jowell was called to Sault Ste. Marie, owing to the serious illness of her sister Mrs. J. C McNally. Mrs. McNally visited here last summer.

Mrs. H. A. McKenzie is in Toronto this week attending the funeral of her father Mr. Chas. Hutchinson who died at his home 734 Indian Rd. Toronto, on Sunday morning April 15th.

Mrs. R. Gordon sold her household effects last Saturday. The estate was also put up for sale, the highest bid being $2,300. Mrs. Gordon intends to make her home under the Stars and Stripes in the future.

Automobile Insurance

of all kinds. Gavin M. Wallbridge

SPECIAL NOTICE TO CAR OWNERS

Notice is hereby given to owners of motor vehicles that they must have their new 1923 markers on their cars not later than April 21st 1923.

Any on found without their 1923 markers after this date will be liable to a fine of $10.00.

CHARLES ST. CHARLES,
County Constable.

HARTS FARMERS' CLUB

This Club will meet in Harts School House on the second Tuesday of each month.

Coming Events

THE MADOC ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION are arranging an excellent programme for June 4th. Fuller particulars will be announced later.

THE TWO LOCAL BRANCH BANKS wish to draw to the attention of the public that on and after May 14th next, their offices will remain open on Wednesdays until 3 p.m, and close on Saturdays at 12 noon. The banking hours will be 10 a.m.—3p.m. Saturdays 9.30 a.m.—12 noon.

ALEXANDER RAY, EYE SIGHT Specialist of Belleville will be at the St. Lawrence Hall, Madoc Tuesday Evening April 24th 7 to 9, and next day Wednesday April 25th from 8 o'clock in the morning to 2 in afternoon.

GRAND BALL will be held in the Madoc Armouries, on Friday evening April 20th. Music by Ben Hokea's Quintette, of Toronto Dancing 9.00 p.m. Admission $2.00 per couple. Extra ladies 50c.

The postponed meeting of the Women's Institute will be held in Public Library Rooms, Friday April 13th. Mr. Atkin, Agricultural Representative, will address the meeting.

A high class entertainment, under the auspices of St. Peter's Y. P. S. will be given in the Empire Theatre Madoc, Thursday evening, April 19. Miss Jean McIntosh of Belleville Elocutionist with Mr. Wigglesworth as Accompanist and Soloist, will be the principal attractions. Admission 50c. Children 25c. Procure your tickets and Reserve seats at C. I. Ross' Store.

OBITUARY

Mrs. Harry Johnson

Another link with the past has been severed in the calling over to the Great Beyond of Mrs. Harry Johnson. Mrs. Johnson (nee Adele Schumacher) was born Dec. 31st 1851, at St. Blaise, Switzerland. In the early years of her life she went to England, where she taught French as a governess. It was here that she met Mr. Johnson, when an alliance was formed that was later strengthened by the bond of marriage and was only made more beautiful as time went on. After marriage they resided in Madoc and later came to Coe Hill, where Mr. Johnson was transferred to take charge of Coe Hill mines.

Their life had been a long and happy union. Mrs. Johnson for the last number of years had been an intense sufferer, but through it all she came with a blessed hope and faith, She was a faithful member of St. Michael's and her many good and kindly deeds will live after her. She was ever bright and cheerful even to the very last, when it was all that loved ones could do to watch at her bedside in her suffering. She leaves to mourn her loss her husband, Mr. Harry Johnson; one daughter, Mrs. Russel Carney, and two sons, Mr. Harold Johnson and Mr. W. Reginald Johnson of North Bend, Washington. The funeral service was in charge of the Rev. Mr. Stout, of Bancroft, assisted by the local minister, Rev. Mr. Eastman. Interment was made in the Anglican cemetery. The community sorrow with those who are bereaved. "Who are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?" "These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb."

—Contributed

SCOTCH SETTLEMENT

Miss Jennie Pigden of Madoc spent the week end with Miss Laura Ashe.

Mr. Jas. McGuire has been on the sick list, but is better again.

A goodly number attended church Sunday. The church was decorated with flowers for Easter.

Among the Sunday guests to see Mr. J. Cuttle were Mr. and Mrs W. Wickens, Sadie and John; Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Woods, also Mr. and Mrs. H. Mullitt of Crookston.

The Box Social on Thursday night at White Lake was postponed on account of the rain.

Miss Myrtle Ashe entertained company during Sunday and Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Lancaster and Roy spent Wednesday evening at Mr. Jas. McGuire's.

Mrs. E. Ashe is on the sick list We hope for a speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mr. J. McGuire and Patricia called at Mr. Wellesley Hollands Tuesday night.

(From Our Church Herald)

Pessimism! What a distasteful word! And what a disagreeable person is the pessimist, who always looks on the dark side of things; suspects trouble and failure where there is no reason to suspect it, and whose countenance is always downcast, rather than lifted up with a smile of hope and happiness.

But, this old spirit of pessimism is found so often in the church. In the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians we read: "Love beareth all things believeth all things, hopeth all things." This shows that the very nature of the Christian religion is such as to make one happy and optimistic. However, in every congregation today we find those who are afflicted with a spirit of pessimism

Some important matter is about to be undertaken in the congregation. Everything looks bright and encouraging. But about the time the matter is ready to go through, the pessimist gets up and sees nothing but the dark side of it, and says that this or that may happen, and predicts a terrible calamity. Very often that spirit of pessimism takes hold of others with the result that the matter fails to go through. And there we see the danger of the pessimist; he lacks trust in God to grant success and bless our undertakings in His name, and thus the pessimist weakens the knees of others.

Very often, too, we hear people speak despairingly of their church: "Things are not going right;" "Everything is going down," The pastor is a failure," "The members are becoming discouraged and are leaving." Such is the language of the pessimist regarding his church Often, however, his church is enjoying great prosperity, pastor and people are working together harmoniously and the members are delighted. The trouble therefore is not with the church but with the pessimist. Things in his church taste sour to him and he imagines they do so to everyone else.

But is this spirit of pessimism limited to just a few in the church? Are not, at the present, many Christian people speaking discouragingly of the times and conditions of the world? Indeed "the days are evil," but if others do not find in us that spirit of hope and confidence that looks to the overruling providence of God to make things better, what evidence are we giving of our faith and where will others turn for comfort and encouragement in these trying times, if not to the people of the church? Pessimism will never make the world any better, but true Christian optimism will — rather the Lord will, if we only put our unfailing trust in Him.

Let us beware therefore of this spirit of pessimism, for it is dangerous to the soul and to the welfare of God's Kingdom, Rather than wear a pessimistic frown let us wear the smile of optimism. Rather than look at the dark side of things, let us lay aside the microscope with its smoked lens, and look through the clear lens of Christian hope and confidence. Then will we give testimony to the reality of our faith and to the joy of being a follower of Christ in the church.

Gilmour

Misses Marjory and Marguerite Harney have returned to Stirling after spending the Easter holidays at their home here. They were accompanied back by their mother, Mrs. A.H. Harney.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Dafoe, Jr spent Saturday afternoon in St Ola.

Miss Violet Sargent of Steenburg spent the week end with her sister Mrs. Thos. Dafoe, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Dafoe and child visited Rev. and Mrs. Haslip on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. A. Robertson of Steenburg visited her sister, Mrs. P. Brinklou one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Collins of Mt Morris, Michigan, Mr. and Mrs. A Mrs. J. Dafoe of Belleville, Mrs Gunsalus and children of Belleville Thos. McInroy and son Don of Marmora, also Mr. J. D. Dafoe and Mr. R. Dafoe, accompanied the last remains of their mother, Mrs. P Dafoe, home here on Monday from Belleville. Service was held in the school house by Rev. Mr. Hayslip who gave a very impressive address to a large crowd who had come to pay their last respects to the oldest resident of this place. Mrs. Dafoe was 80 years of age.

Orders taken at The Review for Counter Check Books.

On April 12th a public meeting was held in the Town Hall for the purpose of organizing a Horticultural Society. The Reeve presided and there was an encouraging and representative attendance of citizens.

Mr. R. Atkin, District Agricultural Representative, was present and gave a brief outline of the organization and method of working of Horticultural societies and also gave an instructive talk on the treatment of soils and the growing of vegetables.

The meeting then proceeded to organize and elected the following officers:—

Hon. Pres.—Reeve Burns.
Hon. Vice. Pres.—Frank Smitth.
President—Frank Dafoe.
1st vice Pres.—Mrs. T. E. Burnside.
2nd vice Pres.—Mr. W. E. Connor.
Sec. Treas. — Miss Jean Mackintosh.

Directors elected for two years—G. M. Wallbridge, G. H. Gillespie, Geo. West, Mrs. Jenkins, Mrs. Cross.

Directors elected for one year—Rev. S. G. McCormack, Rev. T. H. Hall, W. H. McBain, Miss Aylsworth, Miss May Connor.

The executive met again on April 16th and discussed plans for the season.

There is no organization in the Province which has made such rapid growth as the Horticultural Societies of Ontario. Their object is to spread the gospel of the beautification of towns, villages and particularly home surroundings. Any person may become a member and it is earnestly hoped that citizens will take advantage of this opportunity to co-operate in the improvement of our town.

COOPER

Our regular pervice took place here Sunday morning, Rev. J. M. Whyte, pastor.

Glad to see Mr. Willie Rollins around again, having recovered from pneumonia, but sorry to see the illness of the little one.

The farmers here shipped three carloads of potatoes last week at the low price of 50 cents for the spuds.

Sirry to report Mrs. O'Brien is very poorly, suffering with a cancer.

Mr. Clifford Cassidy of Hillier is holidaying here this past two weeks. It's maple-sugar time.

Mrs. W. T. Allen is still gaining. We wish her a speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. King have moved to the home of their daughter, Mrs. Herb McCoy, and Mr. and Mrs. Melvin King have moved to the old homestead.

Mrs. Thos. Cassidy spent the week-end in Madoc.

House cleaning and butter making for the ladies, gathering sap and making maple syrup for the men fills the order for the day, although a little too cold for the best of success.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Parks entertained some of their friends to a sugar party.

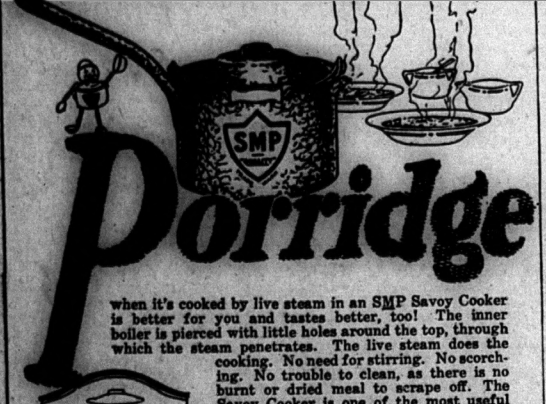
Rev. J. M. Whyte will show some moving pictures in the United Church.

THE WEATHER

The weather has been the subject of much comment especially during the last few days and although we have had weather in great variety, yet few people are willing to say a kind word about it. In looking up the newspapers regarding the weather conditions in other places we think we have just reason to complain of old Probs over the kind of weather that he has served up to the people of Madoc. We do not think the temperature has reached 50 degrees at any time this season. As a proof of the unfair way old Probs has treated us we would call your attenton to the temperatures at various towns in the north where it is supposed to be much colder than it is here. On April 16 the Toronto Globe reports the following temperatures:

Kamloops	42—56
Calgary	30—52
Edmonton	38—52
Prince Albert	34—68
Medicine Hat	60—80
Moosejaw	31—70
Saskatoon	45—75
Regina	30—65

We think that we can safely promise our readers that a much higher temperature will follow in Madoc as a result or otherwise of our complaint to Mr. Probs.



Porridge

when it's cooked by live steam in an SMP Savoy Cooker is better for you and tastes better, too! The inner boiler is pierced with little holes around the top, through which the steam penetrates. The live steam does the cooking. No need for stirring. No scorching. No trouble to clean, as there is no burnt or dried meal to scrape off. The Savoy Cooker is one of the most useful utensils made. Ask for

SMP Enamelled WARE

Try these dishes in this fine pot; oatmeal porridge, steamed rice, steamed oysters, corn, cauliflower, veal, chicken ragout, mushrooms, scrambled eggs, and a host of others.

Three finishes: Pearl Ware, two coats of pearly grey enamel inside and out. Diamond Ware, three coats, light blue and white outside, white lining. Crystal Ware, three coats, pure white inside and out, with Royal Blue edging.

THE SHEET METAL PRODUCTS CO. OF CANADA LIMITED
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG
EDMONTON VANCOUVER CALGARY

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PULPWOOD WANTED

PEELED SPRUCE, BALSAM and POPLAR

Wood to be Peeled in Peeling Months of May, June and July

Advances Made on Contracts as Work Progresses

FOR PRICES, CONTRACTS, ETC., APPLY TO

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Anyone over the age of 5 years resident or domiciled in Canada may purchase.

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Apply to your postmaster; or write, postage free, to S. T. Bastedo, Superintendent of Annuities, Ottawa, for new booklet and other information desired. State sex and age last birthday.

Making Milk Safe for Use in the Family.

Pasteurization Is Not Sterilization—Diseases Transmitted by Milk—Points Charged Against Pasteurization — "Safety First" a Good Practice.

(Contributed by Ontario Department of Agriculture, Toronto.)

The process applied to milk, that we know as pasteurization, was originally used by Pasteur to prevent the souring of wines and beer, and it is now universally applied in the control of milk supplies of large cities. At first it was intended for the preservation of milk, that is, to prevent souring, but now it is used solely with the idea of destroying disease-producing micro-organisms.

Pasteurization Is Not Sterilization.

Pasteurization is not sterilization. A much greater heat is required to sterilize than is applied in the former process. Pasteurization consists of heating the milk to a temperature of not less than 140 degs. F., and not more than 150 degs. F., for a period of not less than 20 and not more than 30 minutes, and then rapidly cooling it to 45 degs. F., or under, and keeping it at that temperature until delivered to the consumer. In addition to this, every care must be taken to have a clean product. The process does not remove dirt; therefore those responsible for the supervision of milk supplies insist on a high quality of milk for pasteurization.

No matter how carefully milk is handled and how well cows are inspected there still remains the danger of the carrier, that is, a person harboring the germs of a disease and yet not affected by them; or of the person who is developing an infectious disease, yet is not sick enough to stop working. These people may unwittingly infect the milk by coughing, sneezing, by their soiled hands when milking or washing vessels, or indirectly in many other ways. It is true that if the milk is kept cold these disease-producing bacteria will not multiply, but they may remain alive and fully virulent for a long time and the original number be sufficient to cause infection.

Disease Transmitted by Milk.

Some of the diseases of man that may be transmitted by milk are: Septic sore throat, typhoid, scarlet fever, diphtheria and tuberculosis. Some animal diseases transmissible to man through milk are: Tuberculosis; cow pox, which may cause infection of the digestive tract in young children; mastitis, which may cause gastro-intestinal disturbances; foot and mouth disease; tremples; actinomycosis and others. Pasteurization destroys the organisms that are the cause of all the foregoing diseases. In regard to bovine tuberculosis it is known that though adults may be relatively immune to infection from a bovine source, children are quite susceptible, and a considerable percentage of cases of tuberculosis in young children can be shown to be of bovine origin. There are certain biological differences in the bacilli from humans and cattle which make it possible to differentiate these infections. A cow may be dangerous even though the udder is not infected, as the germs are passed out with the excreta before any clinical evidence of tuberculosis is present, and owing to the position of the udder it is almost impossible to keep them out of the pail as they fall in with the tiny particles of manure that are on the cow's body and that silt down in the form of dust. Apart from the recognized disease producing bacteria, it is known that large numbers of ordinarily harmless ones in milk may cause a serious and frequently fatal diarrhea in children during the summer months.

Points Charged Against Pasteurization.

Some of the arguments put forward against pasteurization are: That the cream is reduced; that the milk is rendered indigestible; that the milk will not sour, thus doing away with nature's danger signal; and that the vitamines are destroyed. The last is the only argument that now carries any weight. The cream is not reduced in quantity, but by heating the fat globules are broken up smaller and do not rise to the top so easily, thus causing the cream line to appear less. As a matter of fact at 142 degs. F., there is very little reduction even in the appearance. With proper pasteurization the chemical and physical constitution of the milk is not appreciably changed, at least not to an extent that renders it less valuable as a food. The lactic acid bacteria that cause souring of milk are not all destroyed by the heating, and consequently properly pasteurized milk may sour like raw milk, thus indicating its age and condition. Recent work on vitamines shows that the anti-rachitic and anti-neuritic factors are not removed by pasteurization, but that the anti-scorbutic vitamine probably is. It should be replaced by giving daily a teaspoonful of orange or lemon juice diluted with water and sweetened.

"Safety First" Good Practice.

Until methods of milk production are much more perfect than they are at present the only way of maintaining a safe milk supply would appear to be by pasteurization, in which the rapid cooling and keeping cool is given as much attention as the maintenance of the correct temperature for the proper length of time.—Ronald Gwatkin, D.V.Sc., Ontario Veterinary College, Guelph.

The most profitable use is made of beet tops when they are siloed and fed with alfalfa hay or other forage and possibly supplemented with grain or concentrate feeds.

The chief value of cowpea hay lies in its high percentage of digestible protein. This has been verified by numerous feeding tests.

Misused and Neglected Too Often by Many Farmers.

When Tools Were Really Valued—Neglect Is Criminal Waste—The Jointer Plough — Half-Acre Garden Gives Good Results.

(Contributed by Ontario Department of Agriculture, Toronto.)

With the advance of agriculture the increase in farm tools, implements, and machines has been great. A century ago, an axe, a scythe, a spade and a saw formed a large part of the equipment of many farms. These few simple tools were probably the most useful in working the small areas of land under process of clearing. The development of the farms brought improvement in tools and a gradual development toward the modern type of farm machines.

When Tools Were Really Valued.

Tools were valued in the early days because such were hard to get. There was no waste of farm equipment then; the spade and the scytpe were valued as much as the shotgun. Conditions have changed during the past century. The progress is now marked by an abundance of tools, implements and, machines for every purpose in agricultural production and harvesting — in abundance of machines so great that we see waste on every hand. Ploughs, tillage machines and harvesters neglected and exposed to the weather, rust and wear out before giving half service. The waste of tools, implements, machines and articles of farm equipment amounts to many thousands of dollars each year.

Neglect of Implements and Tools Is Criminal Waste.

Neglect to put machines under cover, to apply weather-proofing paint, to keep sharp all cutting parts, to oil or otherwise lubricate all bearings is reducing the efficiency and shortening the period of usefulness of equipment in which many millions of dollars of farmers' money has been invested. The machine or tool is not the only loss, since the power, either horse, motor or man, is also reduced through having to work with a tool or implement not in the best condition. This double liability, while fully appreciated by the most efficient or business type of farmer, is a matter that should be understood by all who own or work with farm tools.

The Life of a Grain Binder.

In the hands of good men a grain binder has been known to last and do 100 per cent. efficient work for thirty years. In the hands of careless men grain binders have been racked to pieces in less than five years, through such treatment as neglect to oil and to keep belts tight. The reward for efficiency might here be expressed as the price of five binders over a period of thirty years.—L. Stevenson, Scc. Dept. of Agriculture, Toronto.

The Jointer Plough.

The jointer plough was developed through the appreciation of plough makers of the necessity or mixing vegetable matter with the soil during the ploughing operation. The jointer is a miniature plough attached to the main plough beam in such a position as to cut and roll a small furrow slice into the bottom of the furrow and just ahead of the furrow slice turned by the plough mouldboard. This arrangement permits the turning of a wider furrow slice and puts all vegetable matter well under the cutter of the turned furrow slice. Jointer ploughs are equipped with a shorter mouldboard that is shaped to invert the furrow slice; more curl or steeper are the terms generally used to describe the jointer plough mouldboard. A wheel and a landslide designed to keep the plough straight of uniform depth and steady are also part of the jointer plough equipment. Shorter handles, shorter beam, and shorter moulboard are characteristics very pronounced when the jointer type of plough is compared with the Scotch or long plough type.—L. Stevenson.

Half-Acre Garden Gives Big Return.

You can make on an average $44 net on a half-acre garden on your farm. Can you make as much on a half-acre in any other way? The thing has been worked out by the Illinois Experiment Station. After five years, this station found that the average gross income from its half-acre garden was $74.85. With a labor cost of $25.71 and expenditures for seeds, plants, and insecticides of $5.08, the net return was $44.06. Here is what the Illinois garden produced in its last year:

Onions, green 36 dozen, ripe 2 bushels; asparagus, 104 pounds; radishes, 103 dozen; lettuce, 22 baskets; turnips, green 5 baskets, early 10 dozen, late 2.6 bushels; rhubarb, 34 pounds; spinach, 21 baskets; peas, 11 baskets; beets, green 8 baskets, early 15 dozen, late 3.9 bushels; cabbage, early 108 heads, late (large) 24, late (small) 24; beans, string 16 pecks, lima 14 pecks; early potatoes, 5 bushels; parsley, supply; cauliflower, early 25, late 10; carrots, early 24 dozen, late 7 bushels; squash, summer 93, winter 330 pounds; sweet corn, 47 dozen; tomatoes, ripe 25 bushels, green 7 bushels; cucumbers, slicing 387, pickles 76; muskmelons, 1,185 pounds; watermelons, 2,063 pounds; egg plant, 41 fruits; peppers, 4 pecks; parsnips, 3.4 bushels; salsify, 1.2 bushels; winter radishes, 3.1 bushels; celery, 20 dozen.

Corning Beef In the Home.

The pieces of beef commonly used for corning are the plate, rump, cross ribs, and brisket, or in other words the cheaper cuts of meat. The loin, ribs, and other fancy cuts are more often used fresh, and since there is more or less waste of nutrients in corning, this is well. The pieces for corning should be cut into convenient-sized joints, say 5 or 6 inches square.

Both Beef and Dairy Animals Are the Better for It.

Renders Bulls More Tractable—Caustic Potash or a Sharp Knife for Calves—The Saw or Special Shears for Older Cattle.

(Contributed by Ontario Department of Agriculture, Toronto.)

It is generally realized that horns on cattle are a disadvantage, and that both feeding and dairy cattle are improved by dehorning, in that they are prevented to a great extent thereafter from causing each other injury. Dehorned cattle also mingle together more quietly and annoy and disturb each other less while feeding and drinking, and as a result make better gains. Another advantage of dehorning is that in shipping fat cattle to market the danger of injuring and bruising each other is lessened and consequently reduces the waste incidental to the removal of bruised parts from the carcasses after slaughter. The economic waste and loss though bruises inflicted by horn thrusts before slaughter is much greater than is generally realized. Bruises from this cause are known to incur a wastage in some shipments of about one per cent. of the dressed carcasses, incidental to the trimming and removal of the bruised parts.

The dehorning of bulls renders them more tractable and easily managed, and removes the menace of goring and seriously injuring attendants and others. The practice of preventing horn growth in young cattle overcomes the objections of those having sentiments against the operation of dehorning adult cattle. This procedure is becoming generally popular and is being practiced to an increasing extent in calves.

Caustic Potash Treatment for Calves.

The development of horn growth can be effectively prevented in calves by the use of caustics applied to the "horn buttons or nubbins" soon after birth. To be successful the operation should be done when the calf is two or three days old and, at least, before it is a week old. Before applying the caustic it is best to clip the hair from around the little "horn buttons" on the head. The little "horn buttons" are then moistened slightly and rubbed thoroughly for a few seconds with either caustic potash or caustic soda. After a short time has been allowed for the caustic to dry, a second application is given as before. The caustic can be obtained in small white sticks, about the size of a pencil, and one end should be wrapped in paper or cloth to protect the fingers while applying it. Two or three applications of the caustic, properly done, are sufficient to destroy and prevent the horns from ever developing. The skin around the treated spots should be smeared with a little vaseline, and the calf should be protected from rain for a day or more after treatment. This is to prevent the caustic being washed off the treated spots and spreading to the surrounding skin and into the eyes.

Cutting With Knives.

When calves are allowed to go without treatment until they are several weeks old, and the "horn buttons" have developed into projecting knobs, the caustic treatment is not sufficient to entirely destroy growth, and may permit an irregular growth of horn to develop. At this age, the best method is to remove the projecting horn knobs by cutting them off at their base, close up to the head, with a sharp knife or with a pair of calf dehorners. In the case of male calves intended to be kept as bulls, many prefer to defer the dehorning operation until about the age of two or three years, or at a time when the horns are almost fully developed. The deferring of the operation to this time in the case of bulls generally makes them still more tractable than if deprived of their horns while young. In the case of steers and heifers not deprived of their horns while calves, they should be dehorned before they reach the age of three years. In dehorning grown animals, it is essential that they are properly secured and restrained for the operation. For this purpose the animal to be dehorned should be securely fastened in a rack or chute or a solid stanchion. Once the animal is securely fastened, the horns should be removed with as little bungling as possible.

Using Saws or Strong Shears.

For removing the horns, either a sharp meat saw or a pair of Keystone dehorning shears may be used. The dehorning shears are most commonly used, nevertheless the saw is quite satisfactory and serviceable for small numbers. The main feature is to do the operation as quickly as possible and to remove the horn close up to the head, about half an inch below the hair line, thus removing that much of the skin with the horn. If this is not done there is a likelihood of a secondary growth of irregular horn taking place, forming projecting horn stubs which are undesirable and spoil the animal's appearance. After the horns are removed, no further treatment is, as a rule, required, unless there is severe bleeding. In cases of severe bleeding, the core can be smeared with tar and the opening packed with a piece of absorbent cotton, or with a piece of clean cheese cloth. This dressing can be allowed to remain for a day and then removed and the parts washed off with antiseptic solution, such as a two per cent. solution of creolin or lysol. With regard to the best time of the year for dehorning adult cattle, it may be done at any time other than during fly time in summer and during zero weather in the case of cattle wintering outside.—C. D. McGilvray, M.D.V., Ont. Vet. College, Guelph.

Many a retired farmer, after buying a cozy bungalow in town, has decided that he wasn't as tired as he thought he was.

But Vast Tract of Land in Central Oregon Has Been Dry for Thousands of Centuries.

Scientific societies are beginning to pay a great deal of attention to central Oregon's great ocean bed, dry now for many thousands of years. During the past year fully a dozen expeditions visited the huge inland sea that extended over hundreds of square miles on the upper reaches of the Crooked river.

Just to stand in the dry bed of the sea or at points where the waves once washed the shore and where the marks of the tide are plain is a unique experience. It's an astounding country, every rock seemingly hiding fossil evidence of some nature, for at random any ordinary looking outcrop or boulder will reveal clams, oysters, boring shellfish or seaweed impressions. Your head reels as you try to think back centuries and tens of hundreds of centuries before, and see this vast expanse of sand, sagebrush and rocks as a turbulent tropical ocean, palm trees dotting the banks and weird animals roaming the dense brush or haunting the breakers as they bore food from the great ocean.

Palm frond imprints twelve and more feet in length can be found in the rocks, fossil remains of the first horse, he that had three toes; animals too strange to re-create—it's a rich country for the student, and now they are trying to prove that it is a great filling station, for oil drilling derricks begin to make their appearances on the horizon.

In any event here is country that was fecund with life even before the human race was evolved. Inside one round seaworn boulder lay a perfect oyster and inside the oyster the remains of a pearl, crushed flat by the pressure. Along the slimy shores of this sea the life must have been a short one and crowded, for the country is honeycombed with evidence, all of a low life origin—clam shells a yard across, great snails, other shells shaped like nothing we see this day, marine monsters not well organized enough to go out for themselves, but doomed to rest on a still shore until petrified and then to prove their age to discoverers thousands of years later.

Finding New Fruits.

It is curious that during the half-million or more years that man has inhabited the earth, he has learned to cultivate only about 300 species of plants out of more than 100,000 that are known to exist.

During the past 2,000 years we have not discovered and cultivated a single plant which can rival maize, rice, the potato, the date, cereals, and the banana, which was first discovered three or four thousand years ago.

Among new fruits that have been found recently is the feijoa, a South American fruit which is being grown in California. It possesses the refreshing taste of the pineapple and the sweetness of the strawberry.

The jujube is a new fruit which has been cultivated in northern China. It was first known some years ago, and is now being grown in California and Texas. It is usually eaten in candied form, and is preferred by many people to the date, which it resembles.

The sapote, a Central American fruit about the size of an orange, is being grown in Florida; while the roselle, a new acid fruit grown in southern California, is used for jellies and in the making of refreshing beverages.

Take Time to Relax.

Learn to call it a day. Don't peddle the little worries, discouragements and annoyances that crop up in the office around with you. Forget them. Shake off the inclination to sink into the slough of despond at the end of a ragged day. Everything will look different in the morning if you let go and take a fresh hold. Give a job a fair trial before you give it up. The first day, the first week, or the first month is the hardest. See to it that you do not make the same mistake twice and your blunders will put you ahead. The discouragements you meet in your work make very little difference. What really counts is how you take them.—Elizabeth Arnold in Detroit Free Press.

Japanese Rickshaw Men.

Although the motorcar is now common in Japan, many of the more conservative Japanese retain their "stables" of human horses and ornate carriages. Rickshaw men in private employment often wear handsome uniforms, on which the crest of the emperor is embroidered. They have wonderful speed and endurance. Ten miles an hour is not an uncommon pace, and two men, alternately taking the post of leader and wheeler will keep it up for 50 or 60 miles. Still, it is a pace that kills, and it used to be said that the life of a rickshaw coolie did not exceed ten years after he took to the road.

No Small Task.

"Do you think that women have improved politics?"

"Give us time," protested Miss Cayenne. "Politics have been controlled by men for generations. It takes years for feminine influence to reform a man individually. It will take longer to reform the sex collectively."

Hardly.

"There's nothing new under the sun," said the learned professor, closing an argument on progress and civilization. "Solomon said that ages ago."

"But he didn't say it by radiophone," answered his friend.

ART DISEASE ON INCREASE

ures Show That, at Least in New York City, There Are More Sufferers.

Disease of the heart is increasing this city, according to a report recently by Dr. Louis I. Harris, ton of the bureau of preventable ases, to Acting Health Commisner Dr. Frank J. Monoghan of New k, says the New York Times.

"It has been observed that females," report states, "show greater incince of cardiac defect up to the age twenty-four than is found in males similar age groups. After twenty-ur years of age, however, the incince becomes increasingly pronounced males.

"What we are particularly concerned out as a public health problem is early recognition of cases in which y one or numerous causes may have erated to produce damage upon any rt of the heart or the vascular sysm, so that we may shield such perns from physical and mental strain far as possible and prevent their posure to subsequent infections.

"For adolescents there ought to be ple provision to ascertain whether not a child may be suffering from cardiac defect, and if so to make cerin that such children are not peritted to enter into industries in which ey are inevitably doomed to suffer an ggravation of their cardiac diseases, th all the menace to health and life hich is implied. Such adolescents ould not be permitted to be employed an industrial environment in which cessive heart or physical strain or her causes of fatigue may operate one or in conjunction with other ctors to cause a cardiac breakdown.

"The time may not be far distant hen some organization having a keen gard for the sanctity as well as the conomic value of human life will refully consider each case of death eported in a community and place e blame for such death upon the pubc authorities, parents or employers, ch in proper measure as they may ve been responsible for failure to nserve the lives of those who are xposed to the development of cardiac isease or are already so handi-apped."

Veils of Green Fields of Arctic.

It is the absence of glaciers which makes the difference between the North and South poles, and gives the latter the "friendly" disposition towards man which Mr. Stefansson has described in his book, "The Friendly Arctic." "If you travel seven or eight hundred miles overland from the glaciated South coast northward, you come to the prairies bordering the Alaska North coast," says Mr. Stefansson. "On the great triangular coastal plain of 50,000 square miles there are no mountains, consequently no glaciers. The explanation is that northern Alaska is low, flat land, with little precipitation so light that the snow which falls in winter is all thawed away in the spring."

The Arctic grass lands, he says, have caribou in herds of tens of thousands, and sometimes hundreds of thousands to a single herd, with lesser numbers of musk oxen here and there. There are the polar foxes, both white and blue, that feed in summer on the unbelievable swarms of lemmings that also form the food of thousands of owls and hawks and gulls. There are the goose and brant and swan and crane and loon, and various species of duck. When you add to this picture the bumblebees, bluebottle flies and abundant insect life, of which the clouds of mosquitoes form the most impressive and least tolerable part, you get a picture of a country that in summer certainly is not without life.

Where to Buy One.

Betty, age three, and Jean, age four, were playmates. Betty started the usual morning argument. "I have a new dress and you haven't."

Jean promptly came back with the reply: "Boys don't wear dresses. I have a new suit, and you haven't."

Betty did not hesitate. "I have new slippers and you haven't."

Nothing daunted, Jean answered: "Well, I have new oxfords and you haven't."

Betty determined to have the last word and said: "Well, I have a little baby brother and you haven't."

Jean was stumped, then, leaning forward, whispered: "Say, Betty, what store did you buy him at?"

The Limit.

"There isn't much I don't know about the English language," boasted the long-haired man in the hotel lobby. "I'll test you," a friend picked him up quickly. "I'll dictate a paragraph to you." With an assured air the boaster seized his pencil, but his jaw dropped as he heard: "As Hugh Hughes was hewing a yule log from a yew tree, a man dressed in clothes of dark blue hue came up to Hugh and said: 'Have you seen my ewes?' 'If you will wait until I hew this yew tree I will go with you anywhere in Europe to look for your ewes,' said Hugh."

Looks Like George.

Mrs. R. D. M. writes: "Last Sunday afternoon I told my little girl that her mother was asleep, and that I must keep her and her brother to be as quiet as the Sphinx. A moment later I heard her repeat my warning to her brother, aged seven, and inquire what a 'Spinks' was.

"'Why, don't you know?' answered Robert, who is quite a student for his age. 'A Spinks is a big thing that grows in Egypt and looks like George Washington.'"—Boston Transcript.

AN EXAMPLE TO FOLLOW

Under the caption of "Perseverance" here is a little story going the rounds that conveys a lesson to big boys as well as to little boys—boys of our size, full grown:

"Do you want a boy?" he asked of the magnate of the office, standing before him, hat in hand.

"Nobody wants a boy," replied the magnate.

"Do you need a boy?" asked the applicant in no wise abashed.

"Nobody needs a boy."

The boy would not give up.

"Well, say, Mr.," he inquired, "do you have to have a boy?"

The magnate collapsed. "I am sorry to say we do, and I guess you're about what we want."

Why Travel.

"What will you do next?"

"A photoplay in the great north woods."

"When are you going?"

"Where to?"

"The great north woods."

"You don't understand the possibilities of the movie. Our next 'location' is just half a mile from where we did South sea island stuff."

A Mean Disposition.

"Please, sir," whined the beggar, "will you gimme a dime?"

"No!" snarled the irascible citizen.

"You wouldn't even gimme a few kind words, would you, boss?"

"Certainly not."

"Well," said the beggar, as he edged away, "maybe you've got your good points, but I'll bet you ain't no treat to your family."

Potentiality.

Mrs. Portly-Riche—It must be dreadful to be as hard up as the Bronsons. They never give anything to charity.

Mr. P.-R.—Well, for the matter of that, no more do we, m'dear.

Mrs. P.-R.—No, but they can't say we haven't got it to give, though.

A Worthy Example.

"Do you prefer to be called a public servant?"

"Certainly," replied Senator Snortsworthy. "Furthermore, I feel that I ought to explain that I'm in a position to give private servants some much-needed lessons in meekness and humility."

MODEST MAN

He—I would gladly die for you, but for one thing.

She—And what is that?

He—I'm afraid you could never replace the loss.

All That's Needed.

The world's all right. You needn't stew
About some petty wrong,
If you are honest, clean and true
Why you will get along.

Slam!

Bang—I'm never afraid to tell a man anything, because it goes in one ear and out at the other.

Slam—Yes; but if you tell a woman anything, it goes in at both ears and out at the mouth.—Everybody's Magazine.

Bills Crush Sentiment.

Mrs. Youngbride—You seem to have lost your taste for saying pretty things.

Husband—Yes, since buying them has become necessary.

Explained.

"Pa, what's the difference between assurance and insurance?"

"Well, my son, the former is what the agent has and the latter is what he tries to sell you."

Restless Rouge.

He—The coloring of your face reminds me of the colors of sunset.

She—Why?

He—Different places at different times.—California Pelican.

He Speaks Up.

"Where have you been so late?"

"To a lecture."

"Huh?"

"And it was very poor. I don't care to listen to another one."

A Suit to Suit.

Clerk—Motoring costume, yes, madam. Any particular shade?

Customer—Show me something in half-mourning. My engine has a habit of going dead.

Home.

"Home is where the heart is."

"That's what the young fellow who is courting my daughter thinks. He hangs around my place all the time."

Beautiful St. Helena.

Napoleon Bonaparte drew public attention to a hitherto little-known island in mid-Atlantic, almost opposite the southern extremity of the Portuguese settlement of Angola, next door to what used to be German Southwest Africa. Few of the general public of that day knew of Elba, not far from Leghorn, where the French emperor was first sequestered; and when, after Waterloo, he went to St. Helena people looked in vain upon most of the maps for that tropical dot, with an area of only 47 square miles and with but few inhabitants.

After the Boer war the English turned to St. Helena as a safe spot to send their prisoners of war, and so many thousands were transported there that the inhabitants of Jamestown—the only town then on the island—became suddenly enriched, for British soldiers and sailors brought money, and their prisoners were rarely poor men.

Next to the Red sea ports along the African coast St. Helena probably entertains in its waters the greatest aggregation of sharks in the world, and the Boer prisoners discovered that these sharks always slept when the sun reached the meridian; and many of these prisoners were rescued by their friends, who brought small vessels, apparently laden with provender, but steamed rapidly away when their confederates had swum a few yards from beneath the towering cliffs to the awaiting boat.

Standard Time Zones.

The United States standard eastern time zone is from the Atlantic ocean to a line through Sandusky and Mansfield, and between Columbus and Zanesville, O.; thence through Huntington, W. Va.; Norton, Va.; Johnson City, Tenn.; Asheville, N. C.; Atlanta and Macon, Ga., and Apalachicola, Fla.

Standard central zone is from this first line to a line through Mandan, N. D.; Pierre, S. D.; McCook, Neb.; Dodge City, Kan., and along the western boundary of Oklahoma and Texas.

Standard mountain zone is from the second line to a line that forms the western boundary of Montana, and thence passes through Pocatello, Idaho; Ogden and Salt Lake City, Utah; Parker and Yuma, Ariz.

Pricking the Bubble.

"Deacon Summers seems to have lost considerable prestige in your church circles since he permitted himself to be drawn into that rough-and-tumble bar-room fight the other night," observed an Eastern visitor to Arkansas.

"I sh'd say he has," replied a native disgustedly. "Th' hull congregation figgered him a right sight handier with a razor than what he turned out to be."—American Legion Weekly.

Limit to His Appetite.

Bobbie had dinner with his uncle one evening, who gave him a generous helping of everything.

At the close of the meal he was asked why he had not eaten his dessert, whereupon he replied: "Oh, I can't, 'cause my appetite don't hold much tonight."

'Punch and Judy" Are Coming Back to Popularity.

The Punch and Judy man has come into his own again.

According to a statement made by a British showman the other day there are now three shows on the road to every one in existence twenty years back.

One writes "on the road," though it is hardly the correct phrase. It is but seldom nowadays that a Punchman is obliged to give a roadside show.

In the summer each has his regular pitch at some summer resort, where he gives several entertainments daily for three or four months on end. For several weeks before Christmas he usually has a permanent engagement at one or the other of the "Toylands," such as are then a feature at all the big stores and shops.

Then come the children's parties, when his little portable theater is seen in hundreds of big houses all over the country. Fetes, fairs and galas, both indoors and outdoors, fill in what would otherwise be the slack seasons in between. Mr. Punch is enjoying a similar revival of popularity in Canada.

The melodrama in which Mr. Punch plays the name-part is the oldest show on earth. Its hero belongs to all ages as well as to most lands. He has been recognized in ancient Egyptian hieroglyphics, while modern travelers have described entertainments of the kind in Persia, Japan, Turkey, India, Egypt, Syria, Siam, China and Tartary.

Everywhere the plot is much the same. There is always a policeman, a beadle, or a cadi to be knocked about. Punch is always plagued by a scolding wife; though in England, up till the closing years of the eighteenth century, she was not called Judy, but Joan.

The modern Punchman is usually born to the business. As a child he is taught to use the "call" or squeaker—made of two pieces of metal cunningly bound with thread—by the aid of which Mr. Punch's peculiar, high-pitched tones are produced.

He acquires the none-too-easy art of playing on the Pan pipes, an instrument composed of canes and corks that dates back to the time of Moses.

He learns how to carve and model the figures—the best and strongest made will last only about six months—how to cut and fit their costumes, and the making, painting and decorating of the theater itself.

CURE DANDRUFF FOR 50 CTS.

THAT'S CHEAP ENOUGH FOR ANY ONE

It's easy, and you take no risk. Step in to-day, and get a large 50 cent bottle of PARISIAN SAGE, the germ killing hair restorer.

If it does not cure dandruff in two weeks we will give you your money back.

PARISIAN SAGE is a pleasant, daintily perfumed tonic and hair grower. It is guaranteed to stop falling hair or itching of the scalp, and to cure all diseases of the scalp and hair.

PARISIAN SAGE has many imitators—get the genuine.

Butter Wrappers, printed and plain at The Review office.

Under the reign of the princephilosopher, Marcus Aurelius, were the Christians persecuted? After Renan, Linsenmayer and Allard have charged the memory of that emperor with this infamy, now A. P. Semercier, professor of Caen, in a preface to his just published edition of his "Pensees," at the hand of history, contests the statements of these savants. According to him, the instructions given by Marcus Aurelius to the legate of Lyons were of a political and not a religious nature. Besides, the prince was then ill, and it was impossible for him to control the legate's reports. Several texts intimate that Marcus Aurelius alleviated certain measures taken against the Christians and that those which he dictated were perhaps exceeded. The discussion bears on very remote facts. If Marcus Aurelius had had foreknowledge of the controversy he would undoubtedly have cried with Antisthenes: "It is a royal virtue to act well and to let calumny run its course."

The Old Family Toddy.

According to a rural paper a central Kentucky man prides himself in the possession of a "toddy glass" that has been in his family for over a century. The "toddy glass" recalls an old Kentucky custom that was an institution down to ante-bellum days.

The "toddy glass" was utilized for the mixing of an old-fashioned toddy that was passed around and partaken of by company and the family. The common toddy existed before the sanitary crusade started and individual toddies became the vogue. In these days even if prohibition did not stand in the way, the old-time "toddy glass" likely would be placed under the health law along with the common drinking cup.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

New Kind of Auto.

David Cook, age five, of Wabash, has been around automobiles ever since he was born, but was never at Lake Wawasee until last Sunday. A friend of the Cook family had the youngster out showing him the sights, and finally pointed out a sail boat which was traveling in the distance. For several minutes the boy was unable to find the boat. Suddenly he spied it and said, "Oh, you mean that auto with the side curtains on!"

Since then he has been telling his playmates of the automobile which puts on side curtains and then runs on water.—Indianapolis News.

Steel Used in Railroad Cars.

One million, five hundred thousand tons of iron and steel were consumed in the production of 1,667,000 passenger cars and trucks in the United States the past year. This amount of metal is approximately 4 per cent of the entire output of the mills of the nation.

Mixed.

The teacher had asked the children to bring in sentences containing certain words. One of the list was the word squash. It was almost fatal to the young woman's dignity when one little boy read from his paper: "Squash is what an Indian calls his wife."

LIFE BURDENED BY DYSPEPSIA

Health and Happiness Came With "Fruit-a-tives"

Made From Fruit Juices and Tonics

"Fruit-a-tives", the wonderful medicine made from the juices of apples, oranges, figs and prunes, is one of the greatest means of doing good that this country of ours has ever known.

"Fruit-a-tives" is bringing health to hundreds and hundreds of people who suffer with chronic Constipation, Biliousness and Dyspepsia.

Mr. Frank Hall of Wyevale, Ont., says, "I purchased a box of "Fruit-a-tives" and began the treatment. My condition improved immediately. The dyspepsia ceased to be the burden of my life as it had been, and I was freed of Constipation".

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or sent by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

MEAN MUCH TO HISTORIANS

Deciphering of Ancient Manuscripts Expected to Throw Light on Civilization of Past Age.

Thousands of age-yellowed documents, recently added to the collection of Bancroft library, University of California, may reveal past civilizations in Mexico and the Southwest hitherto unknown to historians.

News of the impending discoveries was learned coincident with the return of Prof. Herbert E. Bolton, director of the library and noted American historian, from a three weeks' tour of regions inhabited by the cliff dwellers.

The trip was one of many made during the last few years by Professor Bolton for the purpose of procuring additional data before commencing the task of deciphering the manuscripts, which, dealing with broken periods of Spanish-American, Aztec and the cliff dwellers' history, are expected to shed much light on the most advanced American civilizations.

Romance of the variety depicted by Stevenson in his "Treasure Island" and other novelists clings to Professor Bolton, who, in his wanderings, has visited Old Mexico, Arizona, Spain and the southwestern states for the last 15 years, constantly adding to the library collection.

By pack mule tramping through the stretches of the Mohave desert, on horseback through parts of Mexico and often obliged to swing himself to the recesses in cliffs by ropes during his explorations, Professor Bolton has incessantly searched for data throwing light on his life study.

The library, valued at more than $2,000,000, is today one of the most complete in existence dealing with the old conquistadores and Indian civilization as seen by the Spanish explorers.

More than 80,000 of the documents have never been read because their quaint chirography and in many cases blurred writing defies the skill of all but the most expert.

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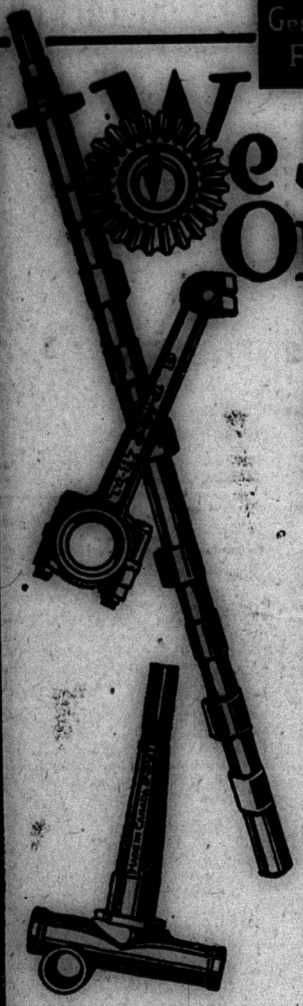

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QUEER SUPERSTITIONS.

Black Cat Has Always Had Strange Effect on Imaginations.

A couple of hundred years ago a black cat was looked upon as the most unlucky of animals. It was inseparably connected in the minds of most people with witches and their unholy rites.

But so complete is the change which has come about that to-day the man in the street looks upon a black cat as a distinctly lucky animal, and if a cat comes up to him, and rubs itself against his legs he takes it as a most fortunate omen.

The only class who do not like cats are criminals. A burglar will think twice about entering a house if he sees a black cat about.

The Cockney is always pleased to see a piebald horse. To get the full benefit of this happy portent he stops a moment and spits. The origin of the superstition is difficult to trace, but it is, of course, true that superstition has always been busy with "pied" creatures. The old-fashioned countryman still doffs his hat to a magpie.

Among the criminal classes, a piece of coal lying in the street must always be picked up. It will bring good luck for the next twenty-four hours, at least. A piece of coal which is found in the gutter is considered to be far more lucky than one which is picked up in the open street.

The pin superstition still holds good, and many people will stop, even in a crowded street, to pick up a pin seen gleaming on the pavement.

One more object that must never be passed by is a stick. "Pass a stick and pass your luck," is still an article of faith with many of the less educated folk, and to these to pass a bit of wood in the street without picking it up is to throw away a chance of good fortune.

Names of Common Flowers.

We use the names of our common flowers and plants so frequently and so heedlessly that few of us ever stop to think of the derivations of these names. Yet there is no other class of words in the English language which we have collected more haphazardly from every other language in the world.

Take the dandelion, that common but wonderful flower which blooms all the year round; its name is pure French. Mallow is Greek. Artichoke is from an Arabic word meaning "earth thorn." Rhubarb is Latin, and bean Anglo-Saxon, while potato is really "batata," a Spanish word.

Some flower names have their origin plainly stamped on them. "Coltsfoot," for instance, which blooms in February, is also called "Foalfoot." Its hoof-shaped leaf quite evidently gave it its common name. Bachelor's Button, again, shows the origin of its name in the shape of the button-like flower. Similarly "knap weed," which is really "knob" weed.

Some flower names, on the other hand, are very mysterious. Why is a foxglove so called? This bloom of the late summer has flowers shaped like the fingers of a glove, but what has it to do with a fox? Probably nobody knows, yet the name is a very ancient one, and appears as early as Norman times.

The cowslip which the children pluck in spring is equally puzzling. Its old name was "cuslep," but that does not help us out. In country place it is sometimes called "paggle."

Harebell may possibly be "hair bell," having reference to the extreme thinness and delicacy of the stalk.

Lenin's Kittens.

Lenin's favorite amusement in moments of leisure is to play with two Kremlin cats. The White House has its pampered dog, but the Kremlin has adopted the feline because, as one of Lenin's intimates told me, "There's nothing Lenin loves better than to stroke a pretty furry kitten when he is resting from his labors."

All during his career Lenin kept his beloved kittens about him and had them with him even during the period of his exile in Siberia. The Kremlin cats receive as solicitous attention as the favorite pets of chief administrators elsewhere.

Though silence and no smoking signs restrict all other visitors Kremlin kittens are given the utmost freedom of movement, and according to intimates Lenin himself makes sure they have been fed and have no grievances. Lenin has no children and is shy in their presence. But he is at ease with kittens, and sits for moments at a time in leisure intervals stroking their whiskers and listening to their purring.

Greeley's Barn.

During the illness that resulted in his death, in 1872, Horace Greeley expressed a wish, in talking with his daughter, that after he was gone and forgotten, his old barn would still be serving a useful purpose. Although the famous editor has been dead for half a century, his wish has been made a reality, and his daughter and her husband are living today in the house into which they transformed the old concrete barn. Some years after the death of Greeley, fire destroyed all the frame buildings on the estate, and the family sought refuge in the old barn as an emergency home. Later, with the assistance of an architect, the old barn was remodelled into a comfortable and modern dwelling. The corners and part of the foundations are of recent masonry construction, and the chimneys and trimmings of brick have been added.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

Review Ads. Bring Results

GILT-EDGED MODESTY

The hard-boiled captain of industry to whom a friend was introducing a young man just out of college and seeking a job:

"He is a fine, modest young man," said the friend.

"Modest?" snorted the big man. "What in thunder has he ever done to become modest about?"—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

Deep-Seated Grudge.

"You refer to the prosperous looking person as a 'coal baron.'"

"Quite so," replied the disgruntled proprietor of a little fuel business.

"But he's not a real nobleman?"

"Certainly not. And since I've been dealing with him I've found out that he's not even one of nature's noblemen."

Insult to Injury.

Fair One—Officer, arrest this man. He has been trying to flirt with me.

Mere Man—What! Her! Why officer I wouldn't flirt with her for a million dollars.

Fair One—Now, officer, you simply must arrest this man. He has insulted me.—American Legion Weekly.

Business in Politics.

"A man can't use money in politics any more."

"I'm glad of it," said Senator Sorghum. "If things had kept on the way they once started, the candidates would have been lining up at the primaries with 'shop early' slogans."—Washington Star.

CAUSE FOR SORROW

Snake—Why so sad?

Zebra—I'm sick of looking like a jail bird, that's why.

Can't Be Done.

Your face may be your fortune, miss
But effort is misplaced
In trying to increase your wealth
By being double-faced.

In warming up the incubator for the first time, start with a moderately low lamp flame, taking care that it is not so low that there will be an offensive odor from the lamp. Let the machine heat up very gradually.

Manager of One of His Stores Clashes With the Boss.

Do men in Canada know more about the beef and pork business than Mr. Pat Burns, of Calgary, whose good judgment has placed him in the millionaire class.

Like most men who need no longer worry over financial matters, Canada's wholesale cattleman is inclined to be optimistic on the slightest provocation, and almost every year he predicts that prices "on the hoof" will be considerably higher within the next twelve months. At present he is cheerfully confident that the lifting of the cattle embargo by Great Britain will be a blessing to Canadian ranchers.

A short time ago, Mr. Burns was holding forth in a Canadian Pacific Railway smoker to a small group of traveling acquaintances.

"Western Canada's wheat, oats, cattle, and pigs brought in about $500,000,000 in 1922," he said, "and it's easy to see that this amount of money is going to make things a lot easier for the farmers. If as good a crop is garnered this year, the men on the land will be able to pay off all their debts and still have a tidy sum for expansion. They should put a lot of their surplus in cattle and pigs."

A red-faced man, unaware of the speaker's identity, gave it as his emphatic opinion that no farmer could make money selling cattle at four cents a pound in these days. Followed a friendly, if somewhat heated, argument in the course of which the principals gradually displayed more than the average knowledge of the subject. Figures and costs were quoted and refuted with surprising ease.

Finally the red-faced man, to clinch a debatable point, declared himself:

"I ought to know what I'm talking about. I'm in the business. I'm a butcher in — —, manager of one of Pat Burns' stores. I know something about what meat costs; my place does an annual turnover of around $50,000."

"I guess I know something about meat costs myself," retorted the millionaire, with a smile, "I've been in the cattle business in the west since 1879, but I can't tell within $50,000 or so what my daily turnover is. Quite possibly you may have heard of me at some time or other; my name is Pat Burns."

Had Humble Start.

It is not a matter of general knowledge that His Lordship Justice Riddell at one time tended cows. The scholarly judge will admit it, doubtless with honest pride, to anyone who doesn't believe it. He recalled those days himself, in open court and with due dignity, in the progress of a case he was trying about fifteen years ago.

A railway train had slaughtered a dozen or more cows being driven across the tracks by a ten-year-old boy. The responsibility was at issue and the learned judge demonstrated the grasp he had of such matters by becoming reminiscent and digging up the happy days of long ago, when he roamed his father's farm in the neighborhood of Cobourg. One who was present at the trial relates that his lordship cut out all the unwieldly whereases and inasmuches and stated simply:

"When I was a boy on the farm driving cows I am sure I did better by myself than when I had my brother with me."

He didn't want anybody to monkey with his cows. He had his own ideas of driving cows just as he has as a presiding judge and he applied the knowledge of his boyhood to the case.

At the time of that trial the judge wore whiskers of the mutton-chop variety but even then it seemed rather hard to imagine him the little chap in overalls tickling the lazy moo-moos with a long stick forked at the end while he drove them up the green lane to the milkers, but anybody who is acquainted with him will gambie that he made a thorough job of it.

Bunnies for Fur.

Rabbits, once bred for food purposes alone, are now coming to be recognized as providers of valuable fur.

Until comparatively recent times the chief use to which rabbit-fur was put was to form the felt from which hats are made, but to-day skins of the Blue Beveren and the "chinchilla" rabbits are fetching as much as thirty shillings apiece from furdealers.

It was chiefly on account of the scarcity of all sorts of fur during the war that first "coney," and now rabbit fur, began to become popular.

There now exist farms, where rabbits are bred scientifically both for food and fur. Some of these are known as "heredity farms," and here the laws of descent are being applied so as to produce almost any color in fur.

As with hens, so with rabbits, some of our scientists have such knowledge and control of these laws of color heredity that they can foretell the color of the offspring, even in cases where these will not resemble either parent.

Calendar Revision.

Once more a calendar revision project has come to the fore, and this time, it would seem, effective. Its proponents would dock one day off the end of both January and March and add these two days to February. This would make each month either thirty or thirty-one days in length, and the only change necessitated would be the renumbering of the days from January 31, which would become February 1, to March 31, which would become March 30. The familiar rhyme would have to be rewritten somewhat as follows:

Thirty days hath September,
January and November,
And February, though once in four
This month has just one day more;
Add also April, March and June;
All the rest have thirty-one!

Wolf Stories Cause Thrills

This may be remembered as the winter of wolf stories, which provoked a discussion as to whether wolves ever attacked and killed a human being. So far it appears that the evidence is in the negative; but there can be no question about the ability of a wolf to pull down and kill a man unless he is armed. With a baseball bat the average man would probably be able to beat off a wolf. Two wolves would render the issue more doubtful, and, of course, surrounded by a pack of wolves a man with even Babe Ruth's bat and facility in using it would have no chance. The theory of those who oppose the idea of man-killing wolves is that the wolf is a coward, and that he is able to find easier game than man. Certainly, if the wolves depended upon human food they would have become extinct long ago. Experience has taught the wolves how to live in countries where a man is rarely seen, and even when seen, cannot be considered as forming part of a probable menu.

But the fact, if indeed it is a fact, that wolves do not eat human beings, does not prevent many men from feeling that they had a narrow escape from being devoured. In Toronto, where the ravaging wolves are not quite as far away as they are from New York, there is more wolf scepticism. To the average New Yorker a timber wolf seems just as deadly as a tiger, and to argue with a New Yorker that a wolf would not kill a man, would be like arguing similarly in favor of a lion. This, we presume, is the reason that New Yorkers permit themselves to be thrilled by stories concerning the man-eating wolves of Ontario. One of the best of the stories is contributed by Arthur James Pegler to the New York Tribune. We can vouch for Mr. Pegler as one of the most interesting story tellers we ever came across. All the other facts must be accepted as being vouched for by Mr. Pegler, or by the two New York citizens, Messrs. Timothy Byrnes and Victor Schuettler, who communicated them to him.

It appears that these New Yorkers were moose hunting in the Nepigon country a short time ago, with Emil Des Brissay as their guide. Schuettler knew the country well, having fished it frequently, and one day when the guide had gone after supplies these tenderfeet felt competent to start on the track of a moose which they encountered near camp. To walk down a moose, we are told, is the only way of getting him, and the walking down process may take two or three days. The hunters did not catch sight of the quarry, and darkness fell upon them when they were far from their cabin. They concluded to camp where they were and take up the trail the next morning. It suddenly occurred to them that they didn't know the points of the compass, and snow had obliterated their trail. Mr. Pegler does not tell us even that they had a compass. Apparently they were also without food. In fact, they were in a tough spot, even without the band of wolves about to be introduced. Then they made the discovery that they were without matches. Byrnes had supposed that Schuettler carried them, and Schuettler had made a similar guess about Byrnes.

After an agitated search a small packet of matches were found by Schuettler between the lining and leather outer cover of his coat. The fire was started with birch bark, and the companions looked forward to a night of hauling dead timber from the woods and keeping the blaze going, for it was below zero and if they were to live till morning they must have a fire. Presently they heard a blood-curdling howl, and another and another. The howls seemed to come from all directions. It was plain enough to the hunters that a wolf pack had picked up their trail and was gathering for the barbecue. They could not see the wolves until they set fire to the dried bark on a Norway spruce, and as the flames leaped in the air, they beheld the pack. "They were massed thicker than sheep in a corral," one of the hunters said. They had, with commendable prudence, taken their rifles with them when they set out in pursuit of the moose, and these rifles were now available for use against the wolves. They began to shoot, and are agreed that at least one wolf fell. They saw his companions fall upon him and devour him instantly. In the morning when they searched they couldn't find even a bone of the dead wolf.

Yes, they were able to pull through till morning, taking turns in firing at the wolves and hauling in fuel. Towards dawn, exhausted with their long march and their vigil, they fell asleep. The fire had dwindled to ashes, and Schuettler roused himself in time to see seven or eight wolves circling round them not more than fifteen feet away. They struggled to their feet, got more wood for the fire, and did not close their eyes again. When day came not a wolf was in sight. Soon afterward they heard a shot, and fifteen minutes later their guide turned up. He had tracked them a little more skilfully than they had tracked the moose, and bore the glad tidings that they were only four miles from their camp, although in their hunt they had walked twenty. The moose, it appeared, had led them round and round the cabin, and then quit them at a spot arranged beforehand between the moose and the wolves.

An Aerial Race.

In a race between a parachute and an airplane from a height of 1,500 feet, at Chicago, the parachute reached the ground a few seconds sooner than the airplane.

Orders taken for a limited number of eggs at one dollar a setting of thirteen eggs. For the last two years I have purchased my eggs from the Guelph and the Ottawa Experimental Farms. Professor Graham of Guelph has spent the last twenty-five years in producing a strain of Bred-to-lay barred Plymouth Rocks and has succeeded in producing a strain of birds that possess a very high laying capacity. Some of these birds have layed 300 eggs in a 12 months period. The officials at the Experimental Farm at Ottawa have also produced some wonderful layers. It is eggs from this high producing strain of layers that I am offering you at the price of 13 eggs for $1.00. Book your orders at once with James Watson, Madoc.

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Have you given up? Have you resigned yourself to that old, gnawing pain that nothing seems to relieve? Do you think because you can't go to Hot Springs or take some expensive treatment that you have no other alternative? We have many cases considered hopeless, tried everything, baths, serums, electricity, who found recovery by using T.R.C.'s. (Templeton's Rheumatic Capsules). We have thousands of letters that prove beyond doubt T.R.C.'s to be the most practical and successful Rheumatic remedy sold. At druggists, $1.00 per box. For Free Trial write Templeton, Toronto.

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MORE NEW COATS FOR LADIES AND MISSES at a very low price.

SPECIAL SALE OF MILLINERY—Bright, new, attractive hats, flower trimmed, in becoming shapes, very special at.....$2.98

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Scribblers, full size, clean paper **3 for 10c**

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Good Steel House Scissors, 6½ inches long, real steel, very, very special at 49c. Also Manicure Scissors which usually sell at about $1.50, special price 49c.

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It's going to get harder

DON'T wear out your patience as the days get warmer, turning a separator crank. Let a **MASSEY-HARRIS ENGINE** do this for you. A small engine and governor pulley will save your back, your separator, your time and your money.

A 3 Horse Power engine will turn your separator, saw your wood, grind your grain, sharpen mower knives, clean your grain for seeding, in fact it will handle every kind of farmer's work. Let us tell you about this.

We supply all sizes in Engines, and teach you thoroughly how to operate them. Installation Free.

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Lovely new fabrics
for the fashionable one-piece dress . . .

SILKS, crêpes, serges, prints — all the fashionable fabrics for this season.

Delicately colored cotton voiles and fine cotton crêpes. Printed silk crêpes, too, in summer colors. All are charming — and very fashionable. They are especially desirable for the simple one-piece frocks which demand so much from the materials of which they are made.

We are showing unusual assortments of these lovely fabrics and the new homespuns, ginghams and organdies. Before buying materials for your new frocks come in and see our showing of the spring novelties.

You can duplicate the dress shown here — just as an expert would. With pictures and instructions which apply specifically to the garment you are working on, the Deltor makes successful home sewing possible for inexperienced sewers. Even experienced dressmakers are amazed at their greater success — at the time and material they save when they follow the Deltor, which comes with every new Butterick Pattern.

The Deltor shows you with pictures and instructions just how to cut, put together and finish your garment like a professional.

Come in and see the new Butterick Patterns and let us tell you about the Deltor which enables you to make your clothes expertly.

Design No. 3631. Very fashionable is this charming frock developed in silk crêpe or one of the interesting new cottons. It depends on the long, wide sleeves for much of its distinction. Sleeves such as these add a note of youth to the whole frock. The fabric trimming, too, is very fashionable.

Make yourself a dress exactly like this one. You can duplicate even its look of Paris! With Butterick pattern *No. 3631* and its Deltor you can do it easily, simply, and you are sure of success, for the Deltor guides you like a professional dressmaker.

QUINN & QUINN - Madoc

NEW BUTTERICK PATTERNS WITH THE DELTOR—*now on sale*

RECITAL

Miss Jean McIntosh of Belleville and Mr. Fred Wigglesworth, of Campbellford appeared in Madoc on Thursday evening last in a concert presented in the Empire Theatre and were greeted with a large audience. Miss McIntosh with her pleasing stage presence and a voice at once strong and sympathetic, gave a varied selection of readings, ranging from the dramatic "Dan" to the tender lullaby of the French mother to her "bebe"—this latter meeting with special applause. Mr. Wigglesworth showed himself a versatile entertainer, equally at home in the Piano compositions of Mendelssohn and the lighter humorous songs "King Cole" and "When Paderewski Plays". A duet "No John, no by Miss McIntosh and Mr. Wigglesworth was well done and well received.

Mr. Wm. Scrutton, with Mrs Ashley as accompanist, contributed to the evening's programme two violin selections, executed in his usual masterly style and greeted with well-deserved applause.

DIED

At his late residence in Rawdon Township on Wednesday, April 18 1923, John Wesley Bronson, aged 55 years.

NOTICE

Please remember this is the week your Electric Light rates are due.

A. S. COCHRAN, Treas.

Coming Events

THE REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING of the Women's Insitute will be held at the home of Mrs. James Hill on Friday April 27. Refreshments served.

THE MADOC ATHLETIC ASSOCiation are arranging an excellent programme for June 4th. Fuller particulars will be announced later.

THE TWO LOCAL BRANCH BANKS wish to draw to the attention of the public that on and after May 14th next, their offices will remain open on Wednesdays until 3 p.m. and close on Saturdays at 12 noon. The banking hours will be 10 a.m.—3p.m. Saturdays 9.30 a.m.—12 noon.

BUILDING ACTIVITIES

In addition to building operations previously begun there is considerable building activities in the village just now. Mr. Blue is enlarging and re-constructing the garage just south of the skating rink. The town has leased the property from Mr. Blue to house the fire and chemical engines. Mr. Caverly is blasting out the rock at the rear of his house on the corner of St. Lawrence and Madawaska, where he intends to erect a bake house.

Mr. Barrie is preparing the foundations of a house to be erected on St. Lawrence street between Constable St. Charles' and Mr. Caverly's properties.

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Thousands of west bound travelers say they wouldn't have missed that cool, comfortable night on one of our fine steamers. A good bed in a clean stateroom, a long sound sleep and an appetizing breakfast in the morning.

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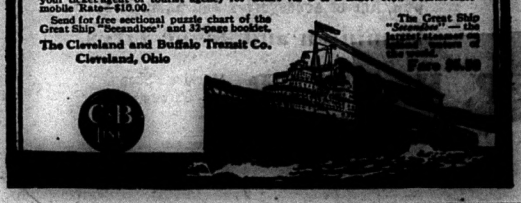

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Porridge

when it's cooked by live steam in an SMP Savoy Cooker is better for you and tastes better, too! The inner boiler is pierced with little holes around the top, through which the steam penetrates. The live steam does the cooking. No need for stirring. No scorching. No trouble to clean, as there is no burnt or dried meal to scrape off. The Savoy Cooker is one of the most useful utensils made. Ask for

Try these dishes in this fine pot; oatmeal porridge, steamed rice, steamed oysters, corn, cauliflower, veal, chicken ragout, mushrooms, scrambled eggs, and a host of others.

SMP Enameled WARE

Three finishes: Pearl Ware, two coats of pearly grey enamel inside and out. Diamond Ware, three coats, light blue and white outside, white lining. Crystal Ware, three coats, pure white inside and out, with Royal Blue edging.

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TEST YOUR SEED CORN

It Is More Uncertain Than That of Cereals.

Seed Tests Will Repay Corn Growers—The Sawdust Germination Box Method — Allow Eight or Ten Days for Germination—A Use for Old Fruit Jar Rubbers.

(Contributed by Ontario Department of Agriculture, Toronto.)

Without good seed satisfactory crop production is impossible. Good crops of wheat, oats, and barley are grown each year without a seed test before seeding. "Why can we not get the same condition in corn?" is frequently asked. Corn is different in many ways from the cereals mentioned, and we cannot expect the high germination common to well-ripened before harvest grains. Corn ripens later in the season when damp days and nights are common. The grain is attached to an open pithy cob that is frequently slower in drying out than the grain is in ripening. The corn grain contains a large percentage of oil, and the grain oils are not noted as preservatives if subjected to many changes. The corn germ is not as well protected by coverings as is the germ in the other farm grains. The fact that wheat, oats and barley can generally be sown without a test and relied on to germinate has led many farmers to believe that the same holds good for corn, and they hesitate to do the necessary careful work and prove to themselves the dependableness of the seed corn before planting.

Seed Tests Will Repay Corn Growers.

A few hours devoted to corn testing during the slack season in February or March will frequently prove of greater value in providing corn with which to fill the corn crib the next autumn than many days of hard work in the field during the season of growth. With the seed carefully tested, and proven capable of producing strong vigorous plants, the risk is removed from the most important of all the factors involved in corn-growing. Various methods of making a germination test have been devised, and different measures of success in operation obtained. The elimination that follows experience has caused a discard of many methods and centered on the usefulness and simplicity of the Sawdust Corn Germination Box.

The Sawdust Germination Box.

This method requires a minimum of attention, it is easy to prepare, and it is sure. The box used as a container for the sawdust can be of any convenient size, easy to handle or stack up. Boxes 30 x 30 inches and 5 inches deep are very satisfactory and are large enough to test the seed ears required to plant five or six acres. The seed bed is prepared as follows: Pack moist sawdust to the depth of three inches in the box (old or dry sawdust, hardwood sawdust is to be desired). Mark off in squares 2½ x 2½ inches with pencil a piece of cotton sheeting checkerboard fashion, number the squares. Lay this sheet over the sawdust, press down and moisten. Take six grains of corn from the ears to be tested, two from near the butt, two from the center and two from near the tip, and place these in each square, number the ear to correspond with the number of the square in which the six grains are placed. Using a piece of cotton of the same dimension as the box, lay it over the seed and press down gently, do not disturb the corn in the numbered spaces. Take a second cloth large enough to fold both ways or about twice the size of the box, lay this larger cloth over the box in such a way that it extends all around, cover the box area with warm, moist sawdust, piling directly on the last applied large cloth, pack the sawdust down well, by treading or stamping with a brick or heavy block of wood. This layer of sawdust should be two inches thick when firmed. Fold the extending portions of the cloth over the sawdust forming as it were a large pillow or pad.

Allow Eight or Ten Days for Results.

When this has been done, the box or boxes should be set away in a stable or room where the temperature is always above freezing and generally maintained at 60 to 70 degrees. If mice abound, cover the box with a wire screen. After eight or ten days examine the germination for results, lift off the sawdust pad and then very carefully roll back the cloth that is in direct contact with the corn. Take note of the germination of the kernels in each numbered square, and save or discard according to the strength of germination. Every ear that has given dead, mouldy or weak germinating kernels should be thrown into the feed bin, and only those showing great vigor and freedom from mould should be used. At the end of ten days the sprout and roots should be at least two inches long. The box, sawdust and cloth should not be used a second time without thorough scalding; this is done to destroy fungus spores that may be present. The outside two inches of space should not be used, as it may dry out and check the germination of any seed placed near the edge of the box.—L. Stevenson, Sec., Dept. of Agriculture.

Use for Old Fruit Jar Rubbers.

Old fruit jar rubbers came in handily last winter when the snow was on the ground. My boy stepped on an axe and cut a big gash in his rubber. I melted a fruit jar rubber to the consistency of wax, poured it into the gash and stuck it back in place. When it became cold the rubber was as good as new.

A man can farm any old way he likes on his own farm. But he can't get out of paying for privilege of doing things the wrong way. He pays in short crops and various losses that cut down his earnings.

THE MARKING OF LAMBS

Benefits of System Clearly and Practically Told.

Australian Sheep Branding Fluid Recommended — A Numbering System Suggested — About Seed Corn — Pigs Profitable When Cared For.

(Contributed by Ontario Department of Agriculture, Toronto.)

The last few years the raising of sheep has been one of the most profitable branches of live stock farming, the amount of profit depending to a great extent on the success at lambing time and immediately afterwards. Difficulty is frequently experienced in giving the necessary care to individual lambs because they are not easily recognized. In a large flock many lambs look alike, and mothers frequently disown or fail to care properly for their own lambs.

Australian Sheep Branding Fluid Recommended.

In order that needy lambs may be easily recognized and their mothers found, a convenient system of marking is needed. For marking purposes Australian sheep branding fluid is best. It can be obtained in different colors from firms who handle sheep supplies, such as the Canadian Co-operative Wool Growers. This fluid does not injure the wool, and shows a distinct mark for several weeks, even when exposed to the weather. It may be applied with a small stick or, better still, an ordinary machine oiling can, and should be rubbed in so that it will not spread.

A Good System of Numbering Suggested.

In marking, a system of numbering is adopted. All male lambs are given an even number as 2, 4, 6, etc., all female lambs an odd number as 1, 3, 5, etc. The lamb's number is made on its back with fairly large figures, and the mother is also marked on the back with the same number as her lamb or lambs. If she has two lambs, a ewe number 5 and a ram number 8, she will have the figures 5 and 8 placed so that seen from behind one will be above the other or nearer the head than the other, to show 5 and 8 rather than 58. These numbers are best put on a few hours after the lambs are born.

Benefits of the System Described.

Some of the advantages of a system such as this have been found to be: One quickly gets to know the individual lambs by their numbers and their development is watched with interest; good mothers and poor mothers are known by their lambs and how they care for and feed them. This quality is often overlooked in sheep but is most important. For a ewe loosing a single lamb a needy twin can easily be found to take its place and properly guarded till fully adopted. Lambs needing help for any reason are easily found and ewes recognized that can spare a feed for them. When two or more are in charge of the flock, it is an easy matter for the one to point out to the other what lambs need attention. By the adoption of this system of marking a complete "Record of Performance" at lambing time is easy to keep, and one will be better able to cull out the undesirable ewes and their offspring, if any, keeping only those that prove good breeders and good mothers.—C. W. Laidlaw, Demonstration Farm, New Liskeard.

About Seed Corn.

In districts where corn growing is an assured success the greatest cause of low yields is poor seed. This should not be so. The use of poor seed is unprofitable and causes the loss of large sums of money each year, not only in loss of crop, but in loss of labor and use of tools in tilling acres that have but a thin or less than 100 per cent. stand of crop. With corn planted, 42 x 42, there are 3,556 hills per acre if no losses occur through headlands. Using four seeds per hill, there would be 14,224 plants if all seed grew and developed strong plants. If each plant gave an eight-ounce ear, the yield would be 104 bushels per acre. If only one plant in each hill gave an eight-ounce ear, the yield would be 26 bushels per acre. Now the work and expense of interest on investment, fertilizing the land, ploughing, planting, and cultivating would be the same for a perfect stand as for a twenty-five per cent. or a thirty-three per cent. crop. Good seed is, therefore, the first insurance for a 100 per cent. stand in the corn field.—L. Stevenson.

Pigs Profitable When Cared For.

Swine are profitable when given abundant sunshine and exercise, fed on well-selected feeds, gently handled, given proper sanitation and housing, kept free from worms and lice, and protected against cholera and other diseases. Quite a lot can happen a pig between birth and old age, but it is an easy animal to keep in the straight and narrow path leading to successful and profitable development if you go the right way about it.

Pigs frequently suffer more from the heat of the sun during the summer than they do from the cold of the winter period. If possible, make full use of any available shade trees when making your plans for swine pastures, feed lots or colony house locations.—L. Stevenson.

Is farm life worth while? Not if it is one continual round of drudgery, 365 days in the year, without conveniences or any playtime. Nor, for that matter, is life carried on that way anywhere of much value. Conveniences, a garden, flowers, playtime, and some time given to neighbors, make life more worth while.

If farm operating equipment must be left outdoors for any length of time, it is a good idea to protect it from contact with the ground. Run it up on stones or boards.

WHERE LITTLE PIGS GO

Too Many Young Pigs Are Eaten by Their Mothers.

How Bill Smith Overcame the Trouble—Give the Sow a Balanced Ration—Just Practice Intelligent Feeding—Rationing the Sow.

(Contributed by Ontario Department of Agriculture, Toronto.)

Tom was "blue." Having just returned from the swine-pen, where he had gone to inspect a new litter of pigs, he found that five had disappeared. The unnatural mother had eaten them. "The pig must be a strange animal," he reflected. "It must have been pure 'cussedness' that caused her to eat her offspring. She was well fed, too, on corn and wheat shorts; hunger could not be at the bottom of this infanticidal case."

Tom went about his work mumbling to himself as to what could be the matter. Nearly fifty little pigs had been lost by such cannibalism during the two preceding years.

Find Out the Weak Spot.

"Where is the weak spot in my system of feeding swine, anyway," he questioned himself. "I will go over and see Bill Smith, the most successful pig man in the district, and see if he can clear up this pig-eating business that is causing me so much loss."

"Good morning, Tom. What makes your face look so long and your nose so blue this morning," quoth Smith, as he looked at his visitor's glum countenance.

"I have had another experience with a pig-eating sow," said Tom. "Five more pigs gone this morning, and I can't make it out. The sow was liberally fed on corn and shorts. I want to get at the bottom of this trouble, so I have come over to ask you your experience, as I suppose you have had losses the same as I have."

How Smith Overcame the Trouble.

"Well, Tom, I would be glad to give you my experience in this some tough luck. I used to lose a lot of pigs in this same way up to about two years ago, when I suddenly tumbled to what the cause of it all was, and applied a remedy that has proven a success in stopping the sows eating their young pigs."

Tom brightened up and became very much interested. "What's the secret?" he asked.

"Well, you see, it's like this: Pigs in the wild state or running in the woods usually get what their systems demand, in the variety of food supplied by the great range of living things on which the pigs feed naturally. Pigs penned up have to take what we give them, and if we neglect to supply a sufficient variety of food containing all the essentials necessary to satisfy the demands of the pig, trouble will follow. And that trouble is usually manifested in the eating of the young pigs to satisfy the craving for meat or protein food."

"That all seems reasonable enough," said Tom. "But tell me, how do you satisfy the pig's demand for meat or protein foods?"

Give the Sow a Balanced Feed.

"Simply this. Balance up the sow's feed from the start, using alfalfa hay, meat meal or digester tankage as the source of protein and phosphates. Feed alfalfa hay whatever the pigs will take. Feed tankage or meat meal, using one pound to each ten pounds of grain feed, either mixed with the grain or fed ad lib. from a self-feeder. If the sow eats her babies, Tom, it's your fault. Do as I have told you. Supply the demands of her body in the food you give her, and then she will be normal and the pigs safe."

Just Practice Intelligent Feeding.

"Thousands of young pigs are lost every spring through the neglect to feed intelligently. Nobody ever saw a slaughter-house fed sow destroy her young. Meat or protein in some form must be fed to mother pigs or there will be trouble."

"I see it, Bill, and I'll do it, too, from now on, and save the youngsters for bacon," said the new thoroughly enlightened and delighted Tom.—L. Stevenson, Secy Ontario Department of Agriculture.

Rationing the Sow.

Rationing the sow is the surest way to forestall trouble. Overfeeding at farrowing time makes her feverish and nervous; more likely to trample her offspring and less able, often, to secrete milk properly.

Don't feed the sow at all during the twenty-four hours before farrowing, and during the week prior to that keep corn out of the ration. Corn is an especially heating feed. Instead, feed ground oats, barley or bran, any one or two of these, or all three if you like.

And don't feed the sow at all for from twelve to eighteen hours after farrowing. After that, even, go slow, taking from a week to ten days to get the animal back on full feed.

Scours in young pigs is one of the troublesome conditions which arise from faulty feeding of the mother. Next in importance to rationing comes condition of the pen. Clean, dry pens do much to prevent digestive disorders and rheumatism in both the sow and the pigs.

Warts on Horses.

Warts are very difficult to eradicate, especially situated near the mouth or eyes. The exact cause of such growths is unknown, but no doubt indicates abnormal nutrition of the affected skin. Irritation of the skin may be a contributory cause. The warts with small necks can be twisted off or hauked with a silk thread, when they will drop off. Masses of small warts will disappear in time if smothered daily with a thick paste of equal quantities of cold-pressed castor oil, salt and flowers of sulphur.

BAD FOR BRUIN

Animal Evidently Didn't Know Mule's Capabilities.

Chances Are That Particular Bear Will Never Again Engage Pugilistically With Humble Worker.

Two amusing bear stories, both vouched for by reputable eye-witnesses, are going the rounds here, says a dispatch from Prince George, B. C.

"Forest fires in northern British Columbia during the past month have had a peculiar effect upon some of the wild animals of the woods, judging from some of the stories brought to Prince George.

A fight between a fire-crazed bear and a mule, in which the bear was worsted, occurred at L. Mason's ranch at Bednesti, B. C. The forest fire routed the bear from his lair, and in its dash from the flames into the open country it collided violently with a mule. The bear was promptly stretched on the ground by a double tattoo from the capable hind hoofs, and the mule calmly resumed its interrupted grazing.

Thoroughly angered, the bear picked itself up and cautiously approached the mule from a different angle. The huge paw was brought down with a resounding thwack on the mule's ribs. This was unfortunate. The hoofs were again brought into play, after a quick, accurate maneuver for position, and the fight was called off, so far as the bear was concerned.

Mr. Mason, who had witnessed the unusual encounter, dashed to the house for a rifle to finish the bear, should any life be left. Before he could get back to the scene, however, bruin managed to get groggily to his feet and return to the less exciting environment of the forest fire.

A fire patrol ranger is sponsor for another bear story. While making a survey in the mountain district he came upon a young cub suffering from severe burns on feet and body. The youngster was whimpering from the pain and the forester took pity on it, lifted it into his car, and there made it fast with some rope.

The patrolman started on his journey only to discover that the mother bear had appeared and was in hot pursuit. As the track ran uphill at this point, the bear, making long strides, gained steadily, and the need for strategy was clearly indicated. The forestry book of instructions does not cover a situation such as this, but the ranger was resourceful and decided that the best plan would be to throw the cub overboard.

His attempts to untie the knots of the lashings which secured the youngster to the machine, however, proved futile. Pursuer and pursued came to a yet steeper grade, with the advantage all with the former. Finally, with one mighty effort, the old bear threw herself on the back of the car, holding on by her claws and paws.

This is where the forester decided to retire in favor of the enemy. He dived off the car, and regained his feet in time to see it continuing its journey eastward, with a mother and child happily reunited as its passengers. Later the car was found, run down and everywhere intact, except the side where the cub had been tied, the old bear having torn it out to release her offspring.

Can It Be True?

Thomas A. Edison, in a recent interview talked about the many advantages of being deaf.

"For instance," he said, "a motorist hurried into a country drug store the other day and asked if he was on the right road to Brandywine.

"'Brandy, yes,' said the druggist, who was very deaf. 'No wine, but plenty of brandy. I can see you're all right by your looks, sir.' And he poured the motorist a stiff drink out of a big blue china jar labeled 'Ipecachuana.'

"'I don't want that,' the motorist protested. 'I want to know if this is the best road to the Brandy—'

"'The best brandy? You bet it's the best,' interrupted the druggist.

"'No, no! The Brandywine!' yelled the motorist. 'I want to get to the Brandy—'

"'Thank you,' said the druggist. 'I don't care if I do.'

"And with a gratified smile he poured a second stiff drink out of the blue china jar for himself."

Something to Fall Back On.

"Suppose you were not allowed to write wheezes on prohibition, women's clothes, flappers and the movies?"

"Well," mused the column conductor, "in my younger days I was handy with tools. Maybe I could get a job in a garage."

Overlooking Nothing.

His Friend—Great Scott! That's a fine pearl you just found. It's worth at least $500.

Mr. Grabtail—Yes, and I broke a tooth on it. As soon as I sell the pearl I'm going to sue this restaurant keeper for damages.

Girls Will Be Boys.

"What did the young man say when you told him you would be a sister to him?"

"He declined with thanks. He said he already had two sisters who borrowed his golf clothes."

School for Recruits.

Sergeant—What is understood by a theoretical instruction?

Recruit—It's an instruction which is not practical.

ALL FEAR SNAKES

Members of Uncle Sam's Forestry Service Protected.

Never Without Antidote That Is Said to Render Bite of Even the Rattler Innocuous.

Uncle Sam's forestry service is ever on the watch against rattlesnakes in the national forests. Arrangements were some time ago perfected for the arming of forest officers and fire-fighters against snake bites.

The weapon provided for them is a small combination tool containing a sharp steel lancet and a receptacle to hold permanganate of potash, which is declared to be the best antidote for snake bites. This remedy may not be altogether popular in districts where from time immemorial the old-time favorite remedy, whisky, is held to have no equal, but, nevertheless, the official sanction has been given permanganate.

The necessity for furnishing forest officers with adequate means of protection against attacks by snakes has time and again been strikingly demonstrated in the case of big forest fires. After the fires were thought extinguished and the men withdrawn it was discovered that the fire had broken out again. Squads of men were dispatched immediately to fight them and on their way they ran into a regiment or two of rattlesnakes. In one case it seemed as if the brush was literally alive with snakes. The men consumed the greater part of six hours fighting snakes before they could get through to the fire. Several of the men were bitten.

Officials of the forestry service assert that rattlesnakes are as plentiful in Montana as in southern California forests and in sections of the southern Appalachians, acquired in 1915 under the Weeks law.

The little tool with which the forest guards are armed can be carried conveniently in the vest pocket, being only a trifle larger than an ordinary fountain pen and not as long. Individual employees of the United States Geological Survey have been using these little tools for a long time and with great success.

Field parties of geologists frequently run across snakes. If armed with these vest pocket first-aid instruments, a bitten man quickly opens up the wound with the lancet, shakes in a little of the antidote and resumes his work, apparently none the worse for the attack.

Timber survey crews of the forestry service frequently battle with snakes. It is believed that they have the worst time of all in this relation.

A Troubled Conscience.

A Norwegian, John Larson by name, a lumberman had a couple of Swedes working for him. One day one of the Swedes got a little fresh and the Norwegian threw him into the river. Then the other Swede got into an argument with him, and he, too, went into the river and was drowned.

In about six years John's conscience began to bother him. He went down to the sheriff, Ole Oleson, and said:

"Ola, sax yar ago Ay kill a couple Swides, and my conscience is begin to bother. What skoll Ay do?"

"Vell, I dunno, John. Ay bane sheriff only 18 months and dunno the rules. You better go and see Knute Nelson, the county clerk. Maybe he know what to do."

So John proceeded to the county clerk's office, and there unloaded his troubled mind. Knute, after hearing the story, took down a big book, rushed through its pages, then took down another book, and studied it. Finally, looking a bit puzzled, he spoke up:

"There ain't no bounty on them," he said.—Exchange.

Alarming.

A certain actor who shall be nameless here but who has been known for his matrimonial adventures, one day approached a physician and asked for a thorough physical examination.

"I want to see that I'm fit for a good many years yet, doc," he said. "You know I'm to be married again soon, for the fifth time."

"H-m-m," muttered the examiner as he put the stethoscope to the actor's heart. "Of course this fifth lady is the only girl in the world for you, and this is positively your last matrimonial venture?"

"Oh, come, doctor," cried the thespian, much alarmed. "I'm not as bad off as that, am I?"—American Legion Weekly.

Altogether Too Tame.

One was twelve and the other was eleven—Ethel and May let's call them, because those are not their names. They had their usual weekly one afternoon at the movies and, as it was their custom to sit through the reel for a second showing, they were not expected home at the hour they showed up.

"What was the matter with the show that you didn't see it through twice?" was asked.

"Oh," was the bored reply, "the man was married and had a family and there was no lovemaking."

No Fish Stories for Him.

"Why don't you take a rest and go fishing?"

"I never go fishing," replied Senator Sorghum. "A man in my position has trouble enough in keeping up his reputation for strict veracity without jeopardizing it in pastime."

REASONS FOR OPTIMISM.

Future Looks Brighter for the People of England.

Although 1922 was, generally speaking, a year of severe trade depression in Great Britain, many signs warranting optimism appeared on the horizon during the closing months, says the American Chamber of Commerce in London in its official summary of business and economic conditions in the British Isles. The review asserts that exports of British goods were higher by £20,000,000 than in 1921, and that their value is still increasing. It is apparent, the summary says, that the adverse balance sheet has been reduced by more than £100,000,000.

Coal exports in 1922 nearly trebled in quantity and nearly doubled in value, while exports of cotton goods showed a remarkable increase.

The output of coal was considerably higher and the production of pig iron and steel showed a considerable expansion; in the case of steel, the increase amounted to more than 60 per cent.

The report says that probably the biggest revival of the year was in the coal industry, in which the exports, owing to the American demand in the latter months, exceeded the pre-war average.

The close of 1922 found the Lancaster cotton industry still in a state of depression, although the report declares that conditions were not so bad as was generally reported. The exports of cotton goods to India in the last twelve months were considerably more than in 1921.

The cost of living as registered by the Ministry of Labor shows no change. The index figures on December 31st, as on November 1, stood at 80, whereas it was 99 on December 1, 1921. Wholesale prices showed a slight increase during December.

Christmas Boxes In 1419.

That the problem of the Christmas box is no new one is shown by a document quoted in the journal of the Bribery and Secret Commissions Prevention League. In 1419, according to Mr. H. T. Riley's "Memorials of London and London Life," a regulation was made forbidding "Sergeants and other officers of the Mayor, Sheriffs, or City" to beg for Christmas gifts. In Latin, the decree runs—"Forasmuch as it is not becoming or agreeable to propriety that those who are in the service of reverend men, and from them or through them, have the advantage of befitting food and raiment, as also of reward or remuneration in a competent degree, should, after a perverse custom, be begging aught of people, like paupers; and seeing that in times past, every year at the Feast of Our Lord's Nativity (December 25th), according to a certain custom, which has grown to be an abuse, the vadlets of the Mayor, the Sheriffs and the Chamber of the said city—persons who have food, raiment and appropriate advantages, resulting from their office—under color of asking for an oblation, have begged many sums of money of brewers, bakers, cooks, and other victuallers; and in some instances have more than once threatened wrongfully to do them an injury if they should refuse to give them something, and have frequently made promises to others that in return for a present they would pass over their unlawful doings in mute silence; to the great dishonor of their masters, and to the common loss of all the city; Therefore, on Wednesday, the last day of April, in the seventh year, etc., by William Sevenok, the Mayor, and the Aldermen of London, it was ordered and established that no vadlet or other sergeant of the Mayor, Sheriffs, or City, should in future beg or require of any person, of any rank, under color of an oblation, on pain of losing his office."

People With Strange Fears.

Many people suffer from strange fears. Some quite ordinary object may inspire a usually normal person with abject terror.

These fears are known as "phobias." Perhaps the most common is the fear of the dark. An expert, Mr. Millais Culpin, describes the case of a man with several military decorations who was stricken with terror by the buzz of a fly or bee.

Lord Roberts' phobia was cats. A similar case is that of a woman who declared that the sight of a cat affected the nerves of her spine. It was found on investigation that she had two phobias, one towards black cats and the other towards the tabby variety. She was treated and cured.

One man would always run up a side street whenever he saw a horse fall. He was inspired by the fear of something unknown. It is, however, not a case of phobia if a man who has been kicked by a horse avoids places where a similar occurrence is likely to happen. He is guided by his reason, though his caution may be exaggerated.

Tale of a Homely Heir.

A good yarn, illustrating a certain phase of American social life, was told the other day by Miss Kitty Doner, from the New York Winter Garden, who is now appearing in London, England.

A young man, the son of a millionaire industrial magnate out there, became enamored of a girl in the beauty chorus of a revue, and proposed marriage to her.

He was not much to look at, but as he was well off and not a bad fellow at heart, the lady graciously accepted him. Later on he introduced his intended to her future father-in-law.

"Dad," said the young man proudly, "this is my future wife. What do you think of her?"

The old man eyed the radiant vision of splendid womanhood for some sixty seconds. Then, turning to his altogether ordinary-looking son, he said deliberately:

"Well, my boy, I can only say that you have shown much better taste than she has."

It Is Possible.

"How did the tortoise happen to beat the hare?"

"Dunno."

"An idea occurs to me."

"Well?"

"Maybe the hare got held up for speeding."

Couldn't Cut Her.

Mrs. Bumps—I've been thinking a long time of dropping her from my list of acquaintances.

Mrs. Gumps—Then why don't you do it?

Mrs. Bumps—She knows more gossip than anybody in town.

The Jazz Family.

Snip—Well, after all, there's no place like home.

Zip—You've said it—when the missus has a talking machine, the daughter a uke, the boy a radio and the kid a new drum. Give me the cabaret for peace and quiet!

Mother's Brood.

"What's the matter?" asked mother, coming to the front door.

"Pa says one of his cylinders is missing."

"Well, you children get to work and hunt for it or we'll never get off."

Caution.

"Would you marry a man for riches?"

"Not without careful inquiry," replied Miss Cayenne. "Some men get rich by such close economy that nobody can break them of the habit."

NOT POPULAR

"Why don't you go to the bank and borrow money?"

"I did once, but I don't like their methods. They expect you to pay it back when you promised to."

The Near Actor.

"You say you were nearly an actor?"
"Oh, yes, so I was, in the past;
And this is the way that it happened,
I once had my leg in a cast."

Overpaid.

"Tennyson J. Daft receives a good deal more money for his poetry than he deserves," stated old Festus Pester.

"How much does he get?" we asked.

"I haven't the slightest idea."

Prophecy.

"Well, my little girl, and what are you going to be when you grow up?"

Screen Child—Oh, I'm going to figure in several divorce scandals, at least.

Behind the Times.

Clancy—What would you do if I kissed you?

Nancy—How do I know? You know very well that I haven't been to the movies lately.

Decay of Historic Churches.

Paris, like London, is finding that the stones of its ancient buildings, particularly its churches, are falling to decay with alarming rapidity. It is estimated that it will cost a huge sum of money to restore St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey to their original strength and beauty of surface, and the Parisians are manifesting much uneasiness about the condition of Notre Dame and some of their other beautiful old churches. A committee of French chemists who have been investigating the matter report that the soot and the sulphurous acid that are always present in the air of great industrial cities are responsible for the trouble. The soot is deposited on the stones, where it collects and condenses the acid, which becomes oxidized and converted into sulphuric acid. That in turn, acting on any kind of limestone, produces sulphate of chalk, a substance that crumbles easily.

London's Sacred Barn.

St. Paul's, Covent Garden, has a curious history. The church, formerly occupying the site was burned down, and the Duke of Bedford of that day yielded reluctantly to representations that it was his duty to build a successor. "Build me a barn," he said to Inigo Jones. "Your grace, said the great architect, "I will build you the finest barn in the world." And that is just what he did. St. Paul's, Covent Garden, is a vast barn in design, with wide overhanging eaves.

Three thousand newspapers and magazines are published in Japan.

Dilemma.

"I wish Bliggins wouldn't tell me about his troubles."

"Why?"

"If I don't seem to enjoy listening he is disappointed, and if I do his feelings are hurt."

Modernized.

Boy (in school)—Caesar had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell and George III.— Professor—Go on, Arthur, proceed even if you can't remember the make of car George had.

Whatever It Is.

"I don't see how they can afford to do what they do on his salary."

"Do you know what his salary is?"

"No, but I don't see how they can afford things, just the same."
Free Press.

Not a Veteran.

"When I proposed to Blanche she asked me if I was a new recruit."

"What did she mean?"

"She wanted to know if I had ever participated in an engagement before."

Served Its Purpose.

Kathryn—I noticed you're not doing your complexion as carefully as you used to.

Kitty—It isn't necessary to take the trouble any more. My present fiance is color blind

Job Printing promptly done at The Review office.

WASTED ENERGY

"When I wuzz a young man, mum, de neighbors where I lived called me a 'human dynamo,'" said the languid-looking tramp.

"Well, they wouldn't call you that now," answered the housewife.

"No,'m. But I wuzz like a dynamo in one respect."

"How was that?"

"The energy I created never got me anywhere."

Doctor With a Sure Cure.

"Doctor, can't you help my husband?"

"What's the matter with him?"

"Oh, he worries so."

"About what?"

"About the money. Can't you please do something for him?"

"I think I can. Send him to me; I'll relieve him of some of his trouble."—London Tit-Bits.

The Law's So Inquisitive.

"Why do you want a divorce?" asked the lawyer.

"Oh, just because," said the fair visitor.

"'Just because' is a good feminine excuse, but if you want to get the judge's serious attention you'll have to amplify it a little in court."

The Money's Worth.

"Your constituents say your speeches are not as entertaining as they used to be."

"Well," replied Senator Sorghum, 'they ought to be reasonable, and remember a man in my position doesn't draw the salary of a great public entertainer."—Washington Star.

THOSE GIRLS

"Jack complimented me on my complexion last night."

"Sort of a powder puff, eh?"

Transformation.

A little rouge, a little curl,
A powder box—a pretty girl.
A bit of rain, away it goes,
A homely girl, with freckled nose!

The Doubt.

"And you don't believe the story of Noah and the ark?"

"Oh, I can't say I just don't believe it, friend. But what I say is, it makes me kind o' curious. I'd like t' know how they got them two hogs on th' ark with only Noah's family t' help drive 'em!"

Time Changes Them.

"No, I positively will not travel over that smoky O. N. T. railroad again. It has too many long, dirty tunnels."

"You never said that before we were married. In fact, you didn't want to travel over any other road."

ONE 50c BOX BROUGHT HEALTH

Years of Constipation Ended By "Fruit-a-tives"

The Wonderful Fruit Medicine

Anyone who suffers with miserable health; who is tortured with Headaches; and who is unable to get any real pleasure out of life; will be interested in this letter of Mrs. Martha de Wolfe of East Ship Harbor, N.S.

Mrs. de Wolfe says, "For years I was a dreadful sufferer from Constipation and Headaches and I was miserable in every way. Nothing in the way of medicine seemed to help me. Then I tried "Fruit-a-tives" and the effect was splendid; and after taking only one box, I was completely relieved and now feel like a new person".

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

Getting It Right.

Tony and Ivan are two citizens who are trying to master the niceties of our language. When one of them makes a break the other tries to set him right.

"It's a fine day under head," remarked Tony.

"You mean," corrected Ivan, "it's a fine day overneath."

Wifely Advice.

"That you, dearie? I'm detained at the office on very important business. Don't sit up for me."

"I won't, dearie. You'll come home as early as you can, won't you? And John, dear—"

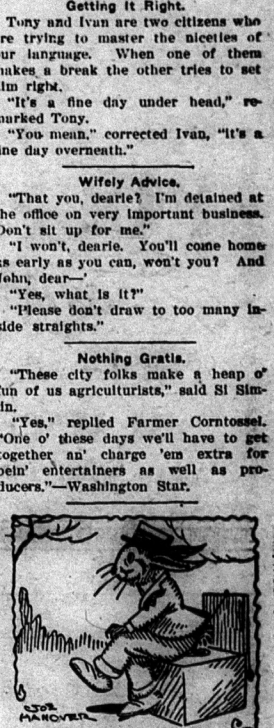
"Yes, what is it?"

"Please don't draw to too many inside straights."

Nothing Gratis.

"These city folks make a heap o' fun of us agriculturists," said Si Simlin.

"Yes," replied Farmer Corntossel. "One o' these days we'll have to get together an' charge 'em extra for bein' entertainers as well as producers."—Washington Star.



A PHILOSOPHER

Rabbit—I expect a rabbit trap is like the stock market—won't hurt you if you keep out of it.

Wise.

A wise old man is Mr. Bright,
His method down the years
Has been to keep his mouth shut tight,
And open wide his ears.

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THE REVIEW

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For all interior or exterior work.

The two C.P. Varnishes that cover every requirement of home varnishing

The Man with the Spreader

GETS THE BETTER CROP

Besides the TIME and LABOR saved in using the Massey-Harris Spreader, you are assured of an increase in the yield from your farm. This machine pays for itself quickly in actual added returns from your fields. **Get particulars now about**

The New No. 6 Massey-Harris Spreader

(Two horses handle it on plowed land)

Low down type, uniform spreading, quantity of spread controlled by the operator, light draft, easy running gears, and best of all, **Low Priced.**

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Full Line of Repairs on hand for all M.-H. Machines

Specially Priced Wire Fencing, Champion Brand, Stiff Stay and Hinge Joint Fences.

We have what people have been waiting for

Durant and Star Cars

It has been an old saying that the best is saved until the last—and that's true.

Just think, that at last you can buy the latest and most accessible light weight car on the market, delivered for **$710.00**

Tax and Delivery Charges included

Special Features of the STAR Car

Red Seal Continental Motor
Water Pump, Oil Pump
Gas Tank on rear
Vacuum Feed
Semi-Elliptic Springs
Streamline Body

and last but not least, a real Lock Steering Gear, which is so essential to insure comfort in driving on sandy or muddy roads, etc.

You should see this car before buying and inspect it thoroughly.

WELLMAN & ELLIS - Madoc

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Write for free prospectus. I. L. MOORE, Prin.-in-l

French Life.

There is much truth in the statement made by M. Baudrillart, the director of the Academic Francaise, in an exordium on virtue at the annual public gathering of the academy that there is grave danger that the views of French life painted by many authors to-day will create entirely wrong impressions of that country. Foreigners judge a nation largely by its literature and if a circumscribed and irregular point of view has narrowed and distorted the outlook of many writers, who have sought only to satisfy the curious appetite of their readers for the eccentricities of life, it need not cause wonder if a false idea of the general habits of existence is aroused. In such pictures practically nothing is seen of the lives of the worthy, laborious people of the towns and villages of the countryside, and in the end, it is they who constitute the great bulk of a nation's citizenry.

How Dolly Was Named.

Why do we call a doll a doll, and not, as the French do, a puppet, or poupet, or, with the Italians, a bambino, or baby? What is the meaning of the word doll? To explain, one must go back to far-away times, when it was the fashion all over the Christian world for mothers to give their little children the name of a patron saint. Some saints were more popular than others, and Saint Dorothea was at one period perhaps the most popular of all. Dorothea, and its quaint English variation Dorothy, have a very lovely meaning—"gift of God." But as few people like to call a toddling wee thing by a long and stately name, the English Dorotheas were shortened in nursery talk to Dolly and Doll, and from giving the babies the nickname, it was an easy step to give the same names to the dolls of whom these babies were so fond.

WANT CANADIAN GOODS

BRITISH PEOPLE EAGER TO BUY FROM THE DOMINION.

Sir James Woods, Who Is an Authority on This Subject, Speaks of the Proper Method of Building Up an Export Trade With the Old Country — The Outlook Is Very Hopeful.

Canada has again begun making world's records in the amount of exports per head of the population, according to the news columns, but this young country is not sending anything like the amount of stuff it ought to be sending to the Motherland. That there is extensive business in Britain for Canadians who know how to handle it, is the opinion of Sir James Woods, an undisputed Canadian authority on export matters.

It will be remembered that Sir James, who is president of Gordon Mackay & Co., Toronto, and a former president of the Toronto Board of Trade, was chairman of the Dominion Government Commission which went abroad in 1916 to report upon the ways and means of extending Canadian export trade with Britain, France and Egypt. He has made a deep study of the subject.

"Preference is given in the Old Country to Canadian goods," Sir James declared recently, "if the Canadians will pay proper attention to important details."

"There is no question in my mind that the British importer is anxious to get every dollar's worth of goods he has to import from some part of the Empire," explained Sir James. "This opinion is borne out by facts and incidents which have come to my personal notice. Business is generally cold-blooded, but I know British concerns who are willing to pay more for goods produced within the Empire rather than import from outside countries. It is pleasing to note that such a feeling appears to be growing.

Asked for his opinion in regard to methods for developing such business, Sir James replied: "The main thing the Canadian exporter must bear in mind, if he is to make his overseas trade a success, is expressed in the one good word—Service. It is service that has made the export trade of the Massey-Harris people what it is, and this firm may be singled out as a shining example to exporters of this or any other country. When the product leaves the factory it is packed with regard to safe delivery, in every detail. It reaches its destination intact. Should a breakage occur eventually, or a package become lost, there is a service department in that part of the world which provides the necessary repairs without delay. Service such as this defies distance and conserves business.

"I am strongly of opinion that the methods adopted by manufacturers of Canada in lumping or combining their efforts to secure and look after business will not create a permanent connection. There is no individuality in that sort of thing. One agent or salesman has the samples of a number of manufacturers and sells to a common sample, distributing the order to each one proportionately. This method has no continuing value. What would be very much more desirable, and more profitable, would be for individual firms who are financially strong enough to send their own representative to investigate the market for their particular product, and, if the conditions they discover appear to warrant it, make up their minds that they are going to open a special export department.

"To consider just getting rid of surplus production, and refuse to fill repeat orders if they happen to come, will absolutely upset all possibility of successful export trade. To be of any value the trade must be permanent; and the methods of a number of manufacturers in the same line combining has value only where trade is dull and outlet is necessary. Going abroad and dumping goods that cannot find a market here cannot be dignified with the name of export trade.

"What we want to do is to get our line in, even though the initial order be small, and see that the quality and the service is as good in filling the repeat order as it was for the order which preceeded it.

"In making a market there is something beyond mere cheapness to be considered. The man who does the business is not always the one who gives the best value, but perfection in finish, accuracy in size and design, uniformity of product and particularly the way it is put up, are most important factors in export trade. An attractive package has more to do with making sales than one would imagine.

"Another important point is that the exporter must have his product "trade-marked" and the name must be one that is easily remembered. This name should be found on every single article in the package. Presuming, of course, that the goods are right, the most liberal use of the trade-mark is of the greatest advantage.

"The label on the side of the package and on top of the package should be of striking design, so that the customer who buys an article which gives satisfaction will be more apt to remember its name when purchasing again.

"The exporter must establish a standard and live up to it, regardless of what his line of business is, so that the repeat orders when they are delivered will open up with a satisfaction entirely equal to that given by the first order. A business built upon such a foundation will live and grow.

Lead and Graphite.

Writing done with real lead pencils in old manuscripts can be differentiated either by the microscope or by chemical tests from writing done with the graphite which since 1870 has displaced lead.

The Separator with the One-Piece Bowl

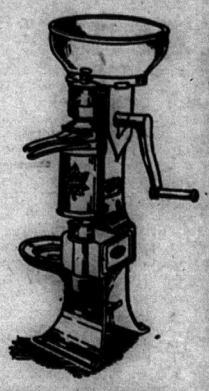
You needn't worry about the capacity—if you buy or already possess a

MAGNET Cream Separator

When you enlarge your herd, just send your machine to the Magnet Works and its capacity can be promptly changed at low cost.

Magnet square-cut gears are easy to turn and assure long life. Thousands of Magnets are running after 20 years service.

The Magnet's large, open, one-piece skimmer is easiest to keep sweet and clean.



Prompt Service

Our machine shops are equipped for quick repair work.

Write for prices on new capacity for your Magnet—or for any information desired.

The Magnet Separator Works

Proprietors: R. A. Lister & Co. (Canada), Ltd.

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Humor from Book of Memoirs

It is recorded of Lord Salisbury that he had an exceedingly bad memory for names and faces, and frequently failed to recognize people he knew—even those with whom he was in daily contact.

Once he asked who was the "rather agreeable" young man who had twice brought despatches to his home for signature, and learned that he was a junior secretary who had been in attendance upon him for two years.

An even funnier instance is related by Mr. Douglas Ainslie in "Adventures, Social and Literary." A neighboring squire dropped in to dine with Lord Salisbury. Lady Salisbury was rather apprehensive that her husband might fail to recognize this somewhat obscure person, and was greatly relieved to find that he immediately engaged their homespun guest in conversation, which he kept up vigorously until the end of the repast, when the squire rather hastily took his leave.

Lord Salisbury then casually remarked, "I was glad Lord Roberts dropped in to luncheon to-day; but I fear he is not what he was intellectually. He appeared to be rather vague as to our military dispositions in Egypt, and his views on Indian questions seemed even more nebulous. But we all grow older."

Sir Edwin Egerton had an equally bad memory. Once, when he was British Minister at Athens, he had been for a walk, and on his return he said to his wife: "I've asked a young man I'm sure we've met somewhere to dine to-morrow. I can't for the life of me remember his name—I rather think he's a British subject. When I invited him in order to get on with my walk, he asked if he were to bring his wife; and what could I say but 'Of course, bring your wife'? I told him to come in a dinner-jacket, and warned him that we dined at 8.15 sharp and never waited for anyone. He gave a pleasant little laugh and accepted."

The mystery was solved the following evening when the Crown Prince and Princess of Greece were announced.

The Marquess of Clanricarde was said to bear a resemblance to the notorious moneylender Sanguinetti. The marquess once went to a friend and said, "I hear they say I'm Sanguinetti, the moneylender. I don't mind them saying that in the least, but what does rather annoy me is that Sanguinetti is also going about saying that he's not the Marquess of Clanricarde."

The old Lord Fife of an earlier generation was reputed to have been apt to discharge his right barrel at anything moving. At one shoot he aimed straight at what he believed to be a yellow rabbit, and bowled it over in the dense fern, giving it the other barrel to put it out of its misery. The "yellow rabbit," however, happened to be a beater's yellow gaiter.

A party was given by Sir Frank Lascelles, when Ambassador in Berlin, to notabilities in the city. The guests made a bee-line for the refreshment buffet, and made short work of the food, washing it down with champagne or beer, often taken alternately.

The staff of the Embassy was busily employed in seeing that fresh relays of food were brought up. The evening wore on, and still Berlin continued to guzzle. At last the attention of the ambassador's secretary (Capt. Patrick de Bathe) was attracted by the peculiar behaviour of Gen. Prince von ——, who was endeavoring to force a lobster wrapped up in a newspaper into his coat tail pocket.

Quick as thought, the secretary seized a large sauce-boat, and presenting it with a bow to the general, purple in the face with his efforts to conceal the lobster, said, "Excellency, you have forgotten the sauce!"

Queensboro

A sugar social was given in the parsonage on Thursday evening to raise funds for the Athletic Society which the young people are organizing under the supervision of Rev. E. Sexsmith.

Miss Mary Groves, Belleville, is visiting her home in Queensboro.

Mrs. E. J. Sexsmith went to Napanee on Friday for a short visit.

Mr. J. Dorin from County Down Ireland is staying with Mr. James Barry.

Mr. Geo. Martin and family moved last Friday to St. Ola, where they will reside in the future.

Mr. S. F. Parsons is leaving for the West where he will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Twiddy, who have been visiting Mrs. Dyer, left for their home in Niagara.

Mrs. F. Post, Glen Alda, spent a few days with her aunt, Mrs. Way last week.

Mrs. H. Kells and Mr. John Kells Harts spent Thursday in town.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Moorcroft Miss Kathleen and Master Jimmy spent Sunday with Mrs. Phillips.

Mr. and Mrs. Potter moved to Queensboro from Millbridge last week.

Mrs. Nancy Roberts is visiting her sister Mrs. Sandford Delyea.

Mr. E. Groves is busy with a large cut of hardwood lumber.

The cheese factories have started work for the summer. Mr. Harry Love is in charge of the Madoc factory and Mr. Harry Green of the Belleville factory.

HOUSE FOR SALE

A double brick veneered house for sale, situated on the corner of East Elgin street.

JOHN McKENZIE, Madoc.

FOR SALE

Chevrolet Truck in good condition. Apply to Mrs. Thompson, at the station.

FOR SALE

A black colt rising two years. Apply to Mrs. John Jarvis. Phone 26r22.

FOR SALE

Slightly used player piano for $575.00, on easy payments. Apply C. W. Lindsay Ltd., Belleville, or A. Kincaid, Madoc.

FARM FOR SALE

The undersigned offers for sale Lot No. 16 in the 12th concession of the Township of Huntingdon, known as the P. J. Gay estate farm.

This farm is situated 4 miles from Madoc and will be sold at a reasonable price.

For further particulars apply to William Cross Barrister Madoc

January 30 h, 1923.

Butter Wrappers, printed and plain at The Review office.

THREE DAYS SALE

Thursday, Friday, Saturday
26, 27 & 28

All New Seasonable Goods.
Note the Prices.

SILK

Crepe de Chine, Taffeta, Messaline, Etc., special for 3 days, reg. up to $2.95, sale yd. **1.50**

Organdies in white, mauve, pink, reg. up to $1.19, special at per yard, 98c, 59c & **49c**

Beautiful Baronette Satin Skirts, regular $7.50. See them, Special, only **5.00**

Ladies' Pleated Skirts, snappy **$3.95**

Another line of Skirts, reg. $4.50, sale only **$3.00**

Ladies' Silk Gloves, reg. $1.00 and $1.50, sale **75c**

Ladies' Cotton Hose, Black, grey and heather, 5 pairs for **1.00**

Specials in Corsets for Sale days only, every size.

Boys' and Men's Dept.

Boys' Wool Jerseys, all shades and sizes, at **$1.59**

Boys' and Men's Trousers in khaki cottonade.

Overalls—Get your supply now--Greatly Reduced.

China and Hardware Greatly Reduced

Come Again and Gain Again

McINTOSH BROS

Phone 23 **Prompt Delivery**

Winter and Your Battery

Any battery standing idle loses its charge. You are not safe in assuming that your battery will not freeze even if it is fully charged when you lay it up for the winter. Keeping it in the pantry or cellar means sulphated plates and a less efficient battery.

Bring Your Battery to Us for Storage

W. L. SMITH - MADOC

THE LONG-LIFE BATTERY FOR YOUR CAR

Exide
MADE IN CANADA
BATTERIES

To Cream Producers

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE that as early in the Spring as the roads will permit, our trucks will cover territory around Madoc within a radius of ten miles more or less as cream offers itself. There is no doubt that a truck will pass your door. We want to give you the same good service as in the past, only better. We will have an auxiliary plant right in Madoc. Remember we want your cream and we will come after it. It is our intention next season to erect an up-to-date creamery in Madoc.

Belleville Creameries Limited

Box 59 : : Belleville, Ontario

Butter Wrappers Printed or Plain at the Review Office

Local and Personal

Setting hens wanted. Review office.

Good barn to rent back of store. Apply to W. S. Ludbrook.

J. M. Ray, of Port Hope is opening up a high class Art School in Madoc.

Mrs. B. C. A. Crawford left this week for her new home at Niagara Falls, Ont.

Mr. [illegible] Hailstone and Mrs. P. Embury spent a few days in Kingston last week.

Mr. Frank Bouck and Master George, of Bancroft, are spending the week in town.

Mr. J. H. Davies, late of the Goderich Signal staff is spending a few days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Watson.

Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] H. Brooks and Mrs. Vandervoort, of Belleville were week end guests at the home of Mr. A. Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. George Nicholson of Walibridge and Mr. and Mrs. Sam Nicholson of Frankford spent Sunday the guest of Mr. Angus Nicholson.

Try The Ludbrook Shoe Store for good quality, reasonable priced hosiery. You can buy all your foot requirements from us. We will be pleased to display them to you.

Men's solid leather patch back fine uris calf working boot, chocolate or black, plain toe, Saturday $3.75. Men's chocolate or black calf oxford $4.75. Mens silk hosiery, 2 shades, 95c. Men's cashmerette, chocolate or black hosiery 19c. These prices are for cash only. The Ludbrook Shoe Store.

The Madoc baseball team had Tuesday evening. The grounds were their initial practice on the grounds wet and evening cold, rather unfavourable conditions for base-ball. Madoc has so many eligible players this year that there will be a strong desire to get on the team, which condition is favourable to getting the boys out to their evening practices.

The annual Missionary services of Madoc Methodist church will be held next Sunday, April 29th. Rev. W. B. Albertson B.A., B.D., missionary from West China, (Province of Schwan), on furlough, will be the preacher both morning and evening. Come and hear an instructive and inspiring message from a missionary whose years of labor have been spent in a land of wonderful development.

MADOC HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY

In order to be eligible for a spring premium a member's fee must be paid before May 1st. The fee is one dollar and may be paid at F. Dafoe's or Connor's store.

The Executive request that each member notify the secretary in writing before the next meeting of the special varieties of vegetables flowers or fruit in the production of which he or she is particularly interested. This will greatly assist the directors in adopting plans.

The Horticultural Society will meet the first Thursday of the month in the Town Hall.

Snubbed by a Queen.

It seems always to have been true that a pioneer of any invention which is afterwards to become indispensable must suffer misfortune, and perhaps even perish, before his creation can win the recognition it deserves.

This was the case with the steel loom for knitting stockings, invented in the sixteenth century by William Lee.

Lee took his invention to Queen Elizabeth, but she withheld her patronage. Again he improved his machine, so that it would knit silk stockings—the Queen's love of silk hosiery had been one of her chief reasons for disinterest—but again he was disappointed at not receiving a royal grant.

Things were no better under James I., so he went to France, and when success was almost within his grasp at the French Court the assassination of the king balked him again. Broken-hearted, he died, but in the next century Oliver Cromwell granted a patent on his device to the Company of Frame-work Knitters.

A Guest of the Jungle.

Mr. Cherry Kearton, one of our most notable of big game hunters, has recently returned to England, where he reports that he has been repeating something resembling the adventure of Tarzan. Mr. Kearton has been lost in the jungle for three years, and in fact was given up for dead. His fate, however, was not so tragic—he was simply the guest and not the victim of the jungle, where he has been entertained by a tribe of enormous chimpanzees with whom he has lived for the past two years. He has brought one of his friends with him, Toto, who understands French, Spanish, and English, according to his host. Toto shakes hands, and every morning brushes his teeth.

7 reasons why you should demand them

1. Different and better
2. Stronger and safer
3. Contain no poison
4. Rats won't gnaw them
5. Withstand more moisture
6. Will not glow after use
7. Canadian made for Canadians

Well worth 15¢ a box

MAPLE LEAF MATCHES
Different and better
THE CANADIAN MATCH CO LIMITED, MONTREAL

A Boon to Moira Lake Campers

D. BLUE

will, if advisable, make a daily trip during the height of the camping season to Moira Lake and furnish the campers with Soft Drinks, Ice Cream, Bread, Groceries, Cigarettes, Cigars and other supplies. To obtain this service, the fullest co-operation on the part of all the campers is necessary.

Get the Best Prices for Your Cheese

An Open Letter to the Patrons of Cheese Factories in the Madoc District.

An earnest invitation is hereby extended to the patrons of the cheese factories in the Madoc District, to join with farmers from other sections in central Ontario in selling your cheese at the large co-operative sales which will be held this season at Belleville, commencing about May 1st, by United Dairymen Co-operative Ltd. By doing so, we believe you will receive better prices and better satisfaction than can be obtained in any other way.

Among the important advantages to be derived by selling your cheese at Belleville, are the following:—

Higher Prices at Belleville

1st. Higher prices are paid at the Belleville sales than at any other sales in the province. For the past two years the prices paid for cheese at Belleville have averaged half a cent a pound higher for the season than the prices paid on the Madoc Cheese Board. The reason higher prices are realized in Belleville is because larger quantities of cheese are offered there, there are more buyers, and the bidding is keener. (Possibly this explains why some local cheese buyers are trying so hard to prove to farmers in the Madoc District that they should sell their cheese on the Madoc Board instead of at Belleville.)

Belleville Grading Best

Second. By selling your cheese at Belleville you will be able to have it graded there before the sale instead of having it graded at Montreal. Belleville is convenient to Madoc. Thus, if any questions arise over the grading of your cheese, these can be adjusted before the cheese is sold. Your officers, if necessary, can easily visit Belleville to attend to the matter. This cannot be so readily done, if the cheese is shipped to Montreal into the warehouses of the buyers and graded there. In one or two disputes over the grades you may lose more through shipping your cheese to Montreal and having it graded there, than it will cost you all season to sell your cheese co-operatively at Belleville.

Sell by Grade

Third. By shipping your cheese to Belleville it can be sold according to its grade. This means that good factories, which make a large percentage of "Specials" and "Firsts," will be paid accordingly. It is very important to the best factories which are likely to make a high percentage of "Specials" that they should be paid accordingly. Why should you be paid on a basis of "Firsts" if you are making a large percentage of "Specials"?

Ensure High Grading

Fourth. Cheese factories which have poor curing rooms will be able to ship their cheese into the cold storage at Belleville and have it properly cooled before it is graded. This will ensure factories receiving the best possible grades for their cheese. In hot weather this is very important. It is hardly to be expected that when cheese is sold on the cheese boards, subject to being graded later in the warehouses of the buyers at Montreal, that the same care will be taken to ensure a high grade, as will be taken by our company. Failure to secure the proper grading, even on only one or two occasions, may easily cost a factory more than it will cost to sell the cheese for a whole season co-operatively at Belleville.

Convenient for the Buyers.

Fifth. The Co-operative Sale at Belleville will be a great convenience to the buyers. There are a number of buyers who attend the Belleville sale who do not visit the Madoc board. These buyers will be able to buy either "Specials," "Firsts" or "Seconds" at the co-operative sales, just as they desire. This will enable them to pay higher prices than they can pay if they have to take a certain percentage of cheese of other grades that they do not want, as they often have to do when the cheese is bought on the cheese board.

Weights Will Be Protected

Sixth. At the Co-operative sales in Belleville, the cheese will be weighed before it is sold. If there are any short weights, our Belleville representative will immediately re-check them and thus protect our factories in the matter of weights. This should be much more satisfactory than having the cheese weighed in Montreal.

Cost of Selling Less

Seventh. It will cost less to have the cheese sold co-operatively at Belleville than it costs to maintain the numerous small cheese boards in the central Ontario district. Have you ever stopped to figure out what it costs the farmers to maintain so many small cheese boards? Suppose an average of five outside buyers attend each local cheese board. If you allow $6 a day each for the railway, automobile, hotel and other expenses of these men for three days (the time required to attend the Peterboro, Campbellford, Stirling, Madoc and Picton boards) you will notice that it comes to $90. Allow also $6.00 a day to them for their services in attending these extra boards, (this is a low estimate) and it comes to another $90, or a total of $180 a week. This is a conservative estimate. Sale are held on four days in a week. It should be possible for these men to attend a big central sale on the fourth day in Belleville, and buy all the cheese they want in one day, at a saving of thousands of dollars to the farmers. This money now comes out of the farmers, although many farmers do not stop to figure out what it costs them.

Cheese Can Be Branded

Eighth. By a large number of factories uniting in the holding of a big central sale at Belleville, the cheese can be branded, and thus the reputation of the central Ontario cheese can be advertised in the home and British markets. This is something that cannot be done as long as cheese is sold in small quantities on the local cheese boards.

Ninth. A large grading centre at Belleville will be of great educational value to the whole central Ontario district. Cheesemakers and officers of factories, as well as farmers, can visit the grading centre any time they desire, and will have an opportunity to inspect large quantities of cheese from different sections, and to see how their cheese compares with the best cheese from other factories and districts. Let us build up a big grading centre at Belleville.

Arrangements for the Sale

We expect to hold our first sale at Belleville about May first. All the space we expect to require has been engaged in Graham's Cold Storage Building, one of the best storage plants in Canada. We have also engaged office space in the same building. Farmers are invited to visit our offices and the warehouse, at any time, in order to see the cheese weighed, graded and sold. The fact that the Dominion Government grader at Belleville will be Mr. James L. Irwin, of Campbellford, who is well known to many dairy farmers in the central Ontario District, should ensure confidence among the patrons of those factories that have their cheese graded at Belleville, that they will receive honest grading.

As far as we know, most of the big buyers are favorable towards the co-operative sale at Belleville. Small buyers, who cannot afford to take the time to attend a large number of small cheese boards, but who can attend a big sale at Belleville, are also favorable to it. One or two local buyers, however, have been doing their utmost to discourage factories from selling at the co-operative sales. These men, we are informed, have been misrepresenting the cost of selling at these sales.

The Cost of Selling

The cost of selling cheese at the co-operative sales will be as follows: Factories will be expected to deliver their cheese to the warehouse in Belleville. As it costs the same to ship cheese to Montreal from Madoc as it does from Belleville, we will pay freight charges from Madoc to Belleville and adjust it later with the buyers. Factories will be charged 5c a box for selling. That is all the factories will have to pay. During the month of May the buyers will be charged 2c a box for the stop-over charge which the railways make for holding over the cheese in Belleville. In addition they will be charged 1c a box to cover loading and unloading, and the cost of handling the cheese for the graders, the Government having announced that it will not meet this expense. This is not an extra charge, as the cost of this work will have to be met by the buyers when the cheese is graded in Montreal. For this charge the buyers will receive free storage and free insurance for three days after the sale. Should the cost of handling the cheese in and out of the warehouse, and insuring it, and the cost of putting it in cold storage to improve its grade, make it impossible for us to maintain this low charge, an extra charge of 1c to 2c a box may be made to the buyers on and after the first of June when the actual costs of the work involved will be better known. That will be the maximum charge that will be made to the buyers, namely, 3 to 5c a box, and not 12c as we understand some of the buyers have been claiming. Farmers should undertand that these charges do not represent new charges. Belleville buyers, who buy cheese on the cheese boards and have this cheese held over in Belleville, must pay the same stopover charge of 2c a box, whether the cheese is sold through us or not. All buyers, also, have to insure the cheese, meet the cost of storing it, etc., so that our charge of 3 to 5c a box simply represents the usual charges. Do not let the buyers, or anyone else, fool you into believing that the costs will be any greater than stated.

Enough factories in the central Ontario district have agreed to have their cheese graded and sold this season in Belleville to ensure our having a nice volume of cheese for sale. Through our Montreal and Toronto offices, we will be able to keep our Belleville manager fully posted on market conditions and prices. This will be a great advantage.

Once again we invite you to unite with us in the selling of your cheese this season, and thus to help us build up at Belleville one of the biggest and best sales of cheese on the continent. United effort is what is required to make this possible. It will mean better prices for your cheese.

For further particulars write to:

United Dairymen Co-operative Limited
PETERBORO, ONT.

A SMALL BLAZE

Considerable excitement was caused last Monday afternoon by the ringing of the fire bell.

Small blaze and a tremendous smoke were seen rising from the commons on Livingston Avenue nearly opposite W. E. Connor's home.

The new chemical engine was quickly on the scene and people were seen running in all directions. A brush heap was found to be on fire. Some wag rung the bell just to create a little excitement.

ECZEMA You are not experimenting when you use Dr. Chase's Ointment for Eczema and Skin Irritations. It relieves at once and gradually heals the skin. Sample box Dr. Chase's Ointment free if you mention this paper and send 2c. stamp for postage, etc. A box; all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited Toronto.

Loved I Not Honor More

By MARTHA WILLIAMS

(©, 1923, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Thunder and catnip!" Squire Johnson roared, his tone supplying all the profanity the syllables lacked. "What's this you're sayin'? Molly Mix has gone and bought the Melloo place right under my nose? Take my word—she'll rue her bargain before a year older."

"Squire—I lay not. Maybe I don't know wimmen nigh as well as you do, but I sorter reckon to know Miss Polly from way back and the word go. She makes er full hand at anything ye've the mind ter start—bein' good friends er bad, playin' high er low. Fact is, I sorter think she's beat ye some ways ef you give her high, low, jack and the game ter start with. Be blamed ef I don't like her and her ways—so well I always think what er pity she didn't happen ter be er man." Zeke Triplett answered, settling himself easier in side-saddle position on the back of Dumpling, his round roan pony, in preparation for a long session of gossip.

"'Gree with yer erbout that last—if she wus only a he thar'd be a chance to lick some er the contrariness out of her," the 'squire returned. "Fact is," he went on, "if she'd only a-been switched properly 'twould a-made her the right sort—fairish as women go. But no. Her old dad saw the sun rise and set in her—she had her way from the time she crawled—and that ain't good fer nothin' human—"

"Say, weren't your old dad prutty much the same sort?" Zeke asked innocently, but with a subdued twinkle. The 'squire scowled—redder he could not grow, answering in his best church voice: "Ef my pa never laid the weight of his hand on me you can bet hit was because I never had need of it. Granny said to her dyin' day they didn't raise boys like me these times."

Schoolmaster Likens tells me he's glad they don't—his boy's teachin' now, ye know—and him and his passel have er h— of er time hikin' and campin' tergether. Ole man says that's the one bit o' ra'nle progress he can ketch a-hold on—boys showin' men how ter be boys agin."

"Nobody could ever a-showed him anything—pig-headed old crabapple, wusser than the Polly Mix—she was Polly Gray then. And they got erlong fine—so much alike, I reckon," the 'squire returned acidly, then suddenly: "D'ye know what she paid fer the land? Makes me mad to think how I set waitin' fer the Melloo gals ter come ter my price. I'd a-give theirs ruther'n have sech a neighbor—"

"She won't bite unless ye set her back up," Zeke interrupted. "She paid every cent she was asked, and said—'Why not? They've got land I want. I've got money they want.' So they traded. Money came from her stepson, Joe Mix. He paid handsome for her dower right—they like each other well enough—but neither wanted ter live with tother."

"Don't blame him," the 'squire broke in with emphasis.

Zeke laughed tantalizingly, then said: "Maybe hit's all 'appened fer the best—Miss Polly has took one of her Gray nieces ter live with her—so your son Tommy can marry the place—that's cheaper'n buyin' hit."

"I'll disown him if he ever thinks of sech foolishness," the 'squire sputtered.

"Easy! easy!" Zeke cautioned. "Young Schoolmaster Likens, they tell me, 'got a mortgage on the Gray gal—so after all ye may owe salvation ter the breed."

With that he rode off, laughing fitfully and now and again rubbing his hands. He had riled the 'squire beautifully—a thing that always pleased. Not that he hated that excellent gentleman, but because, as he told himself, it was good fun to cut the comb of a cock that crowed overloud. He felt that he had sown seed to spring up—into what harvest he could not guess.

Polly Mix had sloughed the Mrs. when she buried her man—partly out of inchoate rebellion against the married woman status, more to aggravate the tabby cats who had gossiped about her ceaselessly since she was in short frocks. Her youth had been careless—she had married a widower, in a climax of rebellion against the kinfolk who wanted to adopt and "make a lady of her" after her father died. The husband had been foolishly fond of her—children might have made her as fond of him. Lacking them she had refused to take more than a moiety of what he left. Naturally her stepson, as kind as he was dull, had dealt liberally with her in the wind-up of affairs. His new wife and Miss Polly were exactly criss-cross in everything—it was a heap better to keep them friendly enemies than black and bitter ones. If only Joe had glimpsed Miss Elsa Gray earlier! Polly had intuitively understood that—so had denied herself the child's company until Joe was fully and safely anchored.

Elsa was a sunbeam in the sad Melloo house. Not sad for long—what with new paint, new paper, daintily chosen furniture, books, flowers, outside and in, the place did not know itself at the end of three months. So avowed young Epictetus Likens when he was permitted to come and see it. He had known the place well—it had been his sole approach to a home in his motherless boyhood—now he found no trace of what he remembered.

"Witch work! Lucky this is not the day of Salem," he said as they sat down to supper. "But I have to laugh thinking of what Kate and Clare would say to it all—you know they made me call them that way—seemed to think it made us of an age."

"And every bit as old as I am," Miss Polly interjected mildly. "But, la! Who'd blame 'em? They were born fifty at least. So it made no difference how they dressed or spoke, or anything. Truly, I give thanks to God when they got married after such long tryin'. Women ought all to marry—once. I ain't sayin' they ought to stay married if the yoke galls too hard."

"Men ought to marry as often as they get the chance," Epictetus said superbly. "I tell dad so every day, almost. I wonder why he don't marry? He lost my mother when I wasn't three months old."

"He may have his reasons," Miss Polly said, but she looked steadily into her plate for at least two minutes.

Epictetus came often—sometimes he brought his father. Miss Polly quickly made her house, Cedar Trees, a hospitable center. 'Squire Johnson swallowed his grievances, whatever they were, and tagged along with Son Tommy, a personable, broad-shouldered six-foot fellow, as sunny-faced as the 'squire himself was sour. Tommy rather put Epictetus out of court, but nothing to compare with the eclipse that Likens pere cast over the 'squire—who might have taken out copyright on the adjectives hard-timey and hard-boiled. There was armed truce betwixt him and Miss Polly, but Elsa could twist him about her taper finger.

"You hound!" he said affectionately to Tommy; "If you go and let that gangtin' big-nose splay-foot Likens fellow cut me out of the daughter I have set my heart on you'll be sorry for it good and plenty."

"Surest thing you ever know, sir," countered Tommy; "but not on your account—strictly on my own."

Likens pere talked to Miss Polly, not his son. "You must know my wife is dead," he began. "Else I should not be coming here. But I must tell you something more—she went mad when our boy was born—and tried to kill him—her own little child. Thank God, he never knew—after years of raving she became imbecile. Too late I knew her mother had been the same—her mother's grandfather likewise. So I am going to counsel my son against marriage—especially now that cynic fate has made him rich. Almost on her deathbed his mother inherited a fortune—a trust fund passes to him. I want him to get the good of it—to travel, to see, know, hear, all that is possible—thus he may escape the family curse—at least not pass it on. I have tried to save him by keeping him busy, happy—and poor. You know I am not quite a pauper, but I have let him work his way as far as possible. Now—what do you advise?"

"Why ask me?" said Miss Polly. He gave her a compelling look, saying: "Because you have known all along the truth—and helped me to face it as never man was helped. I was scarcely older than my eldest pupil when I came to teach here. Your bright bravery, your sympathy saved me from despair. Can I requite all that by making the child of your love unhappy?"

"Never you worry over that. Tommy Johnson is a sufficient antidote—even ef 'Tetus hadn't the nose he carries," Miss Polly flung back at him. "But, oh, how I'll miss the child! When I lose her it will be like the world coming to an end."

"Let me try to fill the void," Likens pere said gently. "Polly! You know how it was. I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more."

"Let it go at that!" said Miss Polly—but she put her hand in his with a dazzling smile.

RARELY TAKES SECOND MATE

Reason Why Orientals Regard Wild Geese as Logical Harbingers of Marital Felicity.

Drink and food figure in the religious observances of many peoples. In fact, but few peoples betroth and wed without eating or drinking together, symbolically, and as a rite. Following are but a haphazard few of the thousands of instances of food and drink having a functional significance at betrothals and marriages:

The high-born Pole throws the wild boar he has speared at his betrothed's feet. The betrothing Bretons drink brandy and eat white bread together. The Japanese bride and groom drink sake. The old Romans had their hymeneal meal, the Germans their hymeneal ale. The ancient Britons drank marriage mead. The just-married Turkish bride and groom eat sweetmeats from lip to lip.

Orientals regard wild geese as great harbingers of marital fidelity—as when one dies its mate rarely remates. Once a widow or widower, always a widow or widower, with the geese of the Yellow sea.

Spanish Crops Fall Off.

Large decreases in the wheat and barley crops in Spain are indicated in cablegrams received by the United States Department of Agriculture. Production of wheat is placed at 125,478,000 bushels from an acreage of 10,307,000 acres, compared with 145,150,000 bushels from 10,386,000 acres in 1921. Production of barley is placed at 77,528,000 bushels from 4,080,000 acres, compared with 89,320,000 bushels from 4,335,000 acres in 1921.

Foundling Hospital Was Sailor's Gift to Britain

It Has Romantic History

There is scarcely one of London's public buildings that has not a story teeming with romantic associations; but few can show a record more entrancing than that of the Foundling Hospital, which has nearly two centuries of noble work to its credit.

About 1675 an English lad named Thomas Coram, whose parents had known the bitterness of poverty, went to sea in search of fortune. He soon showed that he had in him the makings of a fine seaman. Whilst still in the twenties his sterling qualities had stood him in such good stead that he became master of his own ship.

After some years of hard work and some adventure, he took the little fortune he had made to America, where he invested in an estate. In 1720, when he was thirty-five years of age, he was able to return to England with his savings.

Mindful of the struggles of his early days, Coram decided to devote the rest of his life to work amongst the poor. Before long the wonderful idea of founding a hospital for unwanted children came to him, and for seventeen years he labored upon his project, to amass the funds needed and to acquire the royal charter that would authorize the starting of such an institution.

In 1739 Coram's efforts had secured both the necessary money and the charter, and in the following year the hospital was opened in Hatton Garden.

Outside its gate hung a basket in which mothers, too poor or too broken to find food, placed the little ones for whom they could not provide. Each child was accompanied by a scrap of paper containing a few heart-broken words of writing, or by a token, so that if fortune smiled upon her the mother might be able to reclaim her baby.

The tokens were kept carefully, particulars of each being recorded in a book which may still be seen at the hospital. Many of the tokens are there, too—coins broken in half; medals; scraps of lace—the last remnants of cherished finery—and sometimes tiny, almost worthless pieces of jewellery to which the mother had clung in order to leave them as a symbol of her love with the child for which she could not care.

In 1756 Parliament, realizing the good work of the Foundling Hospital, made it a grant of £10,000 a year on condition that no child was refused admission. It was a noble idea, but unfortunately is defeated its own ends.

In three years nearly 15,000 children were received, many of them brought from distant parts of the country by scoundrels who charged a high fee for their services, and so ill-treated the babies entrusted to them that the poor mites perished by thousands. The cost of conducting the hospital leapt suddenly to half a million pounds.

It was then decided that a committee should regulate admission, and that system is still in force. Each case is investigated, and the most deserving are received.

The Foundling Hospital's chapel services became famous for their beauty. Handel, the great musician, often played the organ, which is still there, and more than once conducted his own "Messiah."

Artists, too, did all they could to make the children's surroundings beautiful. Hogarth painted Coram's portrait, which now hangs in the hall, and works by many of the great painters of the day were given. A little later a famous London society, the Dilettanti, organized yearly exhibitions of pictures at the hospital, and from these was born the present Royal Academy.

British Collieries.

Colliery developments of wide extent which are being undertaken in South Yorkshire and Nottinghamshire, together with plans for opening up new areas of a great English coal field, carry the promise of abundant work and enormous returns in the years immediately to come. Beneath a tract of country which is agricultural where it is not covered with all that is left of Sherwood Forest, of Robin Hood fame, lie undisturbed great quantities of mineral wealth, waiting to be raised for the good of British industry. Indeed, business men with knowledge of the district have declared that, with the assurance of industrial peace, a sum approaching to £20,000,000 could usefully be invested in sinking and bringing into full working new pits over what may be regarded as a virgin region in its aspect as a coal center. In passing it may be noted that one of the firms concerned in the developments mentioned has acquired Edwinstowe Hall as a welfare center for its employes. This mansion is located close to the village which legend has it was the wedding place of Robin Hood and Maid Marian.

The Ribston Pippin.

Each leading apple has its story, and one may be given, that of the Ribston Pippin. For it we have to thank a diplomatist, who was made a baronet by Charles I., Sir Henry Goodricke, who planted three "pips" sent him from Normandy, at Ribston, Yorkshire. Two came to nothing, but the third flourished, and from it, says Brewer, "came all the Ribston apple trees in England." Sir Henry was a considerable sufferer in estate during the Civil War, and his character in Parliament was that his speeches were "brief, pithy, and to the purpose." He was buried at Ribston.

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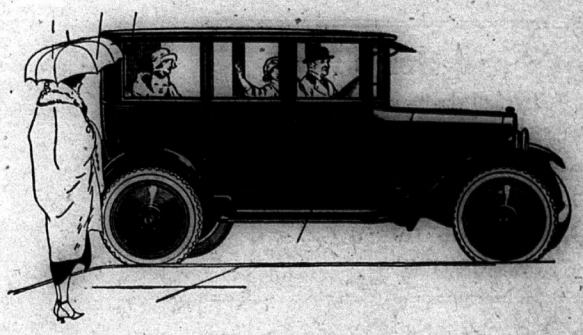

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Read the Ads. in this issue

Pitcairn Island Linked With Rest of the World By Use of Powerful Radio

Pitcairn Island, a lone point of land rising almost 2,000 feet out of the southern Pacific Ocean, has a radio station, according to a cable message from Honolulu, said for the first time in its history is in direct communication with the outside world, says the New York Herald. Mails come at infrequent intervals to Pitcairn, sometimes as many as five years elapsing between their arrivals. Lying out of the lanes of Pacific travel few ships pass Pitcairn, and sailors aboard these are loath to risk their lives to make a landing in the high seas running against the rocky coasts. There is no good reason for laying a cable to Pitcairn and the radio thus presents the only means of linking up the people of this lonely island with the rest of the world. There are about 180 persons living on the island. Most of them are descendants of the mutineers who seized the British ship Bounty and settled on Pitcairn in 1790.

Once the islanders, greatly reduced in numbers by sickness, were transferred to another island, but they had formed such an attachment for Pitcairn that they were returned to it. The island forms a part of the High Commissionership of the Western Pacific, but the only visit ever made to it by a High Commissioner was that of Sir Cecil Rodwell in 1921. The inhabitants of the island, who are Seventh Day Adventists, lost their minister in 1896 and were without another until last year, principally because no ship could be found to carry to Pitcairn with his family the one man who was willing to accept this remote charge. The islanders first heard of the world war when it was almost ended. The Pacific and its islands have again a place in the news since the writers of South Sea romances have stopped finding lands inhabited by nymphs and sirens of wondrous beauty. New islands are still being discovered. Others are apparently dropping out of sight.

A few days ago a Japanese war vessel went out into the Pacific to take possession of one of the awards of an international conference and found that the prize had disappeared. The ship steamed around for miles and took soundings at a point where the island was reported to be, but could find no trace of it. The Pacific still holds many secrets besides those of treasure buried on its islands and sunk with lost ships. The United States navy recently made a chart of 12,000 square miles of the Pacific bed and reported the finding of several new mountains of considerable height. An attempt was made by a geographical expedition to find the greatest depth of the Southern Pacific valleys, but it reported that no instrument has been invented that would measure it. The radio is bringing the islands into closer communication with one another and with the mainland. Honolulu recently reported that music broadcast by a radio station at Atlanta, Georgia, was heard distinctly at Wailuku, Island of Maui.

The Pitcairn islanders are a simple, hard-working people and apparently they are not discontented with their isolation. The idea possessed by many of them of the outside world comes largely from traditions of their ancestors. A traveler who visited the island as a member of the High Commissioner's party said that the men showed little curiosity regarding the world, and that the women were not interested in how women elsewhere were dressing. The island is dry, the dryest land in the Pacific, it is said, as not a drop of spirits has reached it since the mutineers drained their last keg. The inhabitants base their strict adherence to prohibition on a deep religious conviction.

It will be interesting to know what changes the radio will bring to these remote people. What will the news of the world mean to them? What will be the effect of the music and entertainment which most of them will hear for the first time? And will the Pitcairn children sleep more soundly under the spell of the radio bedtime stories than they did before they had that luxury? The radio brings them suddenly into touch with the world, but a world greatly changed in the 132 years which have passed since their mutinous ancestors landed on the island. At present a weary company of Russians, exiles from a Bolshevist ridden land, is cruising the Pacific, barred from all ports and absolutely without a home. Perhaps these unhappy persons will reach Pitcairn Island and tell of their landing by radio.

Ramsay Macdonald.

The leader of the British Opposition and chief of the Labor Party, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, has had a varied career. He was educated in a Board School, and afterwards became a teacher. He soon showed that he had political gifts, and before he was forty he became prominent as secretary of the Labor Party.

He wrote many books and articles on Socialism, and in 1911, having been elected an M.P. five years before, he became leader of his party. He has suffered two defeats in his career in Parliament—one in 1918 at Leicester, which he had represented for twelve years, and the other at Woolwich, in 1921.

Cost of Bigotry.

The bill for burning the three eminent martyrs of England is preserved in the British Museum, and is as follows—"Charge for burning the bodies of Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley: For three loads food fagots, 12s; item, one load furze fagots, 3s. 4d.; item, for carriage, 2s. 6d.; item, a post, 2s. 4d. item, two chains, 3s. 4d.; item two tables, 6d.; item, laborers, 2s. 8d.; total, £1 6s. 8d.

SAHARA IS CONQUERED

CATERPILLAR MOTOR CAR HAS MADE RECORD TRIP.

Grotesque Monster In Charge of Frenchmen Made the Journey From Algiers to Timbuctoo In Twenty Days — Many Changes Have Been Made In the Old Moorish Capital by Colonial Government of France.

Timbuctoo, which has been described as "the meeting point of the camel and the canoe," for the Niger flows near it and the vast Saharan desert lies north, has been brought within twenty days of travel from the port of Algiers by the Kegresse-Hinstin caterpillar motor car. With that grotesque monster, which takes sand dunes and rock surfaces and the brush thickets of the Niger in its stride, M. Citroen and the members of his mission, among them Lieut. Dubreuil of the French Flying Corps and Paul Castelnau, a geographer, reached the old Moorish capital early in January after twenty days of motoring from Algiers, says the New York Times. They had conquered the Sahara, the greatest and driest region of the world." An escort of automobiles came out to meet them—so modern has Timbuctoo been made by the French Colonial Government. The caterpillar motor in this case has triumphed over the airplane. The attempt of Gen. Laperrine and Major Vuillemin to fly from the Mediterranean across the Sahara to Timbuctoo ended in a tragedy. The general perished and Vuillemin suffered great privations in winning his way to safety on foot.

The Kegresse-Hinstin machine traversed the desert at the rate of 112 miles a day. To most of us the Sahara is a wilderness of sand, often thrown into hilly formations by the wind. As a matter of fact, this desert, 3,000 by 1,600 miles, contains extensive rock formations, mountain ranges running up to an altitude of 9,000 feet, and immense plains of pebble and shale. Here and there, but often wide apart, are oases, where fairly good water can be had. But to insure themselves against dying from thirst Citroen and his companions had to carry a supply in tanks. Some of it was conveyed a thousand miles. Usually it takes the Arabs six months to get from Northern Algeria to Timbuctoo. The route of the Frenchmen, who have reduced the schedule to twenty days, was from the Mediterranean to Tuggurt, to Inifel, to Insalah (all places of some trade importance), past the Hoggar Mountains (the Ahaggar plateau is equal to the Alps in area, with snow on its high peaks from December to March), thence to Burem on the Niger, and finally west along the banks of that river to Timbuctoo. This center of trade for a vast region is a few miles back from the river and on a wadi or dry stream bed.

It seems strange to read that Timbuctoo is now "a pleasant, bustling, cosmopolitan town." No longer ago than 1893, when the French occupied the town, liberating the people from the bloody strife of the Tuaregs and Fulas, the stretch of desert between Timbuctoo and Kabara down the river was known by the sinister name of "Ur-immandess," which meant "He (God) hears not." To stray unarmed and alone from the gates was to court a violent death. Lieut. Boiteux, who seized the town with a "handful" of marines and a small force of Senegalese, acted without orders. It was a foolhardy business. A larger force left behind with the gunboats at Kabara was attacked by the Tuaregs, who killed Naval Ensign Aube and eighteen black sailors. Col. T. P. E. Bonnier, stationed at Mopti, 200 miles away, had to march to the relief of Boiteux at Timbuctoo. He entered the town without a fight; but setting out a day or two later to scatter the nomads, Bonnier and nearly all the men of his command were surprised and killed.

Boiteux held the fort at Timbuctoo until Commandant Joffre, afterward the victor of the first Battle of the Marne, marched to the relief of the little French force that the Tuaregs were besieging. The Citroen mission made a success of its adventure only by good organization in the first place, and by carefully mapping the sources of water supply. Five motors were used. There were stretches of desert extending over days of travel where no wells would be passed. All the food had to be carried, except what might be bought in settlements before the Sahara was reached. The coolest season of the year was naturally chosen for the experiment. Whether the journey could be made in the summer months in as short a time may well be doubted. There is already talk of railway projects to link Timbuctoo with Biskra. Capt. A. H. W. Haywood of the British army, who traversed Northwestern Africa from Freetown, the port of Sierra Leone, through Timbuctoo and across the Sahara to Algiers in 1911, a perilous journey where it lay through the desert (1,560 miles), has recorded the opinion that "the project of building a railway across from Algeria to the Niger is never likely to mature."

He thinks that the line, if built, would often be buried deep in sand by wind storms, and he points out the difficulty of fueling the locomotives. There is no coal, he says, in Algeria, and no wood in the Sahara. Moreover, the locomotives would need water, and there is little of that. Such a railway would be operated only at great expense. Could it be made to pay? His answer in his book, "Through Timbuctoo and Across the Great Sahara," is that the resources of the Sahara "are practically nil, while the total values of the caravans which cross this portion of it do not amount to 1,000,000 francs per annum."

ANIMALS ON TRIAL.

Rooster Was Once Condemned to Be Buraed at the Stake.

History records some strange cases of animals being accused of crimes. In 1474 the magistrate of Basle, Switzerland, ordered the arrest of a rooster for the heinous and unnatural crime of laying an egg. It was condemned to be burned at the stake.

One of the most curious cases was that of a sow and her six young ones, who were tried at Lavigny, France, in 1457, on a charge of having murdered and partly eaten a young girl.

The sow was found guilty and condemned to death; but the young ones were acquitted on account of their youth, and the absence of direct proof that they had been concerned in the eating.

In 1545 a species of beetle ravaged the vineyards near St. Julien de Maurienne, France, and legal proceedings were instituted against them. A lawyer was instructed to defend them, but the insects left suddenly and the proceedings were discontinued.

Forty-two years later, the beetles returned and the prosecution was renewed. A judge was named to try them and a lawyer to defend them.

The court ordered the inhabitants to provide a piece of land outside the vineyards, of certain extent, containing trees and shrubbery, where the beetles might live without troubling the vines.

The beetles, through their counsel, refused to accept the land because it was worthless and produced nothing. How the case ended is not known.

A similar prosecution was instituted in another French town against caterpillas. The offenders were excommunicated, and relegated to an uncultivated spot named by the court.

A recent instance of legal process against an animal occurred at South Bend, Indiana. One of the performers in a traveling menagerie visiting the town was a chimpanzee, who gave a performance included the smoking of a cigarette.

A policeman stepped forward and asked for the animal's name, in order that a summons might be issued against him for infringing a recent law of the Indiana Legislature prohibiting cigarette smoking.

In court it was pleaded that the chimpanzee could scarcely be expected to know the extent of his guilt; but the magistrate ruled that ignorance was no excuse for law-breaking and fined the defendant.

In 1314 a bull gored a man to death at Moisy, France, and was sentenced to be strangled. A horse was condemned to death in 1389 for having killed a man, while a pig, having killed a baby, was sentenced to be hanged.

A few years ago it was proved that a moth was the murderer of a young and beautiful woman. An Italian princess was found lying dead on her bed with a pistol wound through her heart. Her husband was suspected and arrested.

It is probable that things would have gone hard with the accused had it not been for the shrewdness of a police officer. This man found a large moth lying on the floor by the bedside. A lighted candle had stood on a table by the bed, and the moth's wings bore evident marks of having been badly singed.

What was more important still, some of the dust from the moth's wings was found on the trigger of the revolver, which had lain in such a position that it covered the princess' heart. It was clear, argued this officer, that the moth had burned its wings and had fallen on the table, where, writhing in agony, its wings had struck the trigger of the pistol, which worked with exceptional ease. On the evidence of this official the prince was acquitted.

Regulating Watches.

Not long ago there was announced a discovery described by the director of the international bureau of weights and measures as being capable of revolutionizing the watchmaking industry. A successful method of regulation, remedying the variations in time of a watch due to the expansion and contraction of its parts caused by variations of temperature, is the result of the invention of C. E. Guillaume. This so-called "secondary error" always has been one of the great obstacles in the attainment of perfection and precision in the watchmaking industry. The chief features of the Guillaume process is a change in the alloy used in the compensating parts. The minimum expansion of nickeled steel was found to be increased by the addition of 12 per cent. of chrome as well as a small quantity of tungsten, manganese or carbon. By mounting a spiral of this steel-nickeled-chrome alloy in the watch, according to the French announcement, the problem of compensation has been solved and the "secondary error" removed.

Island Disappears.

Sharps island is the latest bit of Maryland terrain to be chronicled as doing a disappearing act. This island, standing at the mouth of the Choptank river, unprotected from the action of the current and the washing of the Chesapeake, has diminished 88 per cent. in three-quarters of a century. The houses have been washed away, except for the large hotel, which stands alone in the center of the island, a crumbling monument to the activity of other days. In addition to being a summer resort, the island was noted as a good hunting ground for ducks and small game.

An English Banknote.

An English banknote has a very short life. In fact, it averages only about two months. As soon as the Bank of England receives a note back from the public, it is not circulated again. It is automatically cancelled by having the cashier's signature torn off. Some 350,000 notes are thus cancelled every week.

Rules the Seas.

Out of 476,000 tons of shipping launched by the world in the quarter ended September 30 last, 307,000 tons were built in the United Kingdom.

British Consuls Give Aid To All Sorts of Britons In Many Strange Places

The human side of a consul's work is of absorbing interest, especially if he happens to be his Britannic Majesty's representative at a busy port in an outlying part of the world. Take a typical example of an Eastern station—Port Said.

On arriving at his office in the morning the consul sees a group of men waiting outside. Some are dressed in blue grease-stained overalls; some are in tatters; a few are decently clothed. Most of them are seamen, stranded in that mixture of squalid buildings and palatial hotels and offices that marks the beginning of the Suez Canal, and goes under the name of Port Said.

All of them want the consul's help, in different forms—advice, money, food, or board. He is the King's representative in this port, and if the applicant is a British subject the consul has to attend to his needs, whether the applicant be white or black.

Some of the men awaiting the consul's arrival have missed their ships through being admitted to hospital. The boats, naturally, could not await their recovery, and have proceeded on their voyages. The men, restored to health, now find themselves in a strange port amongst foreign people, and perhaps without a penny in their pockets. The consul has to repatriate these strugglers.

Then there is the real waster. Perhaps he is a deserter from a ship which has put into Port Said for coal; perhaps he has drifted across from Palestine or another part of Egypt—say, Cairo or Alexandria; perhaps he at one time had a job in the locality, and has subsequently lost it.

Whatever the reason of his poverty, he must not roam about the town. If the police authorities have no cause to detain him, the consul has to look after him and find him a ship to take him home.

All these people have different tales of misfortune to tell. The consul listens to them all. They are verified whenever it is possible to do so, which is not often. What generally happens is that the "down-and-outer" gets a few weeks' board and lodging and a free passage to England. They invariably promise to refund whatever is spent on their behalf; they seldom do so.

Sometimes bona-fide passengers go astray in places like Port Said. Most steamers coal there, and this means that travelers are allowed a few hours in which to stretch their legs ashore. Now and then a few lose themselves in Arab Town, the native quarter of the city, and when they eventually reach the quayside learn that their vessel has gone on. An ocean liner won't wait for unpunctual passengers.

With no luggage, and probably little money in their pockets, the stranded passengers have to await the arrival of another vessel going in the required direction. Port Said is an expensive place to live in, especially for the stranger. The shipping agents of the line with which the passengers have booked their passages won't help them. The only source of advice and material assistance is the British consul. He directs the laggards to the cheapest boarding-houses, and, if necessary, pays for their keep whilst they are compelled to stay in Port Said.

Looking after Britishers in difficulties is only a side line of a consul's job; but it is one that takes a lot of time, and that requires tact and an understanding of human nature.

Want Irish Language.

Recent issuance by the Irish Ministry of Education of an order that all national school teachers in Ireland must within three years obtain a certificate of their competency to teach the Irish language — the Gaelic language—under penalty of forfeiting their positions if they fail constitutes the first radical move made by the new Irish Government in its program of Gaelicizing the schools and language of the country. It is, moreover, a notable step in one of the most remarkable movements that Europe has seen in many years —the revival and re-establishment of one of the ancient languages. Not many years ago, indeed, the Gaelic language was being studied as a dead language by continental scholars, and it was regarded as such by the great majority of the people of Ireland. From this time forth it will constitute a subject in practically every parish school and in a few years it will probably be the medium through which the various branches of instruction will themselves be taught, including English and other foreign languages.

Lord Ribblesdale.

Lord Ribblesdale was famous in his own right many years ago, but on this continent a new effulgence surrounds his name and he gets mentioned in despatches much more frequently since he married the second time. His second bride is the reason, she being the former Mrs. J. J. Astor, daughter of Mr. Willing, of Philadelphia.

Thomas Lister, fourth Baron Ribblesdale, born in 1854, was a soldier in the Rifle Brigade half a century ago, and was also Lord-in-Waiting in 1880. He married in 1877 and had three daughters, but his wife died in 1911, and in 1919 he married the widow of the late Col. Astor. His lordship is a famous hunter and writer on hunting.

A Whale's Throat.

The big whalebone whale has so small a throat that it cannot swallow other fish. Its food consists of little life forms found in the sea. The toothed whales eat any living thing they can catch.

Ford

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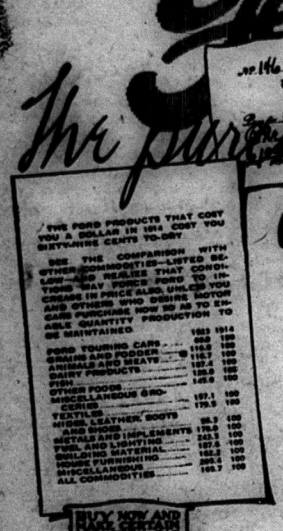

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THE ART OF READING.

People Should Get Through a Novel In Two Hours.

Almost everybody reads too slowly, says Mr. F. A. Cavenagh, professor of education at the University College of Swansea, England. Most people can, by conscious effort, he maintains, speed up their reading by perhaps 50 per cent. "And, paradoxical as it may seem," Prof. Cavenagh points out, "quicker reading is more efficient. Apart from mere 'skimming,' the quick reader understands and remembers better than the slow. In this, as in many other cases, modern psychology has shown the old adage 'Slow and sure' to be a fallacy."

Another factor in reading is the "inner language" which we all employ to a greater or less extent. The unpracticed reader cannot help reading aloud; one rather more expert moves his lips and throat. With the skilled reader there are no external movements, but the words are pronounced to his "inner" ear.

Needless to say, all these movements are waste energy, so that we should stamp them out, and reduce the inner language to a minimum. In particular "lip-readers" (a very large class) can directly improve their reading by breaking themselves of the habit.

Reading is a much more complicated process than is usually supposed, and further, adds Prof. Cavenagh, it is one for which the human eye was not originally intended. In reading a page of print the eye has to make hundreds of very finely adjusted movements at a short distance—and such movements are the most tiring to its muscles.

The two eyes must be focussed on a point which is always nearer to one eye than the other; if the printed line is long this difficulty is obviously increased. Again, the eyes do not move evenly across the page, but jump at tremendous speed from one point to another—making some three to seven pauses in a line. As the movements are so swift that only a gray blur could be perceived in their course, all the reading must be done in these pauses.

According to Prof. Cavenagh it is better for the eyes that there should be as few pauses as possible; further, by decreasing the number of pauses we can speed up our reading.

Reading speeds vary enormously. The speed of the fastest readers has been found to be six times the speed of the slowest. It all depends on whether you silently pronounce each word to yourself or whether you let the eye race on, taking in the sense of several words at a time.

The faculty of reading quickly is largely a natural one, but early training has something to do with it. Those who as children were made to read aloud a great deal are usually slower readers than those who were left to themselves and a book and learnt to read without ever inaudibly pronouncing each word to themselves, their aim being to get at the story.

In later life, too, it is possible to increase your speed by reading more words at a glance and thus doing away with the handicap of unconscious muscular movements of the throat, which are inevitable if you read word by word.

Quick reading leads to alertness of mind. By increasing your speed you will very likely remember more easily what you have read. Tests have shown that the quickest readers are the best at answering questions on the subject matter. Book reviewers are said to average nearly 500 words a minute.

A well-known reviewer recently expressed the opinion that, at the very least, you should be able to read at the rate of 300 words a minute. "There are," he says, "people who get through a 100,000-word novel in two hours and pass an examination on what they have read, and I once heard of a professor who read long paragraphs at a single glance. His reading speed was claimed to be 70 words a second, 4,200 a minute, or one novel in 24 minutes. He paid a special library subscription to be allowed to take out six novels a day!"

In these days, when there is so much to be read, it is a great advantage to be a quick reader; but very, very few people know whether they are quick or slow. "Try timing yourself," is the advice offered by one authority, "it may lead to your increasing your speed and thus getting through a great deal of enjoyable reading matter which you would otherwise miss."

One of the charms of reading is to have some record of the books one has perused. A good plan is to buy a comfortable-sized notebook. Keep the left-hand page for the name and author of the book you are reading; the right-hand page is reserved for your remarks.

Now, it is that right-hand page that makes reading worth while. If the book is a novel, it is rather fun when you have finished to jot down the plot from memory. Do not make a burden of pleasure. Ten to twenty lines of your own writing should be sufficient.

An Astronomical Clock.

An ingenious clockmaker of Marseilles, France, has converted an ordinary alarm clock into a very complete astronomical clock, says Popular Mechanics Magazine. Without altering the main functions and with slight additions, except for a new face, the clock has been made to indicate, on a small dial at the bottom: The phases and age of the moon, the hours of its passage of the meridian, its position in the zodiac, the position of the sun in the heavens, its ascension and declinations, and on the dial at top he has added an arc upon which a special hand denotes the hour at which the sun passes the meridian, the hours of sunrise and sunset for all the days of the year and the length of the days and nights are given at the right, and sideral time at the left.

A STRANGE BUILDING.

Miner Made Himself a Home Out of Bottles.

In the early days of silver mining there was not a tree within sixty miles of the mining camp and town of Tonopah, in Nevada.

The result was that building materials and fuel commanded enormous prices. On this account Tonopah has achieved fame apart from its mineral wealth.

Owing to the high cost and scarcity of lumber, all sorts of makeshifts were employed in the architectural make-up of the town.

There were houses made of straw; burlap sacks trimmed with blue-jean overalls; tin from five-gallon oil-cans; dry goods and cracker-box lumber; mud; stone and tent cloth. It remained for William Peck, a miner, to devise a house in a class by itself.

With empty beer bottles Peck constructed a dwelling 16 feet by 20 feet, with a ceiling eight feet high. It was built in a month, at such odd moments as the miner could spare from his regular work.

Ten thousand beer bottles were used. The inside walls were plastered with mortar, which was spread to a depth sufficient to cover the protruding bottle necks, thus making a smooth surface.

Peck lived in this peculiar house with his wife and two children, a girl of seven and a boy of three years, and stated that while the temperature in many houses in Tonopah reached freezing point quite often, his family found their glass house quite comfortable at all times.

Fighting Bolshevism.

It is praiseworthy work which the Primrose League is doing in England in its attempt to combat the Bolshevist and atheist propaganda among the young which of late has been growing to a threatening extent. The fact that the literature used so prodigally in this campaign is being issued with practically no revenue from advertisements leads to the inevitable conclusion that the campaign it represents is being financed from some outside source. The nature of its teachings is well illustrated in an article by Nicolai Lenine in a recent issue of the Communist International, wherein he urges upon all Communists the duty of making "militant atheism" an essential part of their propaganda. Some of the junior branches of the league now have a membership of more than 2,000, and the awakening of the public to the pernicious nature of the doctrines taught in the Communist schools has caused many requests to be sent to the head office for the formation of junior branches in the industrial areas of the north.

Job Printing promptly done at The Review office.

KEPT UNDERCOVER

Why Presumably Solid Citizen Didn't Make a Will.

Really Seemed That Lawyer Wanted to Know Too Much About Matters Entirely Personal.

"And now," said the lawyer, "we shall take up this matter of your will."

I had long thought of making a will. There was a kind of dignity about the whole affair that gave me a pleasant sense of importance. Besides, the thought that I had something to leave, or at least was conveying such an impression, was quite soothing at the time.

But now that I was face to face with the thing, somehow it seemed quite different. I shuddered mildly, Thomas L. Mason wrote in the New York Sun.

"Perhaps we'd better wait until a little later," I observed. "The fact is, I'm not feeling very well just now and—"

"In that case," he said rather brusquely, I thought, "there is no time to lose. Let's get at this now. Have you made your rough draft?"

"Do people usually do that?" I asked lamely.

"Oh, yes; it's quite customary. Just jot down, rather fully, your ideas—that is, to whom the disposition of your property should go; it is just as well, also, to make a separate list of your securities, stocks and bonds and real estate of whatever nature."

I was beginning by this time to be thoroughly alarmed. The man might discover at any moment how much I was really worth. Of course, that was his real object. He wanted to probe my secret—strange I had never thought of that.

"I suppose the proper thing to do is to divide it into equal parts," I said, "and then each—"

"Um. You have two children—a boy and a girl."

"Yes, sir. And one wife."

"Well, now, take your children. You might want to leave it to them in trust—say fifty thousand or so when they come of age, and—"

"In bonds?" I suggested feebly.

"In interest-bearing bonds, or possibly first mortgage. I presume, sir," he went on reflectively, "that the bulk of your fortune is already invested in first-class securities!"

"Well, rather!" I chortled joyfully.

"And whom would you name as executor?"

"Must I have an executor?"

"Oh, certainly."

I rose to my full height. I crushed him with one eye.

"Then, sir," I replied with all the dignity I could summon, "my course is clear. Considering the present condition of the world, I am going to leave all my money to the government, I shall see the secretary of the treasury about it at once."

"And leave your family destitute?"

"Absolutely destitute. It's the only way. Would I ruin them with wealth? Never! America is the hope of the world. My little pile" (I gestured in the general direction of Wall street), "it is true, is small compared with Rockefeller's—still, just this little addition may save the world. Good morning, sir. I'm glad you brought this matter to my attention. Drop in any time. Good morning."

I bowed him out and then, getting out my trusty savings bank book, sat to figuring how I could, with fair management, pay the next installment on my income tax.

The Unusual.

Terrific mob on the street the other day. First a cop tried to hold 'em in. He rapped for help and the sergeant brought out a platoon.

Some mob! Two women fainted, boy broke leg, man lost his hat, clothes torn. No such excitement seen in 10 or 20 years. Terrific.

Finally the police got the cause of it separated from the tangle and took her to the station, where she was fined $10 and costs for disturbing the peace.

"And the next time you go on the street," said the judge, "see that your face is pointed, eyebrows pencilled, skirts are short, hair false and everything, un'stand? It's all right for you to be old-fashioned, but the public safety demands that you look like the rest of 'em or stay home!"—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

On a Bird or Game Preserve.

In connection with the administration of bird and game preserves under the biological survey, the following acts on reservations have been forbidden by the secretary of agriculture, under date of May 4: Entering any game inclosue without permission; carrying firearms without permission; permitting dogs to run at large; setting fires, cutting, damaging of removing timber or trees; allowing domestic animals to enter without permission; and injuring or destroying signs, fences or other property of the United States.

Would Be Worth Importing.

All of our domestic animals are importations. Kansas farmers are just beginning to breed Karakul sheep. But the Old World still has live stock almost unknown here. Moreover, in the United States are large uncultivated areas where wild and semi-wild creatures of economic value from other continents, like the yak and the alpaca, might be introduced with every prospect of adaptation to physical conditions.

IT IS BETTER THAN THE UNITED STATES VARIETY.

Mrs. Katharine Fullerton Gerould, a Traveled and Well-informed Literary Woman, Living In the Republic South of Us, Expresses Her Opinion of the Dominion Which Is Flattering to Our Vanity.

To be free and happy live in Canada. A traveled and brilliant American, Mrs. Katharine Fullerton Gerould, gives the recipe in Harper's Magazine. In Canada she felt "a very present sense of freedom and a sharp prospective nostalgia." She found that "the whole port and demeanor of men and women was that of free and sober citizens, privileged to think and speak as they chose so long as they kept their hands clean of injury to others." More other, they look happy. "Have you ever noticed that no one looks happy in our city?"

We haven't noticed it, comments the New York Times, but since divers native and imported sociologists have recorded it as a fact doubtless there is something to be said for their theory. The sober citizens of most Canadian provinces are restrained in their freedom, as many of us view it. The state interferes with their liberty of private habit and seeks to make them total abstainers by law. Americans, too, are privileged to think and speak as they choose, so long as they keep their hands clean of injury to others.

Mrs. Gerould complains a great deal about the restraints on free speech in the United States. Legal restraints are the same in the United States as in Canada. Every citizen is free to speak, write and publish his sentiments on all subjects. He is responsible for the abuse of that right. Absolute freedom of speech or the press doesn't exist either in Great Britain or in the United States. Mrs. Gerould's hero is George Washington, "seldom quoted nowadays, except in regard to entangling alliances." That quotation is an ineradicable misquotation. Perhaps our traveler into Canada is not altogether more accurate about the "passing of the American spirit" than about the views of her hero about alliances. She says:

The basic fact of American institutions was liberty: the freedom of the individual under the law. America is not really a free country, in the old sense; and liberty is, increasingly, a rhetorical figure.

Now, "liberty" means different things in different countries, and ideas about it change; but even if the unconscious or conscious socialistic legislation of the modern state has shorn off some of the earlier liberty, liberty is still "the freedom of the individual under the law." The American can't "play the lottery," or—in theory—buy a drink; his curtailed liberty, like his uncurtailed liberty, is "under the law." Mrs. Gerould illustrates Dominion freedom of speech by the public statement of one of the Ministers that "they wanted no immigrants save those who were "British, white and Christian.'" She asks us to imagine the effect if any "prominent citizen" of our own country should date to talk in that way. The Dominion politicians talk in that way, presumably, because the majority of Canadians like it. In our own composite population a more tolerant and wider view, fortunately, prevails. Still, Mr. Henry Ford, a preter-prominent citizen, utters continually sentiments in part consistent with the Canadian freedom of speech. Does "a storm of reproach and insult" burst upon him? No, he bows his head before "Presidential lightning."

Mrs. Gerould's illustration shows that the Canadian notion of tolerance, a virtue she much insists upon, is not of the widest. She is indignant with coercion and the mob spirit and the boycotting of pro-Germans in the war. Apparently she supposes that Americans "of the old rock" were patterns of tolerance. A month after the beginning of the War of 1812 a Baltimore mob attacked the office of the Federal Republican, which had been bitter against the war. The editors and their friends gathered to protect them surrendered to the authorities and were taken to jail. The mob forced the jail, "beat and tortured the prisoners, and on the prison steps left for dead nine mutilated bodies." Gen. Lingan was killed. "Light Horse Harry" Lee, another veteran of the Revolution, was crippled for life. The "old stock" was at least not more tolerant of free speech and a free press nor more law-abiding than its successor. It is true, however, as Mrs. Gerould says, that:

With our increasing American tendency to write our prejudices upon the statute books and to turn personal preferences, if we can, into law, we are jeopardizing our ancient freedom more and more seriously. Legislatures can be momentarily frightened into doing almost anything.

This is the unclean spirit of coersion, and it ought to be exorcised. Organized fanaticism, whether it make the law, like the Anti-Saloon League, or break it, like the Ku Klux Klan, is the enemy. Artistic and literary censorship is at once a joke, an imposition and a nuisance. Propaganda of many sorts is at work all the time. It may be that, as the Socialist State is built up without acknowledging its origin, "liberty" will become a great congeries of prohibitions, but either the majority wants restrictions upon its liberty or isn't clever and brave enough to resist them. Action at the polls is needed, not lamentation about an imaginary throttling of free speech and about the triumph of fanatics. Let us either smash zealotry or stop whining about it.

Applause is forbidden in Russian theaters.

Orders taken for a limited number of eggs at one dollar a setting of thirteen eggs. For the last two years I have purchased my eggs from the Guelph and the Ottawa Experimental Farms. Professor Graham of Guelph has spent the last twenty-five years in producing a strain of Bred-to-lay barred Plymouth Rocks and has succeeded in producing a strain of birds that possess a very high laying capacity. Some of these birds have layed 300 eggs in a 12 months period. The officials at the Experimental Farm at Ottawa have also produced some wonderful layers. It is eggs from this high producing strain of layers that I am offering you at the price of 13 eggs for $1.00. Book your orders at once with James Watson, Madoc.

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RHEUMATISM

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